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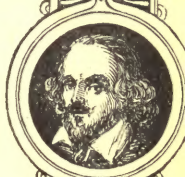




MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LVII.

NOVEMBER 1887, TO APRIL 1888.



London:

MACMILLAN AND CO.,

29 & 30 BEDFORD STREET, COVENT GARDEN; AND

New York.

1888

W. J. LINTON. S.





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RICHARD CLAY AND SONS,
LONDON AND BUNGAY.

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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1887.

A TEACHER OF THE VIOLIN.

I.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL.

WHEN, in the year 1787, I entered, at the age of nineteen, the university of the kingly city of Wenigstaad, I was, no doubt, a very foolish young man, but I am perfectly certain that I was not a fool. I suffered not only from that necessary disease which from the very nature of existence it is impossible for a young man to escape, the regarding of life from his own standpoint, as a man on first coming into a brilliantly lighted and crowded room must of necessity, for a few moments, be conscious of the varied scene only as it strikes himself; but I was also to some extent subject to that fatuity which haunts some young men, the forming of opinions and the giving audible expression to them. Notwithstanding all this, I was, at the same time conscious of such a crowd of ideas, actuated by such ideas, and stirred to the depths of my being by the emotions and results which these ideas wrought upon me, that looking back with the impartiality which the lapse of thirty years gives even to the review of one's self, I feel perfectly confident that I was not a fool. I shall, I fear, have to describe at some length how I came to be what I was, but I will be as short as I can. My history would be worth

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nothing in itself, but it is interwoven closely with that of some others whose personality seems to me well worthy of record.

I was the eldest son of the pastor of the little village of Waldreich in the wooded mountains of Bavaria. Though my father had a large family, and his cure was only a village one, he was not so poor as most of his order, for he had a little private income derived from houses in Bayreuth: my mother had also some little money of her own. My father was a man of a singular patience and quietude of conduct. He divided his time between cultivating his little garden and orchard and preparing his sermons with elaborate care. When, in after years, I became possessed of many of these beautifully written discourses, I was amazed at the patience, care, and scholarship expended upon these addresses to a few peasants, most of whom fell asleep during the time of hearing. I believe that my father's sole relaxation and indulgence consisted in poring over an old folio Terence which he possessed, and which, shielded amidst the mysteries of a dead language, he could read in perfect security, without fear of scandalising his flock. Indeed it is possible that they regarded it as a work of deep theology, and perhaps they were right.

The little village of Waldreich lies

immediately at the foot of the wooded hills. We ascended from the garden and croft of the pastor's house straight into the fir-woods and the oak-dingles that led up into the mysterious and wild heights above—into the mists and cloud-shadows—into a land of green mountain-woods rising against blue skies—a land of mist and rain-showers, of the tints of rainbows spanning the village, and of coloured prisms of light stealing down crag and forest-dingle—a land of rushing streams and still, solemn, dark lakes—a land of castles upon distant peaks and of the faint smoke of charcoal-burners on the hill-sides. Through all the varied changes of the day in this romantic land, from the cheerful dawn loud with the song of birds and the lowing of cattle, to the solemn evening stillness, I passed the first few years of my life. The scenes around him penetrated into the boy's being and formed his nature; but I have no wish to become wearisome in describing all these influences and these results minutely. There is one influence, however, which must be dwelt upon if the story is to be told at all, for it was the leading influence of my life—the influence of sound. From a very little child I was profoundly impressed by the sounds of nature: the rushing water, the rustling oaks, the sighing and moaning wind down the mountain-valleys spoke to me with distinct utterance, and with a sense of meaning and even of speech. These sounds were more even than this: they became a passion, a fascination, a haunting presence, and even a dread.

I can give one instance of this. Below the village and parsonage house, where we lived, was a beautiful meadow on the banks of the swift winding river. This meadow was my greatest delight as a little child. At the lower end was a mill, and a mill-pool and race; and around the edges of the pool beds of rushes had planted themselves for ages, forming a thick phalanx of waving pointed leaves. Nothing could exceed the

fascination this sight had for me, not only when the yellow flowers mingled with the green stately leaves, but at other times of the year when I listened hour after hour to the whispering murmur through the innumerable lances of the reeds. But to reach this meadow it was necessary to pass a row of vast, lofty, straggling trees (I suppose some species of poplar), and no words can describe the terror which the same wind, which delighted me so much in the gentle murmur of its reed-music, inspired me with when heard through these lofty swaying branches. I often, even in those early days, wondered why the music of the wind through the green rushes on the water's edge, should have thrilled me with cheerfulness and joy, while the same wind wailing through the branches of the great trees high above my head crushed me with an unspeakable horror and dread. Doubtless in this latter was the sense of vastness and unapproachable height, infinite as it seemed to a little child—the touch, even, of the infinite must ever be appalling to man.

It was in this way and by these experimental methods that I began so early to recognise the mysterious connection that exists between sound and human feeling.

Down the long winding oak-dingles, between the high cliffs and the wooded slopes of the hills, there came to me as a little child whispers and murmurs of dreams and stories of which at that time I knew nothing, and to which I could give in those early days no intelligent voice or meaning. But, as I grew in years and listened to the talk of nurse and peasant, and of village lads and children, and heard from them the legends of elf-kings and maidens and wild hunters of the forest, weird and fantastic indeed, yet still strangely instinct with human wants and hopes, I began to connect such sympathy, felt then as it seemed for the first time, with human life in all its varied aspects, and the stories of human loves and joys and terrors

with these sounds of Nature, the sweeping wind through wood.

I use these last words advisedly because, even in those earliest days, it seemed to me that all sound that was of spiritual import was in some hidden sense the product of the wind and of wood. There was a wailing of the wind at night through the crevices of the high-pitched roof and the panelled walls of the old parsonage, that thrilled me as with a message from on high, but this was still wind and wood. But where the wind had no part, where it was not sound so much as noise, in the clanging of metal upon metal, in the inarticulate screaming of senseless creatures, the terror that I had felt in the wailing wood—that terror that had still something in it of the higher life and hope,—was turned into the mere panic of despair.

I distinctly remember that I had these feelings as a child; but, since those days, I have pleased myself in finding that the great Goethe shared with me my dislike to the continuous barking of a dog. "Annihilation," he said one day, in conversation with the *Legationsrath* Falk, "is utterly out of the question; but the possibility of being caught on the way by some more powerful, and yet baser monas, and subordinated to it—that is unquestionably a very serious consideration; and I, for my part, have never been able entirely to divest myself of the fear of it." At this moment, a dog was heard repeatedly barking in the street. Goethe sprang hastily to the window and called out to it: "Take what form you will, vile larva, you shall not subjugate me." A gallant boast but an ineffectual one! Noise, especially if continued on one note, deadens and destroys the soul, the life of the mind within the brain. The constant reiteration of one note will drive a man mad, just as the continual fall of a drop of water upon the same spot of the head will cause madness and death. You may prove this on the violin.

Whereas if you laid your head down in the meadow by the river on the long grass, there came to you in the whispering wind something like the sea-murmurs that live within the shell—tidings of a delicate life, news of a world beyond the thought of those who merely haunt the palaces of earth.

These two, the murmur of the wind through grass and the whisper within the shell, are perhaps the most delicate sounds that Nature can produce: was it possible that I should find in art something more perfect still? In this passion for sound, in which I lived as in a paradise, it may be asked where did music find a place? The music that I heard in my childhood was not of the best class; and perhaps this might be the reason that musical sound rather than music seemed to haunt those hours of childhood, for among the untutored sounds of Nature there are, now and again, musical notes of surpassing beauty. Among the wailing sounds of the wind that haunted the high-pitched roof above the boarded ceiling of our bedroom, there was one perfect and regular note. It never varied, except in loudness according to the force of the wind. This note, in its monotony, had an enthralling effect upon my imagination. I had once associated certain thoughts with its message: no doubt the continued association of ideas of recollected imagery would explain the rest.

The wandering musicians that played in the courtyard on summer evenings upon hautboys and fiddles no doubt reached me with a strange message from afar, especially in the shrill high notes; and on Sunday in the village-church, the organist thundered out fugues and fantasias, but it was the final cadences only that touched me: somehow the organ seemed wanting in that supreme searching power of wind and wood.

But one day, it was a summer evening, there came into the courtyard four zither-players from the south. I

say zither-players, but their instruments were more like the old Italian lutes for size and the number of strings. They were regulated each at a certain interval of pitch, probably in a few octaves in the middle region of the scale. They played a singular rapid music with little tune, but with a perfect relation of time and pitch. It was like a rippling manad dance: apparently reckless and untrained, yet in reality perfectly regulated in step and figure, every note true to its corresponding note in the higher or lower octave, and now and again, all united in one sudden note of uniform pitch, by which the wild lawless music vindicated its perception of unison and the moral perfection of pure sound; but even in this there seemed to me nothing that spoke in just the same voice as did the gentle whisper of that teaching wind through grass and wood.

On the organ in the parish church, written in faded gold letters, were the words from Luther's Bible: "The wind bloweth where it will, and thou hearest the sound of it well, so is every one that is of the spirit born." When, as a child, I sat during long sermons in the little grated seat of the pastor's children, I pondered over these words, and for a long time could find no reason or congruity in them. What had the wind blowing where it listeth to do with the birth of the spirit? But on one hot summer afternoon, when I had fallen asleep during my father's discourse, I was suddenly aroused by the cessation of the preacher's voice and by the murmuring fall of harmony, for the organist probably had been asleep too, and was playing unconsciously such simple notes as came first to hand. I say, I awoke suddenly into life and sense, and saw the rich mellow tints of the organ-wood, and these mystic letters all lighted up with the gilding rays; and an inward consciousness came like a flash of lightning from heaven into the child's mind that the wandering, seeking wind through reed or organ-

pipe, or over strings of violin or flute or grassy hill, spoke to the spirit and to the spirit-born, and to such only, with a sufficient and adequate voice. This conception came to me like a message from above. It raised my thoughts of Nature and harmonised her voices with the needs and desires of my own soul. I pondered over it day and night; but before long an event occurred which was in the end the means of leading me beyond this half truth, and of more fully opening to me the gates of the mystical city of sound, of which this organ-text had already given me some fairy glimpses, and of revealing to me at last the true music which is not only heard by the spirit-born but is born of the spirit itself.

My father went once every month on a kind of supernatural mission, as it seemed to us children, to an unknown and dimly conceived mansion or mountain-palace in the hills. That is, he was chaplain to the old Graffinn von Wetstein, and once a month he preached before her on Sundays. Sometimes, on special occasions, an ornamental or state-coach was sent for the pastor, who thus seemed rapt as in a celestial chariot from his family and the ordinary village folk.

One surprising day when the lad was between fourteen and fifteen the father said to him: "Put on thy best clothes, for to-morrow thou shalt go with me to the Graffinn."

It may well be imagined that there was not much sleep for the boy that night.

It would take too long to tell of the wonders of that journey in the state-coach, of the foolish, but perhaps natural pride of sitting there above the common folk, and observing through the windows the respect paid by all to the magnificent and symbolic vehicle, if not to those who sat therein.

When we reached the *schloss*, which stood high up on the hills amid woodland meadows and cow-pastures, then indeed the boy's expectation and ex-

citement grew too painful almost to be borne. He passed through the gardens, with terraces and urns and statues, and the cascades of water that came down from great ponds, formed in the summits of the hills by building high stone walls and dams across the ravines. Later on he was even presented to the Graffinn, who, herself a wizened, faded old woman, stood beneath the portraits of her ancestors, by a great window in the gallery of the *schloss*, overlooking the valleys and the champagne country beyond.

For some unknown reason this old woman, who scarcely spoke to any one and seemed to take no interest in the present world, looking, as it were, constantly out of the high windows into the driving cloudland, as though she saw there all her past life and the figures of all those who had alone made it dear to her, and who were themselves all gone into the cloudland of the Infinite Unseen,—this old woman, not at the first interview, but at the second or third, in the fresh mornings over the early coffee, took a strange liking for the little village lad. As this ill-assorted pair sat at the open window on the quiet summer evenings, far above the distant woodland and the forest-meadows, face to face with the long streaks of solemn light along the horizon, an almost imperceptible murmur, so soft and gentle was it, passed up through the branches of the sycamore and chestnut trees and of the lower growing pines, and, mingling with the distant *Ranz des Vaches*, brought up as it seemed the life and struggles and sorrows of the plain and of the people into the ears of this worn out old feeble aristocrat of the hills. She would say to the boy: “And what do you do, you children, in the winter nights, when you steal back in your night-dresses to the great fire, and the father is reading Terence? Tell it to me all again.”

Finally, she insisted upon my staying with her for weeks at a time, and she bound herself to the pastor, by a written paper, to provide for my

future career. The boy led mostly a wild life, for his interviews with his patroness took place at odd times and hours, but he had some lessons from a resident cleric who superintended the household, and had other teachers more than perhaps any one knew.

My father had often told his listening family of the great nobles who would from time to time stay at the *schloss*, and how he would be invited, being of a witty and conversational habit, derived probably from his reading in Terence, to dine with them. Some of these great noblemen I also saw at a distance in the garden or elsewhere; but on one occasion a young Graf came to stay some days with his great-aunt, having returned quite lately from the Italian tour with his tutor. This tutor, an Italian, performed wonderfully, it was said, on the violin. He was invited to play before the Graffinn, and the boy was admitted among the domestics of the *schloss*.

Then, on a sudden, was revealed to him the secret which had escaped him so long, the consciousness of the existence of which had haunted him in the wind-swept meadow and amid the awful, swaying branches of the lofty trees.

I am not going to describe this playing. Attempts have been sometimes made to describe violin-playing in words, but rarely, I think, with much success. I shall only say that almost as soon as he began to play, what seemed to me then a singularly strange idea occurred to me. This man, I thought, is not playing on his instrument: he is playing on my brain. His violin is only as it were the bow, or rather, every note of his violin vibrates with the according note of the brain-fibre. I do not say that I put the thought exactly into these words; but these are the words into which, at the present time, I put the recollection of my thought. I need not point out how my ignorance erred in detail, how the brain has no extended strings corresponding to the

strings of a violin, and consequently has no vibration, and therefore cannot respond to the vibrations of a violin; but I have since thought that there was more truth in this wild idea of a child's ignorance than would at first appear, and it seemed to lead the way to a second thought which crossed my mind in the transport of ecstasy produced by this, the first violin-playing worthy of the name which I had ever heard.

I knew the 'secret now, both of the entrancing whisper of the wind-music, and also, why, at a certain point, it had failed. The blind, senseless wind, blowing merely where it listed, had aroused the human spirit through the medium of grass and reed and rock and forest, and called it through the fairy gate into cloud and dreamland; but when, instead of the blind, senseless wind, the instructed human spirit itself touched the strings, music, born of cultured harmony, through all the long scale of octave and according pitch, won for the listening, rapt, ecstatic spirit an insight and an entrance into realms which the outward eye had not seen, the secrets of which it is not lawful or possible to utter to any save to the spirit-born.

"You seem absorbed in the music, my boy," said this gentleman to me: "do you play the violin, perchance?"

I said that I had played on no instrument save picking out harmonious thirds on an old harpsichord at the parsonage house. My father was perfectly an amateur: he loved music so much that he refused to play himself, or to allow any one else to play in his hearing save those who could play well: "playing a little" was his dread.

The gentleman shut up his precious violin in its case and produced another, on which he showed me the possibility of varying the note through every shade of pitch by the position of the finger on the vibrating string. It is impossible to describe the delight I felt when I was able to feel out a chord of three notes.

"I am violating your father's instructions perhaps," said the gentleman smiling; "but every one must have a beginning. Nevertheless, he has much on his side. It has been said, rather cynically, 'The moment a man touches an instrument, he ceases to be a musician.'"

I did not understand this then, but I understood it well afterwards.

The gentleman left one of his less cherished instruments behind him, with some simple exercises which he enjoined me to practise only and to attempt nothing else, but I blush to say that I did not follow his advice. I played the chords he left me now and again, but I was absorbed in the one idea that his playing had left with me—the thought of the human spirit informing the senseless wind. I delighted only in the fancy that I was a mere automaton, and that the pervading spirit—the spirit that inspires man and breathes in Nature—was playing through my spirit upon the obedient vibrating strings. In this way I played fantasias of the most striking and original character, and at the same time destroyed all my chances, or ran a serious risk of doing so, of ever becoming a violinist.

Three quiet years passed in this manner, during which I lived almost constantly at Geiselwind with the Graffinn, who, in fact, treated me as her own son. At the end of that time she informed me that she intended to send me to the university of Wenigstaad. She chose this university for me, she told me, because it was near, but above all because it was not famous, but was, in fact, a mere appanage to a kingly city, and was therefore less likely to pervert from the correct and decorous habits in which they had been brought up the ideas and habits of young men. She would provide me with a sufficient income, and would take care that my wardrobe and appointments were those of a gentleman, a station which she wished me to occupy and to maintain without disgrace.

The habits of society in the universities and elsewhere were very different in those days from what they have since become. The old society of the days before the revolution existed in its full strength. French taste in costume and amusements was universal; and the fashion of philosophic inquiry which was copied from the French was a mere intellectual toy, and had no effect upon the practical conclusions of those who amused themselves with it. The merits of republican institutions and the inviolability of the rights of man were discussed as abstract questions, without a thought that the conclusions would ever be applied to modern life, or to the daily relationships of nobles and peasants and townspeople. Before the bursting of the torrent which was to sweep it out of existence, the old world slumbered in a rainbow-tinted evening light of delicately fancied culture and repose.

The habits and appearance of university students have changed more completely than those of any other class. In the most advanced cities even in those days they dressed completely in the French manner, in embroidered suits and powdered hair, fluttering from toilette to toilette, and caring little for lectures or professors. In the old stately city of Wenigstaad, it may be easily understood, the ideas and habits of the past existed with a peculiar unchangeableness.

I regretted leaving the life of hill and forest and dreamy phantasy in which I had found so much to delight me, but the natural love of youth for change and adventure consoled me. One great advantage I derived from the choice the Graffin had made for me was that I did not change the character of my outward surroundings. I was nearly nineteen when I left Geiselwind and arrived one evening in a postchaise at Wenigstaad.

The city lay in a wooded valley surrounded by hills covered to their summits with woods of beech and oak

and fir: through these woods running streams and cascades forced their way now through the green mountain-meadows, now over rocky steepes and dingles: a soft blue sky brooded over this green world of leaf and grass and song-birds, and sunlit showers swept over the woodland and deepened the verdure into fresher green. In the centre of this plain, almost encircled by a winding river, the city was built upon a hill which divided itself into two summits, upon one of which stood the cathedral and upon the other the King's palace. Between these summits the old town wound its way up past gates and towers and market-place and *rathhaus* and the buildings of the university, with masses of old gabled houses of an oppressive height and of immemorial antiquity, with huge over-hanging stories and tiers of rooms wandering on, apparently without plan or guide, from house to house and street to street—a human hive of intricate workmanship, of carpentry-work and stone-work and brick-work, all crowded together in the little space of the rising hill-street above the rushing stream, a space small in itself but infinite in its thronged stories of centuries of life—a vast grave, not only of generations of the dead, themselves lying not far from the foundations of their homes, but of buried hopes, of faded beauty, of beaten courage and stricken faith and patience crushed and lost at last in the unequal fight with fate. The dim cathedral, full of storied windows of deep blood-stained glass and of colossal figures of mailed heroes guarding emblazoned tombs, faced the King's palace, a massive ivy-covered fortress relieved here and there with façades of carved work of the later Renaissance.

The tired horses of my postchaise struggled up over the stone pavement of this steep street amid the crowd of loiterers and traffickers and gay pleasure-seekers that thronged it and drew up before the Three Roses in the Peterstrasse, where a room had been

provided for me. Here I slept, and here I dined every day at an ordinary frequented by many of the principal citizens, by some of the wealthier students, and by some officials and courtiers, when it was not the turn of the latter in waiting at the palace. This table was one at least of the centres of life and interest in the little kingly city.

To a boy, reared in a country parsonage and an old half-deserted manor house, all this, it may be conceived, was strange enough; but somehow it did not seem to me wholly strange. I had been trained at the table of the Graffinn to the usages of polite life, and the whispering wind and the solemn forests of my childhood had seemed to lift me above a sense of embarrassment, as though the passing scenes before me were but the shadows and visions of a dream. I looked down the long table at the varied faces, at the talkers and showy ones, at the grave citizens, at the quiet humorous students, who now and then said a few words that turned the laugh against the talkers, at the courtiers affecting some special knowledge of affairs of state about which the King probably troubled himself little; and I remember that it all seemed to me like turning the pages of a story-book, or like the shifting scenes of a play, about which latter, though I had never seen one, I had read and heard much.

On the second and third day I found myself seated by a little elderly man, very elaborately dressed, with powdered hair and a beautifully embroidered coat. I have always felt an attraction towards old men: they are so polite, and their conversation, when they do talk, is always worth listening to. Something of this feeling, perhaps, showed itself in my manner. On the third day he said to me on rising from dinner: "I perceive, sir, that you are a stranger here: you seem to me to be a quiet well-bred young man, and I shall be glad if I can be of any use to you. You are doubtless come to the university and are evidently well con-

nected. I am a professor—a professor of *belles lettres* and music, and I have been tutor to the Crown Prince. I may possibly be of some service to you: some of the great professors are rather difficult of access."

"I am the adopted son of the Graffinn von Wetstein, sir," I answered. "I have letters to several of the professors of the university, but I find them much occupied in their duties, and not very easy of approach."

"We will soon remedy all that," he said smiling. "To what course of study are you most inclined, and what is the future to which your friends design you?"

"I fear, sir," I returned, "that my future is very undefined. I am, as you say you are a professor of music, very fond of the violin; but I am a very poor performer, and I fear I shall never be a proficient."

"I profess music," said the old gentleman, with his quaint smile, "but do not teach it: I only talk about it. I will introduce you, however, to a great teacher of the violin, and, indeed, if you would like it we can go to him now. This is about the time that we shall find him disengaged."

We went out together into the crowded market-place and turned to the left hand up a street of marvellous height, narrowness and steepness, which led round the eastern end of the cathedral, and indeed nearly concealed it from sight. At the top of this street, on the side farthest from the cathedral, the vast west window of which could just be seen over the gables, chimneys and stork-nests of the opposite houses, we stopped before the common door of one of the lofty old houses, against the posts of which were attached several *affiches* or notices of differing forms and material. Among these my companion pointed out one larger and more imposing than the rest: "Veitch, teacher of the violin."

"I ought to tell you," said the old gentleman, "that my daughter is

reader to the Princess, and that she comes to Herr Veitch for lessons on the violin, that she may assist her Highness. If the Graf von Wetstein should take lessons here also, he may possibly meet her."

"I beg your pardon," I said: "I must correct an important mistake. I am only the adopted son of the Graffinn von Wetstein. I am not the Graf: my name is Saale."

The old gentleman seemed rather disappointed at this, but he rallied sufficiently to say: "You may nevertheless meet my daughter, Herr von Saale."

It sounded so pleasantly that I had not the hardihood to correct him again.

I was accordingly introduced to every one in Wenigstaat as Herr von Saale, and I may as well say, once for all, that I did not suffer for this presumption as I deserved. Some weeks later on I received a letter from the Graffinn, in which she said: "I have noticed that you have been mentioned to me in letters as Otto von Saale. As I have chosen to adopt you, and as Saale is the name of a river, and therefore is to a certain extent territorial, I think perhaps that this may not be amiss; and I flatter myself that I have sufficient influence at the Imperial Court to procure for you a faculty which will enable you to add the prefix *von* to your patronymic." Accordingly, some months afterwards I did receive a most important and wordy document; but I had by that time become so accustomed to my aristocratic title that I thought little of it, though its possession, no doubt, may have saved me from some serious consequences.

We have been standing too long on the staircase which led up to Herr Veitch's room on the second floor of the great rambling house. The room which the old gentleman led me into was one of great size, occupying the entire depth of the house. It had long deep-latticed windows at either end raised by several steps above the level of the room: the window towards

the front of the house looked down the steep winding street: from the other I saw, over the roofs of the city, piled in strange confusion beneath the high-pitched windows of the upper town, a wide prospect of sky and river and valley, and the distant blue mountains and forests of the Fichtelgeberge, where my home had been.

The room was somewhat crowded with furniture, chiefly large old oaken presses or cabinets apparently full of books, a harpsichord, clavichord, and several violins. In the centre of this apartment, as he rose to receive us, stood an elderly man, rather shabbily dressed, with an absent expression in his face.

"Herr Veitch," said my guide, "permit me to present to you Herr von Saale, a young gentleman of distinguished family and connections, who has come to reside in our university. He is anxious to perfect himself in the violin, upon which he is already no mean performer."

I was amazed at the glibness with which this surprising old gentleman discoursed upon that of which he knew so little.

The old violinist looked at me with a dazed and even melancholy expression, his eyes seemed to me to say as clearly as words could have spoken: "Here is another frivolous impostor intruded upon me."

"Is this one of my daughter's days?" said my friend, the old gentleman.

"No, I expect her to-morrow about this time."

"The Princess," said my friend, "is very shy: she dislikes taking lessons from men, and prefers to gain her knowledge of music from my daughter."

The old master took up a violin that lay upon the table and handed it to me. I played a simple lesson that had been left me by the Italian, the only one that had taken my fancy, for it had in its few notes, as it seemed to me, something of the pleading of the whispering wind.

The old man took the violin from me without a word: then he drew the bow across the strings himself and played some bars, from I imagine some old forgotten Italian master. As he played the solemn chords of the sonata, in the magnetic resonance of its full smooth rich notes there was something that seemed to fill all space, to lead and draw the nerves and brain, as over gorgeous sun-coloured pavements and broad stately terraces, with alluring sound and speech.

He laid down the violin after he had played for a few minutes and went to the harpsichord, which stood near to the window looking down into the street.

"You know something of music," he said to me: "do you understand this?"

He struck a single clear note upon the harpsichord and turned towards the window, a casement of which was open towards the crowded street.

"Down there," he said,—"where I know not, but somewhere down there,—is a heart and brain that beats with that beat, that vibrates with the vibration of that note, that hears and recognises and is consoled. To every note struck anywhere there is an accordant note in some human brain, toiling, dying, suffering, here below."

He looked at me and I said: "I have understood something of this also."

"This is why," he went on, "in music all hearts are revealed to us: we sympathise with all hearts, not only with those near to us but with those afar off. It is not strange that in the high treble octaves that speak of childhood and of the lark singing and of heaven, you, who are young, should hear of such things; but, in the sudden drop into the solemn lower notes, why should you, who know nothing of such feelings, see and feel with the old man who returns to the streets and fields of his youth? He lives, his heart vibrates in such notes: his life, his heart, his tears exist in them, and through them in you. Just

as one looks from a lofty, precipitous height down into the teeming streets of a great city, full of pigmy forms, so in the majestic march of sound we get away from life and its littleness, and see the whole of life spread out before us and feel the pathos of it with the pity of an archangel, as we could never have done in the bustle of the streets there below."

"You are cutting the ground from under my feet, my friend," said the old Professor, rather testily. "It is your business to teach music, mine to talk about it."

The old master smiled at this sally, but he went on all the same. I thought that he perceived in me a sympathetic listener.

"Have you never felt that in the shrill clear surging chords of the higher octaves you were climbing into a loftier existence, and do you not feel that for the race itself something like this is also possible? It will be in and through music that human thought will be carried beyond the point it has hitherto reached."

He paused a moment and then went on in a lower, less confident voice. "This is my faith, and I shall die in it. There is one thing only which saddens me. There are men, ay, great performers, real masters of the bow—who know nothing of these things, who have no such faith. There is none whom I would sooner regard as a devil than such a one. Sometimes when I hear them they almost destroy the faith that is in me—the faith in my art."

"Pooh! Pooh! my friend," said the Professor. "They are not so bad as that! They have simply the divine gift of the perception of harmony—the instinctive harmonic touch. They know not why or how. They are not devils. Herr von Saale," he went on, with for him considerable earnestness, "do not believe it. I fancy that you are in danger of falling into the fatal error of supposing that you can play on the violin in the same way that

you can whistle an air, by the mere force of the mental faculty. You cannot form a more mistaken notion. The variation of the thirty-secondth of an inch in the sudden movement of the finger on the string will cause the note to be out of tune; and the man who puts his finger on the right spot at the right second of time, though he may have no more mental instinct than a pig, will produce in the utmost perfection the chords of the most angelic composer."

"I deny it!" cried the master, in a kind of fury, walking up and down the long room, "I deny it! There is true sympathy and co-operation in the nerves and tissues of this faithful despised servant, the material human frame, even to the finger-tips, with the informing, teaching spirit. There is a tremor, a shading, a trill of meaning, given by the spirit to the nerves and tissues, that no instinctive touch of harmony will ever give. The ancient Greeks (as you ought to know, Herr Professor, for you speak of them often enough) had no music worthy of the name, for they had no instruments; but had they had our instruments they would have produced the most ravishing music, for the spirit taught them what music was apart from outward sound, and they talked as beautifully as you talk in your lecture-room of the divine laws of motion and of number, and of the harmonies of sound and of the mind."

The Professor seemed rather taken aback by this onslaught, and turning to me, said: "Well, Herr von Saale, you had better come with me: I will show you some of the sights of our kindly city. You shall come to Herr Veitch to-morrow, when perhaps you will see my daughter."

He seemed to me strangely willing that I should see his daughter.

He took me into the great cathedral and showed me the gigantic mailed figures that guarded the tombs of the kings, talking very learnedly upon heraldry, about which he seemed to know a great deal. The next morn-

ing I went to Herr Veitch at the appointed time and found him alone, playing over a set of old Italian sonatas. He seemed to have been much put out by the Professor's remarks of the day before, and to regard me with kindness as having been apparently on the opposite side; but when he came to talk to me I did not see much difference between his advice and that of the Professor.

"The Professor is so far right," he said, "in that of all instruments the violin needs the most careful study, the most practised fingering, the most instinctive aptitude of ear and touch. It is all very well to talk of expression, but expression with faulty execution is fatal on the violin. It is true that some of the most entrancing players have been self-taught amateurs, but they were such because they had musical genius by birth, and it was therefore possible to them to be amateurs and to be self-taught. In concerted music no amount of expression will enable a performer to take his part or to be tolerated. What pleases me in your playing is that you are able to produce smooth and sweet notes: the scrappy, scratchy period with you has apparently been short. What you want is greater certainty of touch and ear. This can only be obtained by patient labour and study."

I set to work to play lessons, and while we were thus engaged the door opened and a young lady entered accompanied by a tall and imposing domestic in the royal livery. I did not need to be told that this was the Professor's daughter, the *Fraülein Adelheid*, the reader to the Princess. She appeared to me on this, the first time that my eyes rested upon her, a handsome, stately girl, with a steady fixed look, and grave solemn eyes and mouth, which seldom changed their expression or smiled. She was rather above the common height, with fair brown hair and eyes, and was richly dressed in white, with a lace kerchief across her shoulders, and a broad white

hat with a crimson feather. She seemed to me a true German girl with earnest, steadfast truth and feeling; but I did not fall in love with her at first sight.

"This is Otto von Saale, Fraülein," said the master, "whom your father introduced to me yesterday, and of whom he may have spoken to you. He is very fond of music and the violin, and your father seemed much taken with him. His *forte* is expression."

The Fraülein regarded me without embarrassment, with her steady brown eyes. "Do you play in concert, Herr von Saale?" she said.

"He is not quite equal to that yet," said Herr Veitch. "The prospect of playing with you will, I am confident, inspire him with resolve to practise with the necessary patience."

"That will be very well timed," she said serenely, "as we want to perform a trio before the Princess."

"He must work some time before he can do that," observed Herr Veitch decisively.

They set to work to play, and I confess that I felt indescribable mortification in being unable to take a part. All my beautiful fantasias and wind-music seemed at the moment nothing to the power of joining in a concerted piece. The beauty of the playing, however, soon soothed my ruffled vanity and banished every thought save that of delight. The master and pupil were playing in perfect accord both in feeling and sympathetic touch—the old man and the stately, beautifully dressed girl—it was a delicious banquet of sight and sound.

After they had played some time, Herr Veitch said, to my great delight: "Otto will play you a lesson of his which the whispering woodlands of his mountains have taught him. You will like it."

I took the bow with a tremor of delight and excitement. I played my very best. I endeavoured only to listen to—to think only of the woodland voices that had spoken to the

child; and after a few moments I seemed, indeed, once again to be a child beside the lance-like waving rushes with their sunny dance-music, by the pool, or beneath the solemn poplars with the weird and awful notes that sounded amid their distant branches high above me in the sky. When I stopped I fancied that the brown eyes looked at me with a softer and more kindly gaze.

"He will do," said the master: "he will play the trio before the Princess anon, if he will be good."

For several days I was very good: I practised continually notes and scales and bars and shades of pitch, both with the master and in my chamber at the Three Roses, where, had I not been in Germany, I should no doubt have been thought a nuisance. I saw the Fraülein Adelheid almost every day, and was allowed once or twice to play in a simple piece. So everything seemed to prosper, when one fatal day I broke waywardly loose from this virtuous and regular course. It was after this manner that it came about.

One morning in the late summer I woke up with a sudden surprising sense of a crisp freshness, of a sudden strain of livelier colour shot through sky and woodland, of a change beginning to work through masses of brown foliage and cloudless summer sky. The touch was that of the angel of decay: but the first signs of his coming were gentle and gracious, with a sense even of life-giving in that new feeling of a change. The first day of autumn had dawned. As I rose, intending to go to the master, the city lay in a wonderful golden mist through which the old streets and gables and spires seemed strange to the sight, with the romantic vision, almost, of a dream. An intense longing possessed me for the woods and hills. It seemed to me as if a far-off voice from the long past hours of childhood was calling me to the distant rocks and forests: a faint, low voice, like that strange whisper through the short grass, to hear which

at all you must lay your ear very close indeed to the ground: a note untuned, uncertain, untrammelled, but with a strange alluring power, making itself felt amid the smooth, cultured, artistic sounds to which I had given myself up, and saying, as in the old harmonic thirds which as a child I had used to pick out, "Come back to me." I was engaged to Herr Veitch, but it was uncertain whether the Fräulein would be able to come. There was some talk that the Princess would make an excursion with a guest of distinction into the mountains, and her reader might possibly be required to accompany her. The Princess was understood to be very shy, and to surround herself as much as possible with her ladies and women.

The irresistible impulse was too strong for me. I sent a message to Herr Veitch, and hastened out of the confining streets, past the crumbling gates and towers, into the valley and the fields. I wandered down the banks of the stream, by which the road ran, for some hours, until the sun was high in the heavens, and every sound and leaf was hushed in the noontide stillness and heat. Then crossing the river at a ferry, where a little village and some mills stayed its current for a time, I ascended a steep path into the wooded meadows, whence the seductive voice seemed still to come. In a broad upland valley that sloped downwards to the plain and to the river, I came upon a wide open meadow skirting the wild, pathless wood. Here, at a corner of the outstanding copse, I saw to my surprise a number of horses picketed and apparently deserted by their grooms, and turning the corner of the wood I saw in the centre of the meadow an unexpected and most beautiful sight.

In the midst of the meadow, only, as it seemed, a few paces from me, was a group of gentlemen in hunting costume, some with long curved horns slung at their backs. Some servants and grooms were collected a few paces behind them, but a little to the side

nearest to me, close to two men of distinguished appearance some paces in advance of the rest, stood the most beautiful creature that I had ever seen. She was dressed as a huntress of romance, in green trimmed with white, and a hat fringed with white feathers, and a small silver bugle hung by her side. But it was not her dress, or her figure, that gave her the indescribable charm that made her so lovely: it was the bewitching expression of her face. Her features might possibly have been described as large, but this, as her complexion was of perfect delicacy and freshness, only increased the subduing charm of the shy, fleeting, coy expression about her eyes and mouth. Two ladies stood close behind her, neither of whom was the Fräulein, but I knew at once that this could be none other than the Princess. No family of pure German origin could have produced such a face: she sprang, doubtless, as is becoming to a daughter of kings, from a mixed race.

A perfect stillness and hush, as of expectation, pervaded the scene: even the well-trained horses made no movement as I passed by them. One of the grooms caught a glimpse of me and made a slight sign: then, just as the group had settled itself on my sight, a slight, scarcely perceptible rustle was heard in the wood, and a stag of full age and noble bearing came out into the meadow and stood at gaze, startled but not alarmed. One of the gentlemen in front raised a short hunting-piece, and the Princess, in a soft sweet undertone that penetrated all the listening air and left an imperishable memory upon the heart, exclaimed: "Oh, do not kill it! How beautiful it is!"

A short, sharp crack, a puff of smoke, and the stag leaped suddenly into the air and fell lifeless, shot between the eyes.

There was a sudden outbreak of exclamation and talk, a rush of the hunters towards the fallen beast. Two or three of the gentlemen drew around

the Princess and her ladies, as if to protect her, and in the excitement no one noticed me. I stood for a moment or two, my eyes fixed on this changing, sensitive, inexpressibly beautiful face. Then the beaters and foresters came out of the wood: some remained with the fallen stag, and the rest of the party moved on farther up into the forest followed by the grooms and horses. I returned at once, silent and fancy-struck, to the city, and passed the rest of the day and the entire night in a dream.

The next morning I made my best excuses to Herr Veitch, and tried to settle to my work, but I found that this was impossible until I had made a full confession. He took it very quietly and as a matter of course: not so, however, did the *Fraülein*, a day or two afterwards, when he revealed the whole story to her. She looked at me strangely with her great brown eyes as one who foresaw some great danger awaiting me; and I wondered, in vain, from what quarter it would come.

I made great progress under her tuition. In playing with her in unison I learned more in a few minutes than in any other way. The instinct of fingering seemed to come naturally by her means, by her gentle guidance, by her placid rule. Here again outward harmonies of nature and of art corresponded in its contrast with the life of the spirit; with the rapt, entralling passion of love which had come upon me by the vision in the forest, and with the calm sympathy which was growing up in my heart with the *Fraülein*, smooth, broad, tranquil, as the full harmonious chords which she taught me to play. But with all this I confess that the prevailing thought of my mind was that I should some day, and that soon, take my part in this music before the lovely Princess; that I should see again that indescribable, enchanting face.

"We are getting on," said Herr Veitch: "we shall be ready soon."

"Let us have a rehearsal," said Adelheid, with her grave, gentle smile: "let us have a rehearsal to-morrow in *Das Vergnügen*, in the garden-valley of the palace."

Below the palace, on the side farthest from the city, the wooded valley formed a fairy garden of terraces and of streams flowing down from the hills. In the bottom of the valley were buildings, somewhat, on a small scale, after the fashion of the French garden-palaces of Trianon and Marly, and in these little houses some of the court-officials had rooms. The Professor and his daughter occupied one of the most charming suites of apartments opening upon a wide lawn beneath the terraced garden leading up to the palace, broken up by clipped hedges and rows of statues. I had never seen this garden of romance until the afternoon of the rehearsal. In the excitement and nervousness of the hour I was dimly conscious of a solemn blue sky overhead, of the dark foliage of the dying summer rising on the steep hill-sides on every hand, of a still afternoon full of sombre tints and sleeping sunlight, of the late-flowering china-roses and the tall asters, of massive wreaths of clematis, of a sense of finished effort and growth, and of a hush and pause before decay set in and brought the end of life and of the year: the little stone palace with its carved pilasters and wreaths of fruit and flowers, the weather-stained, moss-tinted statues and urns,—of all this I was dimly conscious as in a dream.

The Herr Professor was more than usually spruce in his apparel. I had purchased, boy-like, a new dress for the occasion. It was the period of frizzled, powdered hair, and lace and embroidery. A man who wore plain clothes and his hair *au naturel* was considered eccentric and of doubtful character. We formed a group on the little inclosed grass-plot outside the windows of the Professor's sitting-room, separated from the great lawns by the low clipped hedges and the wreathed urns. I noticed that the

Fraülein seemed anxious and almost expectant, and was continually turning her head in the direction of the palace-gardens. At last she said to her father: "I fear that I have committed a blunder. I begged to be excused from attending the Princess, and I told her that I was going to practise with the master here, but I said nothing of Otto, or that he would be here. It is quite possible that the Princess may come down through the gardens to hear the master play."

The Professor shrugged his shoulders. "It is too late, now," he said: "the sight of Otto will not kill her."

"No," said his daughter, doubtfully; but she shook her head as though a catastrophe was very imminent.

A tremor of excitement and of suppressed delight passed through my frame. If the mere thought of the rehearsal had excited me, what must I have felt at such a possibility as this?

We began to practise the trio with the violoncello and two violins. The violin-parts were very lively and quick; but the great charm of the piece lay in some perfectly modulated chords of great beauty distributed through all the parts in a sustained, broad, searching tone on the fourth string. Herr Veitch played the violoncello with consummate skill. We had played the piece nearly through when Adelheid suddenly ceased, and turned in the direction of the wider lawns to which was access between the urns; and the next moment the same lovely creature I had seen some days before, but now very differently dressed, came through the opening in the low hedge, accompanied by a beautiful young lady, evidently of high rank, whom I also recognised as one of the ladies I had seen in the wood. The Princess looked for a moment serenely at the group, who drew backward a step or two and bowed very low; but the next moment, as her eyes fell upon me, she flushed suddenly, and her face assumed an expression of embarrassment and even reproof.

"I did not understand that you had

strangers here, Fraülein," she said, and stopped.

"This, Royal Highness," said Adelheid, bowing very low, "is a young gentleman, Otto von Saale, who is to play in the trio. It did not occur to me to mention him to the Royal Highness."

The Princess looked very disconcerted and mortified, but her embarrassment only made the unique expression of her face more exquisitely piquant and enchanting. I would willingly have risked untold penalties to secure such a sight. The young lady who accompanied her regarded me with an expression of loathing animosity and contempt, as much as to say, "What do you mean by using your miserable existence to get us into this scrape?"

The Professor came to the rescue with great *aplomb*. Herr Veitch evidently regarded the whole matter with lofty contempt.

"If the Royal Highness will deign to take a seat," said the Professor, "she may still hear the trio rehearsed. We will regard Otto as second violin merely. One violin is much like another."

"Oh, sit down, my Princess!" said the young lady, coaxingly: "I should so like to hear the violins."

The Princess hesitated, and looked still more enchantingly confused and shy, but she sat down at last. It was reported that, as a boy, her brother, the Crown Prince, had been mortally in dread of the Professor. It is possible that his sister may have conceived something of a similar feeling.

We played the trio through. In spite of my excitement I had the sense to take the greatest pains. I kept my attention perfectly fixed upon my playing, and the clear notes in unison came in perfectly true and in time. When we had finished there was a short embarrassed pause. Then Adelheid whispered to me: "Play that lesson of yours of the woodland breeze."

Scarcely knowing what I did I began to play; but I had not finished

the opening bars before a slight change in the attitude of the Princess attracted my eyes, and suddenly, as if by inspiration, I conceived the fancy that I was playing to a creature of the forest and of the wind. She was sitting slightly forward, her eyes fixed upon the woodland slope before her, her slight, lithe figure and prominent speaking features like no offspring of common clay, but innate in that primeval god-sprung race of the golden hours, before the iron horny-handed sons of men had filled the earth with toil and sorrow and grime: the race from which had sprung the creatures that had filled romance with elf-legends and stories of elf-kings and ladies, and beings of gentle and fairy birth; for, as the untrammelled wood-notes that stole across the strings now sunk into a whisper, now swelled into full, rich chords and harmonies, I could almost fancy that I saw this glorious creature, while the mystic notes lasted, grow into a more serene and genial life, as though she breathed an air to which she was native, and heard once again the wild notes of the hills and of the winds in the sere antique forest-country that was hers by right of royal ancient birth.

As I played the concluding notes the Princess rose and stood before us once again, as I had seen her stand in the forest-meadow when she had pleaded unavailingly, in those marvellous tones which would never pass from my memory, for the beautiful stag. Then she bowed very courteously to the others and, taking no notice whatever of me, moved away, attended by her companion.

II.

NARRATIVE.

THERE is a gap in Otto von Saale's autobiography, which it may be well to fill up from other sources, as we shall by this means obtain a knowledge of some incidents of which he

could not possibly have been cognisant.

Two or three days after the rehearsal in the palace-garden the Princess was seated in her own room in the palace, accompanied only by her reader. The relationship between the two was evidently, in private, of the most intimate character.

The room was high in the palace and a surpassing view lay before the windows. Immediately in front, over a terrace or glacis planted with sycamore trees, the roofs and gables and chimneys of the old city lay like a great snake, or rather like several great snakes, climbing the ridges of its steep streets, and crowned with the spires and towers of its cathedral and churches and *rathhaus* and university halls. Over and beyond this stretched a vast extent of wooded valleys and hills, of forest and mountain and glancing river, of distant blue stretches of country indistinguishable and unknown, and in the remote distance along the sky-line a faint range of snow-clad peaks. A vast expanse of cloudland, strange and varied as the earth itself, and almost as tangible and real, filled the upper regions of this landscape with motion and life and varied form. It was evening, and the night-clouds had piled themselves in threatening and lurid forms above the dark wind-tossed forest-land. The white smoke-wreaths from the city curled up before the cathedral towers, and the storks and kites in long trailing flocks wended their way home from the distant fields. The Princess sat, still and silent, looking out over the wide prospect, with searching-questioning eyes, that seemed to penetrate beyond its furthest bound.

"I am still listening," she said at last, "to that violin lesson that the young man,—Otto von Saale did you call him?—played the other day. Is he considered to be a great performer? In its echoing repeats I seemed to hear voices that I had never heard before, and yet which seemed as

though they were the voices of my kin, that told me whence I came, and who I was, and what I might become."

"He plays with surpassing feeling," replied Adelheid, "and with delicacy of shading and of touch, most surprising as he is only a novice at the violin. You may judge of this when you remember how simple the piece was that he played—a few chords constantly repeated—yet he made them, as you say, speak to the heart, a different utterance for every chord. His *forte* is expression."

"Is he in love with you?" said the Princess, with the calmest, most unmoved manner and tone.

"No."

"You are in love with him?"

"Yes, I love him, for he is in every way worthy to be loved. But it is of little importance what I think of him. He is hopelessly, desperately, passionately in love with you."

"In love with me?" The Princess did not move, and not the faintest shade of deeper colour flushed her cheek; but the faint, shy, kindly smile deepened, and the questioning eyes softened to an expression which was certainly that of supreme, amused, beneficence—possibly of something else. "In love with me! When did he ever see me before?"

"He saw you some days ago in the forest: the day that the Prince von Schongau shot the stag."

The Princess sat quite still, looking out upon the southern sky, which was all aglow with a red reflected light. Long dark lines of cloud, like bars of some Titanic prison-house, drew themselves out across the sky; and the masses of cloud, tinged with a sudden glow of crimson, formed a wild contrast with the faint blue of the dying sky, and the green of the waving woodlands below. The deepening glow spread higher over the whole heaven, till the world below became suffused with its sober brilliance, and tower and gable and the climbing ridges of the street and the white smoke-wreaths

shone in the mellow light. The distant stretch of country flushed with this mystic light, which certainly was not of earth, seemed instinct with a quivering life—the life of forest and farm-people—the life of hidden townships too distant to be discerned—of rivers bordered with wharves and shipping—the life of a kingdom of earth—and, in her mountain eyrie, with set, wistful eyes, over the regions of her father's rule, the Princess sat at gaze, a creature slight, shy, delicate, yet born of eagle-race.

Her companion waited for some words, but they did not come: then she spoke herself.

"He was born among the forests of the Fichtelgeberge and has listened to the spirits of the wood and mountain from a child; that is why he plays so well."

"Yes," said the Princess, "that is why, in his playing, I heard a talk that I had long wished to hear—a speech which seemed familiar and yet which I had never heard here—the speech of a people from which my race is sprung. And you say that he is in love with me?"

"Yes," said Adelheid, somewhat sadly: "at this moment he would give worlds to see you again."

"Oh, he shall see me again!" said the Princess, with her quaint, shy smile: "he shall see me again: he shall play before the King. More than that,—he shall marry you!"

The King was a strikingly handsome, tall, distinguished man, of between fifty and sixty years of age. His father had died when he was a boy, and he had been brought up by his mother as regent of the kingdom. She was a very clever woman and surrounded her son with the most superior men she could attract to her court. She trained him in the most exalted ideas of his position and responsibility, and when she died, after having with much difficulty found a wife whom she considered to be suitable for him, she left him, at the

age of five and twenty, profoundly impressed with the conviction that something wonderful was expected of him in every action and word. As he was a man of very moderate capacities, though perfectly good-natured and conscientious, this impression might possibly have placed him in very painful predicaments; but the King very wisely fell back early in life on the obvious alternative of doing absolutely nothing and saying very little. It may surprise some persons to be told how wonderfully the country prospered under this imposing, but silent and inactive monarch. He had been as a boy impressed with the misery of some classes of his people, and he had been known as a young man to absent himself from court for days together and to wander, attended only by one companion, among the poor and struggling classes; and the only occasions on which he spoke at the privy-council were when he advocated the passing of some measure which his plain common sense told him would be beneficial to his people. He was therefore immensely popular and was thought, even by many of his familiar courtiers, to be a man of remarkable ability. He had a habit of repeating the last words of any one who spoke to him with an air by which he seemed to appropriate all the wisdom which might be contained in them to himself. "I have been attending the privy-council, sire." "Ah! you have been attending the privy-council, yes." And it really was difficult not to fancy that you had been listening to a long and exhaustive treatise upon privy-councils generally and their influence on the government of states; so perfect was the manner of the King.

"Sire," said the Princess to her father, the same evening on which she had had the talk with Adelheid, "I wish you to hear a young performer on the violin, Otto von Saale, who is a pupil of Herr Veitch. I heard him once by accident in Das Vergnügen. I wish him," continued the Princess,

with serene candour, after a slight pause, "I wish him to marry the Fräulein."

"Yes?" said the King, "you wish him to marry the Fräulein? I have observed, on more than one occasion, that efforts of this character may be abortive."

The King paused, as though on the point of saying more, but apparently doubting whether he could safely venture upon further assertion, he remained silent. After a pause he went on: "You consider this young man to be a promising performer?"

"His *forte*," replied the Princess, "as the Fräulein says, is expression. His playing has a strange fascination for me."

"Ah!" replied the King, "his *forte* is expression. Good! When do you wish me to hear this young man?" he continued after a pause.

"I thought we might have a chamber-concert of music after supper, on one of the evenings that the Prince von Schongau is here. Herr Veitch and the Fräulein will play."

Except on occasions of great state the King and his family supped in private, a second table being provided for the courtiers. A strict etiquette was observed in the palace, similar to, and founded upon, that of Versailles.

On the evening upon which the Princess had finally decided, a somewhat larger company than usual assembled in the great *salle*. The doors were thrown open shortly after supper, and the chamberlain with his white wand announced, after the manner of the French Court: "Gentlemen! The King!"

The great *salle* was floored with marble, and surrounded with marble pillars on every side. A thousand lights flickered on the countless jewels that decked the assembly. Great vases of flowers filled the corners, and graced the tables of the room.

The King came forward with long accustomed composure to the seat provided for him, near to a harpsichord in the centre of the *salle*: a

step behind him followed the Princess. She was *en pleine toilette*, sparkling with jewels, and if Otto von Saale had had any worlds to give, he might almost have been pardoned had he given them for such a sight; for a creature more delicately beautiful—so absolutely set apart and pure from aught that is frivolous and vain, and yet so winning in the unconscious piquancy of her loveliness—he would scarcely find elsewhere. She was followed by several ladies, and three or four gentlemen, preceded by a prince of a royal house, who had formed part of the King's supper-party, brought up the rear of the procession.

The King sat in his chair a little in advance of the rest: on either side of him were seated the Princess and the Crown Prince, and the ladies and gentlemen who had had the honour of supping with the royal party were seated behind them. Herr Veitch played the violoncello, and the Professor was prepared to accompany on the harpsichord, so far as that instrument was capable of accompanying the violins.

The attitude and expression of the King were delightful to watch. He sat back in his chair, his fingers meeting before his chest, a faint smile of serene beneficence on his beautifully cut features—a gracious, presiding power of another and a loftier sphere.

One or two pieces were played first, then came a trio of Corelli's, in which the harpsichord took no part.

Did it sound in the Princess's ear alone, or did there run through all the wealth of pure harmonies a strange new quality of tone? Wild, glancing, in tune yet untuned and untunable, like the silver thread of the brooklet through the grass, or the single changeless woodnote of the breeze wailing through the organ-harmonies of the midnight mass in a mountain-chapel. It spoke to the Princess's heart, as she sat some little space backward from her father's chair, her delicate steadfast face fixed upon the scene

before her, which, doubtless, she did not see. It seemed to speak of an alluring lawlessness, of that life of unconventional freedom, of that lofty rule and dominion over their own fate and circumstance, of that free gratification of every instinct and faculty, which has such an attraction to the highly-born. It seemed to call her with a resistless power back into a pristine life of freedom which was hers by right of ancient ancestral birth, a world of freedom and love and unquestioned prerogative which belonged to the nobles of the golden age. Almost she was persuaded by the searching power of its magic note to believe that all things belonged to the *élite* of earth's children—the favourites of life, those delicately nurtured and born to the purple of the world's prismatic rays. Should she listen to this siren chord it might even happen to her to lose that stainless insight which its wild tone had itself evoked; but, in the perfection of a concerted piece, its wild uniqueness was kept by grace of finished art in pitch and vibration true to the dominant concord of pure harmony, an existence and creation as it were in harmonious sound, of which it formed a part. To the Princess as she listened to the vibrating strings it seemed that, with a vision beyond her years, so potent in suggestion is music, she looked into another world, as one looks down from a lofty precipitous height into the teeming streets of a great city, and the pigmy crowds are instinct with a strange interest—a world of human suffering and doubt and terror, of love unrequited, of righteousness unrecognised, of toil and sorrow and despair unrelieved, until, in the thronged theatres and market-places, where life stands waiting its abiding doom—the times and seasons of the world's harvest being fully ripe—the riddle of righteousness and of wrong is answered, and in the sad grey dawn of the eternal day the dividing sickle is put in.

There was a pause in the wave of sound, and the Princess was dimly

conscious that Otto von Saale was playing alone. So magnetic was the searching tone that there seemed nothing in the wide universe save herself and his strange impalpable personality that approached her in mystic sound; but happily beyond and above its sorcery was once more felt the sense of restraining, abiding, cultured harmony—the full, true, settled chords, and the according regular law and sequence of time and pitch.

Then she knew that all were standing up, and she rose in her seat by the side of the King. A peculiar lustre of gracious courtesy shone in the Monarch's attitude and manner. "Herr Veitch," he was saying, "we thank you: the Princess thanks you. I perceive—" here his Majesty paused for a moment to give importance to what was to come, "I perceive, sir, that your *forte* is expression." The most wearied cynic must have felt a glow of genuine pleasure as the King said these words, so contagious was the regal, benevolent satisfaction that the exigencies of the occasion had been fitly met.

Otto bowed low before the King, then he turned to salute the Princess; but, as he looked up, his eyes met her marvellous eyes and were fixed by a magic spell, so intense, searching, personal and yet abstracted was the look they met. His entire being was caught up and rapt into hers in an ecstasy of ravishment. Had the gaze lasted another second he must have fainted away.

III.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL.

I DID not go to Herr Veitch until some days after the concert at the palace: indeed, I did not care to go. I felt as though I had broken with all continent and decorous life, and was entering upon a delirious course of adventure such as I had read of in some fatal romance of ill-repute, whose course was unnatural and ghastly even in its delights, and whose end

was tragic and disastrous. I was appalled even at the splendour of my dream.

But when I did muster courage to go to the master, I was astonished to find that nothing seemed to have happened at all. Herr Veitch did not even appear to have noticed my absence. He was in a very propitious humour, and complimented me very much on my playing at the palace. "I never knew you," he said, "play with so much certainty and correctness. There is always in your playing a certain originality which might become, as I have often told you, a great snare, indeed fatal in its results. So long, however, as you play as conscientiously as you did the other night, though there will always be a singularity in your style to which some might object, yet you will stand, to my mind, among the great performers on the violin." I had never heard the old man utter such praise before.

Nor did I at first notice anything in the manner of the *Fraülein* towards me, which would show that she was conscious of the necessity for any change. But there soon came a change, which was entirely of my own bringing about. I neglected the master and the violin. I hardened my heart against the *Fraülein*, and especially avoided the hours when I thought she would be with Herr Veitch. Her wistful eyes had no effect upon me, so foolish and delirious had I become.

One day Herr Veitch said to me, "Yesterday the *Fraülein* brought us great news. The Princess is betrothed to the Prince von Schongau, who has been staying so long at the palace. He was present, you remember, on the evening of the concert."

I was conscious that my face wore a contemptuous unbelieving sneer. In my madness I thought to myself that I knew much better than to believe such foolish gossip.

At last Herr Veitch took me seriously to task. "Something has happened to you," he said: "you are bewitched, some evil eye has

fascinated you. You are no longer the same sensible pleasant lad that you were. The *Fraülein* notices it also. She says she does not know what is come over you. I tell her that all young men are fools."

I did not deign to answer the good old man, but left him with my nose in the air. Indeed, I seemed to tread on air. I thought of nothing but palace-gardens and Hyrcanian woods full of terrible delights and secret pleasures. I believed myself to be altogether separate from my fellows, and to be reserved for some supreme exceptional fate. I am not willing to dwell longer than I can help upon this period, the remembrance of which is most distasteful to me. I shall have to describe at some length the supreme and crowning act of folly, and this must suffice the reader.

But in simple honesty, and to relieve my own conscience by public confession, I must relate one incident, so fatuous and unworthy was it, so nobly and graciously forgiven and condoned. I had not been to Herr Veitch for many days; but, one morning, an unconquerable impulse forced me to visit him. I believe that I was impelled, with all my assumed scepticism, to seek more tidings of the Prince von Schongau and his reported espousals. I had quite lost count of the *Fraülein's* mornings, and, indeed, I am ashamed to say, that I had ceased to think of her. I was therefore somewhat chagrined when, on entering the room, I found myself in her presence, as well as in that of Herr Veitch. My manner must have been singularly constrained and boorish, and I could see that the master regarded me with disapproval, not to say contempt. In spite of my affected indifference, I could see that Adelheid was watching me with wistful and pitiful eyes. Some evil demon made my heart harder and more scornful than ever; and I conceived the most hateful and injurious thoughts against one whose sweetness and devotion ought, on the contrary, to have filled me with affec-

tionate devotion. I played badly, and this only increased my spiteful and angry mood. So violent did my passion and an evil conscience at last make me, that I threw down my violin in a fit of ungovernable temper and rushed out of the room. I wandered restlessly about the streets for some time, in a kind of frenzy against mankind in general, my mind filled with the image of the Princess, and with a sense of intolerable wrong that my exceptional fortune was not recognised by all the world,—so confident was I in my infatuation. At last it suddenly occurred to me to go to the theatre, where, the *Fraülein* had said, the royal family were expected to be present. Lost in the crowded and enthusiastic audience, which would doubtless fill the place—the report of the betrothal being spread throughout the city—I might see the Princess and indulge a secret sense of my exclusive fate.

When I entered the theatre at the bottom of the Peterstrasse, however, I found a rumour already current that the King was not well and could not be present, and that the Princess refused to come without him. Whether the strange Crown Prince would visit the theatre alone, no one seemed to pretend to know.

I shall remember that evening as long as I live. The little old-fashioned theatre, as I know now it must have been, so different from the great theatres I have since seen at Dresden and Berlin, seemed to me, then, to be the most gorgeous of pleasure-places, blazing with lights and crowded with what was to me a gay and brilliant throng of superbly dressed and ornamented people. I found a vacant place in the pit near the orchestra. When I entered the curtain had not risen, but the orchestra were playing. The band consisted mostly of violins, and would, no doubt, be considered poor and thin at the present day, but such music has, to my mind, a subtle, delicate tone which is missed now. I did not know what the over-

ture was, and curiously enough I have never heard it again: probably it was some local composition; but there is sounding in my ears, as I write, the simple, thrilling air, the repeating chords. The music ceased and the curtain rose.

Up to this time the royal box opposite the stage had remained empty, and the audience had manifested a restless impatience which paid no attention to anything, either in the orchestra or upon the stage; but the actors had hardly begun their parts when the attention, which was now being attracted towards them, was suddenly diverted in another direction, and a young distinguished-looking man entered the royal box. His breast was a mass of stars and orders, and the rest of his apparel was covered with embroidery and lace; but his tall, slight figure, and the careless self-respect of his manner, enabled him to support so much finery with success. He came down without pause to the front of the box and remained standing, while the actors, dropping their parts, sang a verse of the National Folk-song, accompanied by the audience and supported by the band. The Prince bowed once slightly, then stood quite still, facing the enthusiastic house. From his point of view, doubtless, he saw a waving sea of faces, tumultuous, indistinguishable, indistinct; but in my eyes and to my thought, as I stood lost in the tossing, excitable crowd about me, there was no one in the whole theatre but myself and him. As I looked at him, a wild antagonism, an insane confidence and desire to pit myself against him, took possession of me. My folly even went so far as to picture to my mind a lovely, broken-hearted creature, bound to a betrothal odious to her, stretching out her hand towards another fate. The Prince had sat down in his box, slightly wearied in his daily round of life, not expecting very much entertainment from the play; more pleased, perhaps, at the gay scene the crowded theatre itself

presented to his eyes, perfectly unaware, certainly, of the ferocious glances one of the audience in a remote corner was directing towards his unconscious person.

I spent the ensuing night and day in a fever of passionate excitement; but on the next afternoon an event occurred which reduced every other consideration to worthlessness, and exaggerated the delirium from which I suffered to the highest pitch. On my return to the Three Roses from attending a lecture of the University—for I did attend lectures sometimes—I found a royal footman waiting for me with a note from the Princess. The world seemed to swim before my eyes as I took the billet from the man. It had been given him by the Princess herself, he said, who had charged him to deliver it to no one but myself.

I opened the billet and read: "The Princess Cynthia will be in Das Vergnügen, on the terrace above the cascades, this evening at eleven o'clock. She wishes to see Herr von Saale there without fail."

Even in the state of exaltation in which I had lived for some days, I could scarcely believe my senses. Yet there could be no possible doubt that the message was a genuine one. The billet was distinguished from ordinary letters by its paper, and was closed with a massive seal bearing the royal arms.

To this moment it is a mystery to me how I passed the intervening hours from the time the man left me till eleven o'clock. I know that at the time the thought of this necessity overwhelmed me with despair. I have some misty recollection of wandering down the valley by the river, of gibbering passing forms which with intolerable intrusion seemed to force themselves between me and the only conceivable event towards which all human history had been tending since the world began.

The garden of Das Vergnügen was

defended against intrusion by natural boundaries, very slightly assisted by art. The valley on the palace-side was impregnable, and the steep, rocky, wooded slopes on the further side of the river were so inclosed at the top as to render intrusion difficult or impossible. The right of *entrée* was given me through my connection with the Professor and the Fraülein, and I had no difficulty in obtaining it on this momentous night.

Mysterious shadows, dark and vast under the pale moonlight, the great trees and banks of leaves, rose in strange distinct outline on every side, as I made my way through the lawns and garden-walks. The nightingales were singing all around me: the festoons of roses, robbed of all colour by the pallid light, hung like the ruined garlands of a dead festival, and sheets of clematis fell like cascades from the tall hedges and forest-trees, and filled the air with a stifling perfume that presaged decay. Every now and again a strange whispering music stole through the valley and along the wooded slopes, the echo of wind-harps and harmonica-wires concealed among the terraces and groves. As the night advanced and the moon sank lower in the sky, the starlight grew more intense, with a clear distinct light, in which the sharp dark outlines of the shadows stood out in weird contrast with the beauty which, even in the moment of startled terror, the heart felt to be around. The wayward music that strayed through the leaves, and the fine clear notes of the nightingales that harmonised in their high shrill octaves with the cold silver light in which valley and river and stone terrace lay in mystic unreality, seemed like a fatal spell to enslave my spirit, a ghostly melody, a pale, beckoning hand to entice me on. And it was not only that these sights and sounds of a pallid and even terrifying beauty lured me on, but my infatuation was so perfect that I traversed the lawns and

terraces in the full expectation of finding at the trysting-place the most lovely, the most unique of creatures, a creature born to be the possession and the delight of her own race and kind, and of such only, to whom it would seem presumption and treason for any other even to look. Long years afterwards, writing in the cool blood of middle life, the remembrance of this folly makes me shiver with an intolerable shame; but at the moment, so potent was the wizard spell that untamed, unquestioning youth and the wild, romantic wood-teaching, and the autumnal music of the winds, and the well-spring of fresh hope and love and trust, bursting out like a clear fountain amid the flowering grass and woodland singers, had cast about my path that, as I passed the terraces and the arcades of roses and clematis, I believed confidently that in another moment I should have the Princess, blushing, shy, palpitating, in my arms.

I turned a terraced corner bordered with statues and urns, and shaded with tall yew and holly hedges that grew high up in the woods. I came upon a broad and long terrace, shining in the clear light. On the left hand, far above me, from the mountain summit a single broad cascade fell, like a wall of flashing molten silver, sudden and straight into a deep pool, from which by several outlets, formed by the piers of the terrace-bridge upon which I stepped, it fell again, in four or five cascades of far greater depth, into the valley beneath.

The moon, which was setting a little behind me, cast a full and strong light upon the broad terrace—a light as bright as day. As I turned the corner my heart almost ceased to beat, for I saw, not a dozen yards from me, the Princess herself coming forward to meet me, as it seemed with outstretched hands. The bright light revealed in perfect distinctness the soft, gracious outline of her slight figure and the shy expression of her face. I made a step forward, my

heart leaping to my mouth, when suddenly it sank again with a sickening chill, for behind the Princess, only a few steps apart, was the strange Crown-Prince, and close to him stood another figure, which I also recognised at once.

The Princess came forward with her faint, bewitching smile.

"You are here, Herr von Saale," she said: "I knew you would not fail. We are an awkward number for a moonlight stroll, and I wanted a companion for the *Fräulein*."

A sickening sense of self-recognised, self-detected folly—folly too gross and palpable, it might be feared, to escape even the detection of others,—crushed me to the earth.

What would have happened, what inconceivably fatal folly I might have committed, I cannot tell—a mad whirl of insane thought rushed through my mind; but the Princess kept her steady eyes fixed full upon mine. "Herr von Saale," they said, as plainly as, ay, plainer than words could speak,—"*Otto von Saale*, I believe in you. You have taught me something that I never knew before. You have taught me what I am, and you have shown me what I may become. You yourself, surely, will not fail."

The steady, speaking eyes, calm in the pale white light—the intense, over-mastering power and thought—drew me out of myself, as at the evening-concert at the palace; but now, thanks to the purpose and command that spoke in them, with a fortifying help and strength. The boyish nature, fascinated and uplifted even in the depths of its folly and shame, rose—thanks to her,—in some sense equal to the pressing need. Surely she must be right. Behind *Otto von Saale*, the fool, there must be another *Otto von Saale* who would not fail.

Something of what was passing in my mind, rose, I suppose, into my eyes, for the expression of the Princess's face changed, and an inexpressibly beautiful look came into her eyes,

amid the quaint reserve which her rank and disposition gave to her habitual look. It seemed to speak, with a start of grateful joy at the sudden gift, of certain abiding faith—faith in herself and in me—faith in the full, pure notes of life's music, which they who are born of the spirit, in the turmoil of the world's passion and desire, alone can hear.

The Princess turned away very quietly towards the Crown Prince. "You remember Herr von Saale the other evening?" she said, and His Royal Highness bowed.

They moved together towards the other end of the terrace, and I approached *Adelheid*.

It may be thought that I must have found some difficulty and confusion in speaking to her; but, strange as it may appear, it was not so. It seemed to me as though the demon of vanity and folly had been completely exorcised, as though the courage and faith that shone upon me from the Princess's eyes had blotted out and effaced the miserable, infatuated past as though it had never been. It is given to some natures, at some propitious moments at the turning-points of life, by a happy acquiescence in right doing to obliterate the evil past. The intolerable sense of disgrace and shame had, as it were, stung the lower, vain reptile-self through its vital cord, and it lay dead and withered in the way. The flattering mask was torn from its features, and nothing was left but a shudder at the memory of a creature so contemptible and vile.

I told *Adelheid* that I did not know how to excuse my conduct of the last few days, that some demon seemed to have possessed me, that Herr Veitch had said truly that this was the case, and that I had been fascinated—by some evil eye, I was about to say; but I stopped suddenly, remembering that the eyes that had fascinated me had been those of the Princess, those eyes that had restored me to the dominion of the higher self. Escaping from this pitfall as best I could, I promised that

I would return to my practising, and this brought us to the end of the terrace, where was a flight of stone steps that led down into the valley. Here the Princess turned to us and said that she wished to show the Prince the cascades from the steps, some little way down: they would return to us immediately on the terrace. They went down the steps and we turned back along the terrace-walk.

The moon by this time had set, and a countless host of stars lit the arched sky above us; and over the leafy walls on every side, darkened and deepened in shade, a delicate, faint, clear light seemed to chasten and subdue the heart—the starlight of the soul. There was no sound but that of the rush of water, for the nightingales and the wind-harps were too far below. There seemed to arise around us, and to enwrap us in its emboldening folds, a protecting mist and garment of solemn, faded light and measured sound. Enshrouded in this mystic veil fear and embarrassment were taken away, and in clear, true vision we saw each other for the first time.

“You have taught me the violin,” I said; “but there is another instrument, the strings of which vibrate to even higher tones: will you teach these strings, also, to vibrate in unison to your touch? It has been neglected, and is out of tune: it wants the leading of a master-hand.”

“I fear the instrument is accustomed to another hand,” Adelheid said.

“A violin,” I said, “is played on by many a one, and they fail; but it is not cast aside. At last he comes for whom it was predestined long ago, while the wood was growing in the tree, while the mellowing sunshine and the wind were forming it—were teaching it secrets that would fit it to teach mankind in sound. He to whom it was predestined comes. He takes it in his hand and we know that once, at least, in this life, supreme music has been heard. Will you try this instrument of mine? It may, per-

chance, be worth the trying, for it is a human heart.”

“I will try it,” she said.

There is not much more to tell. He that is happy has no history; and the life that is in tune with the melodies of heaven, in tune because it is guided by a purer life, inspired by a loftier impulse than its own, cannot fail of being happy. In the sustained and perfect harmonies that result from the concord of full, pure, true notes, there is rest and peace for the wearied and troubled brain; and the harmonies of life, that absorb and hush the discords of the world, are heard only in the private walks and daily seclusions in which love and Christian purity delight. Both harmonies came to me through a teacher of the violin.

And the Princess!

One summer afternoon in the year 1806, a gay city lay smiling in the afternoon sun. It lay in a fair plain watered by shining streams, and surrounded in the blue distance by wooded hills. The newly-built esplanades stretched away into the meadows, and from among the avenues of lindentrees the birds were singing merrily. But a fatal spell seemed to hang over this lovely scene, and the city might have been a city of the dead. Not a chance figure could be seen in its streets and *boulevards*: the windows of its houses were all fastened, and the blinds and jalousies drawn down and closed.

And more than this: every few moments a deathly terror tore the serene, calm air, and, alighting like a shrieking fiend, crashed into house and grove. The Prussian army was in full retreat across the fords of the river lower down, and the city was being bombarded by a battery of the French.

The blinds in the long streets were all drawn and the shutters closed; but there was one house in which not a blind was down nor a window closed. This was the palace, which stood in the centre of the city, looking

upon the Grand Platz and surrounded by chestnut and sycamore trees. The King was with the army on the distant Thuringian slopes ; but it was known through all the city that the Queen was still in the palace and had refused to leave ; and in the hearts of the citizens, wherever a few met together, or in the homes where they spoke of this, despair and anguish were soothed into gratitude and trust.

But gradually as the evening drew on matters became worse. The terrible cannonade, it is true, ceased ; but a party of French chasseurs, followed by infantry, occupied the market-place, and the work of plunder was systematically begun. The crash of doors burst in, and the shrieks of the inhabitants, were heard on every side. At seven o'clock in the summer evening houses were in flames in front of the palace, and the light was so intense that people could read handwriting, both in the palace-court and in the market-place.

Then, suddenly, a most wonderful thing occurred. The great iron gates of the courtyard, which had remained closed, were thrown open, and a state carriage, gorgeously caparisoned and drawn by six white horses, accompanied by servants in full liveries, issued forth in the evening light, amid the added glare of the flaming houses. It passed on its stately way

through the crowded, agitated Platz, the lawless soldiers standing back astonished and abashed, till it reached the great hotel of the Three Kings, where a marshal of France, a brother-in-law of the Emperor, had taken up his quarters for the night an hour before. It did not remain long ; but in a few moments it was known throughout the city that the Queen's intercession had prevailed, that orders had been given to extinguish the conflagration, and that the pillage would immediately cease.

The people, young and old, swarmed into the streets. From by-lane and causeway and *boulevard*, rich and poor, without distinction, child and old man and *grand-dame*, crowded around the stately carriage with the white horses, wherein sat a beautiful woman of middle age, serene and stately, but very pale with long watching and with grief. Sobs, and words of blessing, and cries of love and joy, resounded on every side ; but amid that countless throng there was no heart so full of a strange pride and gratitude to God as was that of an unknown stranger, by chance in the city, standing unnoticed in the dark shadows of the palace-groves. I knew her : I had known longer than they all ; for it was the Princess Cynthia of the old, forgotten, boyish days.

J. H. SHORTHOUSE.

OMAR KHAYYAM.

EDWARD FITZGERALD'S version of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam has won its way slowly but surely to such high favour, that it may well seem superfluous to say anything more about the astronomer-poet of mediæval Khorassan. Yet this unique and beautiful poem does not in truth show the real Khayyam. Unquestionably among the fine things in modern English verse, these quatrains give no accurate representation of the original in any of their versions; as indeed the variations of successive editions do themselves tend to show. The Persian *rubaiyat* are by no means the coherent strain of contemplative philosophy which Fitzgerald's work affords, being rather a not too harmonious "song-circle" (as the Germans say) in which the real intention of the poet, if indeed he had one, cannot be clearly ascertained. Omar is no more coherent than Martial, as any one will see who looks into Mr. Whinfield's version in Trübner's series: here is the epigram of a scoffer, there the ejaculation of a pious inquirer: the carol of the wine-bibber is followed by a stanza of tender love. In Fitzgerald, on the other hand, we are not sure whether we are reminded most of Horace or of Ecclesiastes: of the flighty Persian free-thinker, eclectic and unsystematic, we see little or nothing.

It is not the intention of the present paper to shock the admirers of Mr. Fitzgerald by an attempt to compete with his poetical treatment. He has obtained and most justly obtained the reputation of a genuine poet; but those who desire to see how much of this fame is founded on his own great powers, and how much is due to the perhaps inferior credit of a good translator, may satisfy their minds by consulting the aforesaid version of

Mr. Whinfield. The few stanzas which are versified in English below, are, with one exception, taken from other quatrains than those used by Fitzgerald, and are only offered as illustrative of the real Khayyam in his disjointed manner. Yielding to every passing impulse he will be seen to be little more than a casual writer of epigrams: the only thread running at all thoroughly through his tetrastichs being a uniformity of metre, and a plea for peace and freedom in a rough polemic age.

To understand this unparalleled figure in the usually conventional literature of the East we have to take note of the time in which, and by which, he was produced. It was the period of the First Crusade. The orthodox creed of the early Moslem Arabs was cooling down into culture and cant. The Persians, on the other hand, had not accepted it. Five centuries earlier, when first subdued by the followers of Islam, they had possessed in the Zoroastrian dogma a highly-organised creed of their own which only yielded slowly before the fierce persuasions of the Crescent.

Then arose the schism of the Shias, or followers of Ali, which spread among them from the first century of the Hegira, both by reason of their vicinity to Kufa and Karbela, and because the Shias were enemies of the elective Caliphs to whom the Persians were also hostile. About a hundred years later fresh secessions occurred, originating in political ambition, but coloured by religious eccentricity and destined to cause fresh heresy. The descendants of Abbas (the Prophet's uncle) founded a Caliphate, or Papacy, at Bagdad; and the son of Jafar Sadik, counted the sixth Imam, set on foot the almost atheistical sect of the Ismailis.

When the Seljukians obtained influence at Bagdad they had already founded the shortlived Empire known to mediæval Europe as that of the Saracens, and, in many of the provinces such as Khorassan, and farther west, had found Sunni orthodoxy in full vogue. Thus, when they embraced Islam, they naturally adopted the form of that faith which was at once popular with the conquered people and established at Bagdad. But that was by no means the case in the lands which they wrested in Persia proper from the tribes of Ghor. Not only were the heresies of the Shias and the Ismailis popular among the Persians, but at the same epoch they were influenced by other innovations. This was the period of the Ikhwan-us-Safa, the Encyclopædists of Basra, as it was also the climacteric of the Sufis, with opinions supposed to have grown out of Greek philosophy, and largely imbued with the tentative Pantheism originated by the school of Epicurus.

It is not certain what was the ethnic origin of our poet, whether his extraction was Arab or Iranian. From his name it is inferred that he was a member of the hereditary guild of tent-makers; for *khaima* means a tent in Perso-Arabic, and *khayyam* is a conjugation of intensity or frequency from it. But he studied science and letters in the time of Togrul Beg, the same school also affording instruction to two other men who were to obtain a more mundane notoriety. One was Hassan Sabah, he who, under the title of Sheikh-ul-Jabal, afterwards became infamous as the founder of the truculent order of Assassins. The second was one who seemed far the most successful, though history has not remembered him so well. Sultan Togrul was succeeded by his able and magnanimous nephew, Alp Arslan, A.D. 1063. In this reign the second of Khayyam's schoolfellows, of whom mention has just been made, became Minister, and his civil administration proved as useful to the Saracen Empire as the military ability of his master. After

reducing the Caliph to insignificance at Bagdad, and successfully encountering the Emperor Romanus, Alp Arslan, the Saracen Cœur-de-Lion, was assassinated at Merv on December 25th, 1072. His vast dominions, of which the western boundary was the Mediterranean Sea and the eastern the Chinese Wall, devolved upon his son Malik Shah, and the Minister continued in power, with the title of Nizam-ul-Mulk, for nearly thirty years.

It is natural to inquire what so permanent and powerful a Minister did for the friends of his youth; and it is curious to find that he did so very little. The post of *Chaubdar* (mace-bearer or bedell) to the Sultan was obtained for Hassan, and Khayyam was provided with a small pension and permission to live in a garden-house in the suburbs of his native town of Naishapur. The result of this moderation, as the Minister doubtless called his treatment of his schoolfellows, was unhappy, though in his Testament he declares that Omar refused all other rewards. Hassan soon went off to Syria, joined the Ismaili heretics, and established the robber-hold of Allah-Mut among the mountains of Northern Persia, which was the centre of the sinister but short-lived power of the Assassins. The Nizam endeavoured to put an end to the order, but paid for his endeavours with his life. Meanwhile, in his milder way, Khayyam also broke with orthodoxy, lived on in his humble retreat a contented but settled despiser of the world, survived his niggardly Mæcenæ for nearly thirty years, and became the means to which that once mighty statesman is alone indebted for the remembrance of posterity. Man does not seem a very ideal being, yet we catch here and there a mark of the might of spiritual over material greatness.

We have now before us the elements of that society on which the criticism of Khayyam was to act as a partial solvent. Station and power were great but insecure: in the higher

places ruled pride and persecution : rank and command were with battles of the warrior and garments rolled in blood : the ferocious egotism of the natural man was accentuated, and gentle manners driven into the shade. We must picture to ourselves the poet in his garden, looking out on the well-watered valley below Meshed, with vines and fruit-plots around, and a bright sky overhead assuaged by shadowy plane-trees, while streams lapsed softly through the meadow-grass. It was a retreat, yet with loopholes, for the neighbourhood of the town afforded some choice of society. Omar's hospitality was open to pleasant persons of both sexes—to all, indeed, but zealots. He was not one to confuse belief with faith : heterodoxy is as bad in his eyes as orthodoxy ; you may do what you will if you will be cheerful and undogmatic. He is the slave of freedom.

"To drink and revel and laugh is all my art,
To smile at faith and unfaith my Faith's
part :
I asked the bride what gift would win her
love,
She answered, 'Give me but a cheerful
heart.'"

That he is ambitious, in the vulgar sense of sighing for the perishable advantages of wealth and station, no one can believe : he may desire to influence his fellow creatures, but it is as a friend rather than as a master. For personal comfort, he looks not to luxury, but to love : not to the blind assurance of the bigot, but to the confidence of innocence and goodness.

"If in your heart the light of Love you plant
(Whether the mosque or synagogue you
haunt),
If in Love's court its name be registered,
Hell it will fear not, Heaven it will not
want."

It has been thought that Khayyam was a Sufi, and only used the language of pleasure as a symbol for pantheistic aspiration. But he can be outspoken ; and such questions as the following are neither equivocal nor ambiguous.

"This is the time for roses and repose
Beside the stream that through the garden
flows,
A friend or two, a lady rosy-cheeked,
With wine—and none to hear the clergy prose.

"Unless girls pour the wine the wine is naught,
Without the music of the flute is naught :
Look as I may into the things of life,
Mirth is the only good—the rest is naught.

"The red wine in a festal cup is sweet,
With sound of lute and dulcimer is sweet :
A saint, to whom the wine-cup is not
known,
He too—a thousand miles from us—is sweet."

Not but what he has his pious hours ; for to nothing but true piety can we ascribe such thoughts as these.

"Thou hast no way to enter the Dark Court,
For not to mortals does it yield resort :
There is no rest but on the lap of earth—
Woe ! that its riddle is so far from short !

"Ah, brand ! ah, brand ! if all that thou
canst earn
Be but to help the fires of Hell to burn,
Why wilt thou cry, 'Have mercy, Lord,
on me !'
Is it from such as thee that He will learn ?

"Of thy Creator's mercy do not hold
Doubt, though thy crimes be great and
manifest,
Nor think that, if thou die in sin to-day,
He from thy bones His mercy will withhold."

Yet, convinced as he is of the need of pardon, and not always sure (in his human diffidence) that his Lord is anything but a magnified Sultan, who exercises man with wilful and arbitrary caprice, he preserves his dignity in face of the appalling possibility.

"Although God's service has not been my care,
Nor for His coming was my heart made fair,
I still have hope to find the mercy-seat,
Because I never wearied Him with prayer.

"Am I a rebel ? then His power is—Where ?
Is my heart dark ? His light and glory—
Where ?
Doth He give Heaven for our obedience ?
'Tis due. But then, His loving-kindness—
Where ?"

These speculations bring him to the old conclusion.

"Although my sins have left me faint and fell,
One hope I keep—the heathen have it as
well—
In dying may I clasp my girl and glass
What else to me were Paradise or hell

"If I drink wine it is not for delight,
Nor unto holiness to do despite :
I do it to breathe a little, free from self :
No other cause would make me drink all night.

"They say that Tophet from of old was planned,
But that's what I could never understand :
If there were Hell for those who drink,
then Heaven
Would be no fuller than one's hollow hand.

"With wine and music if our lives have glee,
If grass beside the running brook wave free,
Better than this esteem no quenched Hell :
This is thy Heav'n—if Heaven indeed there be."

He is not sure whether, even on this side of the grave, perfect bliss is to be had ; and in such uncertainty it would be folly to strive. But he is quite sure of the wisdom of savouring to the utmost the passing moment ; and, like Horace, he makes the precariousness of joy a reason for enjoyment.

"Since life flies fast, what's bitter and what's sweet ?
When death draws near, what matter field or street ?
Drink wine ; for after thee and me, the moon
Her alternating course will oft repeat.

"I dreamed of an old man, who said, and frowned,
'The rose of bliss in sleep was never found ;
Why then anticipate the work of death ?
Drink rather : sleep awaits thee in the ground.'

"Ah, comrades ! strengthen me with cups of wine
Until my faded cheeks like rubies shine,
And bathe me in it after I am dead,
And weave my shroud with tendrils of the vine."

But these contemplations, these delights could not always be taken, or did not always suffice. *Post prandia Callirhoe* : like his European prototypes the Persian philosopher found woman essential to his scheme. His Paradise must never want an Eve with whom he could share alike his joys and his troubles.

"Clouds come, and sink upon the grass in rain,
Let wine's red roses make our moments faint ;
And let the verdure please our eyes to-day,
For grass from our dust shall give joy again.

"Sweetheart, if Time a cloud on thee have flung,
To think the breath must leave thee, now so young,
Sit here, upon the grass, a day or two,
While yet no grass from thy dust shall have sprung

"Long before thee and me were Night and Morn :
For some great end the sky is round us borne :
Upon this dust, ah, step with careful foot,
Some beauty's eyeball here may lie forlorn.

"This cup once loved, like me, a lovely girl,
And sighed, entangled in a scented curl :
This handle, that you see upon its neck,
Once wound itself about a neck of pearl."

It is to be feared that, like Anacreon, the Eastern poet found that, as old age drew on, the ladies turned to younger loves.

"Ah ! that the raw should have the finished cake,
The immature the ripest produce take,
And eyes, that make the heart of man to beat,
Shine only for the boys' and eunuchs' sake."

But the things of Fate approach : no epicurism can do much to strip necessity of its stern aspect. Sin is sin, and the soul in the solitude of the dark valley turns to the inevitable with vague but trustful hope.

"His mercy being gained, what need we fear ?
His scrip being full, no journey makes me fear :
If, by His clemency, my face be white,
In no degree the Black Book will I fear.

"I warred in vain with Nature—what's the cure ?
I suffer for mine actions—what's the cure ?
I know God's mercy covers all my sin ;
For shame that He has seen it—what's the cure !

Yet, even here, science brings a message that is not unconsoling. He may pass, as an individual ; but the moon will shine on others, and the grass be fair and odorous, and the very body that has known so much joy when it was his, will contribute to other joys hereafter.

"Is it not a shame, because on every side
Thy curious eyes are circumscribed and tied,
Pent in this dark and temporary cell,
In its poor bounds contented to abide ?

"O tent-maker, that frame is but a tent,
Thy soul the king, to realms of Nothing
 bent;
And slaves shall strike the tent for a fresh
 use,
When the king rises and his night is spent."

Here we come upon a stanza beautifully rendered by Fitzgerald. Speaking of the body, he makes the poet say :

"Or is it but a tent where rests anon
A Sultan to his kingdom journeying on,
And which the swarthy chamberlain shall
 strike,
Then, when the monarch rises to begone."

The difference from the original is verbally but slight; but it will be observed to seriously alter the significance. Khayyam's play on his name (Tent-maker) is sacrificed, so is the mockery of the soul's journey to an unreal kingdom. The word chamberlain is an inadequate substitute for the original *furash*, which indicates a class of slave appointed in the East for such duties, and to which the poet contemptuously likens Death.

It has been already said that this paper is not intended in censure of Fitzgerald. Its object is only to afford some glimpses of the real Khayyam, who seems somewhat hidden in the English poet's graceful work. It is difficult to explain by isolated specimens Fitzgerald's deviations from his original, because his variation is general and total. The difference between him and Khayyam is the same as that between a group of epigrams and a long satire. As Mr. Whinfield says in his scholarly introduction, all the quatrains of Omar "are isolated in sense from the context;" meaning, doubtless, that the sense of one quatrain is not prolonged or continued into the quatrain that comes next in place. If any one will turn to one of the editions of Fitzgerald published by Mr. Quaritch, he will see a continuous poem of the nature of what Mr. Arnold calls a "criticism of life." In the text printed with Elihu Vedder's drawings, the order of the stanzas is altered to some extent,

which shows perhaps the difficulty of these arrangements. But the point is that they are all arbitrary perversions of an original whose scope and construction are of a wholly different kind. At the utmost, the *rabaiyat* can only be cast into groups according to general subject, and will then be found to indicate impulsive, almost incompatible, states of thought and feeling.

A sample of Fitzgerald's manner of paraphrase may be interesting. The two metrical stanzas are his: the prose that follows gives the literal English of the original.

"Oh Thou who didst with pitfall and with gin
Beset the road I was to wander in!
Thou wilt not with Predestination round
Enmesh me, and impute my fall to sin."

"Oh Thou who man of basest clay didst make,
And who with Eden didst devise the snake!
For all the sin with which the face of man
Is blackened, man's forgiveness give—and
 take."

"In my way-going Thou hast laid the snare
in many a place. Thou savest, 'I slay thee,' if
I make default therein. The world is not free
from Thy command a tittle. I do Thy command,
and Thou callest me 'Sinner'!"

"O Thou, of the sanctity of whose nature
knowledge is not, and art indifferent both
to our obedience and sin! I am drunk with
sin, but sober with hope, in that my hope is
in Thy great mercy."

Khayyam mocks at circumstances. Death is a slave: even life, saving so far as it is a scene of calm enjoyment, is a mere bubble. The noise of the Franks in Syria is deadened by distance: the crimes of Hassan Sabah, the toils of Nizam-ul-Mulk, are ignored, while the poet surprises the secrets of Nature, observing her economies of matter and her recklessness of man. But, in regard to these hapless contemporaries to whom the stern stepmother shows so little pity, he infers the duty of help, urging the indulgence of a brother orphan:

"Do thou beware no human heart to wring,
Let no one feel thine anger hotly sting.
Wouldst thou enjoy perpetual happiness?
Know how to suffer: cause no suffering."

Here the veil shall fall, and our last glimpse of the poet show him in a posture of pity. He was summoned to Merv and employed in the reform of the Calendar; and he died a natural death about 1123 at Naishapoor, his old age being untroubled and his life unabridged. More than this an Oriental of that time could not hope from Fate. The rest of his happiness must come from within, as we will hope it did. One of his disciples tells us that Omar said in his old age: "I would be buried in such a place, that the north wind may scatter roses on it." After the poet's death the disciple visiting the grave, found that it was beneath a garden wall, "and the fruit trees reached their boughs over, and dropped their blossoms over his tomb, so that it was almost hidden."

One of the curious features of Khayyam's life and labour is the fact of such heterodox and seemingly unprofitable matter surviving, with no aid from the printing-press, through the havoc of seven stormy centuries.¹ Of this we may be sure, that no nation preserves a work of literary art unless it has endeared itself to many minds, and found an echo in the popular feeling. Not only have Persia and Khorassan been scourged since then with fire and sword in which the frail life of manuscripts must have been in constant

danger, but the outspoken heterodoxy of the *rubaiyat* must have rendered them especially liable to the hostile pursuit of the Moslem Church. That they have, trifles as we may think them, been preserved amid all these dangers to furnish themes of enjoyment and of discussion in a state of society so unlike that in which they were born, and in which they lived so long, raises them to a position of almost scriptural dignity. And at last we behold them inspiring modern artists in the busiest centres of Western life.

It is not at all likely that in their original amorphous state they would have pleased the generality of English readers. Mr. Whinfield has prefixed to his translation this somewhat disparaging motto from Mr. Arnold :

. . . . "A mind
Not wholly clear nor wholly blind,
Too keen to rest, too weak to find."

Modern Europeans do not care to be troubled with reading "that travails sore and brings forth wind." For the use of such it is more than probable that Fitzgerald's genius and skill have raised the only acceptable structure. Nevertheless, a sympathetic student of human history may be willing to cast a glance at the remote original, too far away in place and time, too bare and open for permanent sojourn: a grotesque nook abounding in quaint arabesque and coloured fret-work, yet not the less a shrine of undogmatic grace and harmlessness and peace.

H. G. KEENE.

¹ It is the opinion of scholars that much spurious matter has been added. Out of twelve hundred stanzas ascribed to him, not one-fourth is believed to be genuine.

THE STORY OF ALICE AYRES.

Ῥῆμα δ' ἐργμάτων χρονιώτερον βιωτέει. — PINDAR, Nemea, Od. iv. 10.

[IN an eloquent and interesting letter addressed to The Times of September 5th, 1887, Mr. G. F. Watts recalls to our minds the fine story of Alice Ayres, a maid of all work, who, in April 1885, sacrificed her own life in order to save the children of her master from being burnt to death. The details of this story, as gathered from the letter, I have endeavoured to reproduce below. Mr. Watts, in commenting upon this heroic action, remarks with great force and truth, "that the material prosperity of a nation is not an abiding possession, but its deeds are." "The character of a nation as a people of great deeds is one, it appears to me, that never should be lost sight of;" and he wishes to dignify, as it were, the jubilee-year "by erecting a monument, say here, in London, to the names of those likely-to-be-forgotten heroes." With this wish of his, natural to an eminent artist, I sympathise in some degree, but not entirely. As a writer of verses another point of view opens itself before me, and this point I have tried to show in the following lines.]

We see how wretched are the parts
 Played by misleaders of the state,
 And feel within our echoing hearts
 The step of an advancing Fate.
 Yes! England's sun may set, alas!
 May set in gloom, nor rise agen,
 Her proud name, like a shadow, pass
 Out of the thoughts and words of men.

Still there is much not born to die:
 Great deeds can never be undone:
 Their splendour yet must fill our sky
 Like stars, outlasting even the sun.
 Ten thousand years may come and go,
 But not to move them from their place:
 Through them new lands will learn and know
 Why God once shaped the English race.

Our childrens' children shall repeat
 How, with a half unconscious thrill,
 The noble pulse of duty beat
 In simple hearts, and armed the will.
 We who yet love dear England well,
 Must rise and link our lot with theirs,
 Perchance still living on to tell
 Of those who died—like Alice Ayres.

Such deeds are England's soul, and we,
 Tossing aside each idler rhyme,
 Should pour forth song, to keep them free
 From the concealing dust of Time.
 No tricks of style will this require:
 Such stories should be plainly told:
 Gems never lose their strength or fire,
 Though tinsel settings may grow old.

The heavens are clear and calm, when lo,
 A sudden voice rings through the night:
 Men gather, hurrying to and fro,
 With quivering lips and faces white:
 A small mean house bursts forth in flame:
 Within crash down the burning stairs;
 And, like a picture in her frame,
 Stands at the window Alice Ayres.

"Come down, come down," all cry aloud,
 "We have the means to break your fall."
 She does not seem to hear the crowd,
 And gives no answer to their call.
 Then, firm that evil hour to meet,
 She forces, through the narrow pane,
 Soft clothes and bedding on the street,
 Retires, and straight returns again.

A sleeping babe is in her arms,
 Whom, with a watchful hand and head,
 Protecting from all risks and harms,
 She drops in safety on the bed.
 Slowly she steps back, in that gloom
 Of strangling smoke to disappear,
 Thence dragging from her instant doom
 An older girl, who shrieks with fear.

"Come down, come down," the shouts rise high,
 "Come down, or every hope is gone:
 Save, save yourself at length," they cry,
 "Enough for others have you done."
 But no! there is a third one yet:
 Death therefore must be faced once more:
 The star of duty will not set
 For her till the whole work is o'er.

All ended now—she might have time
 Upon herself a look to cast;
 But filled with that one thought sublime,—
 God wills that it should be her last.
 With feet astray and reeling brain,
 Choked breath, dulled ears, and darkened eyes,
 She staggers onwards, but in vain:
 It is too late—she falls and dies!

“And who was Alice Ayres?” you ask.
A household drudge, who slaved all day,
Whose joyless years were one long task,
On stinted food and scanty pay;
But neither hunger, toil, nor care
Could e’er a selfish thought instil,
Or quench a spirit born to dare,
Or freeze that English heart and will.

As we are well told, it is true
That England’s worth may thence be shown,
That men and women, not a few,
Like Alice, should be better known.
“Enrich,” some say, “this golden year
(That no such legend we may lose)
By building up their statues here.”
So be it! if the people choose.

But, cold and dead in all men’s sight,
A statue moulders and decays,
Whilst soulless hirelings often blight
Grand hero-names with formal praise.
No! Alice and her partners call
For that which chisels cannot give:
Self-sculptured on the minds of all,
Such memories should not waste, but live.

Not cabined in one narrow place,
A local boast, a mere street token;
But, like the air, diffused through space,
So long as English words are spoken:
To be drawn in with each new breath
Where red and warm the old blood runs,
And, o’er the wide world conquering death,
Shared thus for ever by our sons.

F. H. DOYLE.

IN A CHINESE THEATRE.

If you want to be amused, and have a large stock of patience and nothing better to do, go to see a play acted in a Chinese theatre, such as may now be found in almost every large town on the Pacific Coast of America. You will find it most entertaining, and are moreover, certain to gain, if nothing else, an enlarged view of the possibilities of the drama. You must, however, be willing to play your part as one of the audience thoroughly, if you wish to learn anything. It would be worse than useless to go merely to gaze blankly and blandly for a few moments, like a supernumerary, and then to disappear for ever. A short stay could only result in wrong impressions: you would come away amused and vain: you would "feel good" about it: your race-pride would be flattered, and you would say to yourself, "What queer nonsense! What droll folk to enjoy it!"

Exactly so! Once I was in the company of some Japanese sailors watching Hamlet played at the chief theatre in San Francisco. They were astonished—men and women actually fondled each other on the stage! Such immodesty distressed them: they were not used to it, in public. And then the play was such a ridiculous jumble! No one could make any sense of it, nor tell what it was all about: so they soon grew tired and came away.

In this case of course we know that the fault was not in the play, but in the spectators; and is it not just possible that you yourself have been at fault sometimes with regard not to plays only, but to various other matters as well? Have you never given judgment where you lacked sympathy? Do not be surprised, then, if, when you

come to watch the Chinese actors, much of what they do should seem meaningless and foolish. Remember that their art was not framed for your particular amusement, but has grown up without one thought of you. And indeed what possible right have you to come with your ready-made tastes and condemn it because it is not what you are used to? Hosts of people are used to it, and like it; and their preference may well outweigh your condemnation, "heir of all the ages" though you be. Besides, if you could only view it aright, for all what you call the buffoonery of the actors, the play itself may be a veritable Chinese Hamlet for wisdom and beauty. At any rate act on that supposition, and sit till you can prove its truth or untruth.

But I said you would need patience, and you will! To see the whole play you will have to come at four in the afternoon and stay till midnight. You must not stir: there are no intervals, and you might "mar all by this starting." You must watch intently the exits and entrances, note the disguises and transformations. An actor who has gone out scantily clad may reappear in flowing robes fourteen feet in circumference with a gorgeous helmet two feet high, but you must be able to recognise him: you must look beyond the streaming beard and moustache that hang so oddly in front of his face like a veil. You must not be deceived by appearances: "there are cozeners abroad." That hero is not necessarily dead because his head has apparently been cut off—it may be he has only suffered enchantment; nor this man be alive because he is stalking round the stage with the others,—there are such

things as spirits and dreams, and this man may perchance be a dream or a spirit.

If you need an interpreter, find out a friendly Chinaman in the audience who can speak a little English—a washerman or a domestic servant—and sit near him. Then, when a new character appears, you can make your inquiries. You may learn “him allee same good, him all light,” and feel confidence in him accordingly; or it may be that your neighbour’s opinion is unfavourable, and he thinks “him heap bad, him alle same debblin,” when you will expect to find the new comer doing wickedly, even though he have no black and white paint on his face. Thus you will be able to separate the sheep from the goats.

But if you are very sensitive or quick-tempered it will be best to keep away from these theatres. You may find, as I did once in Victoria, Vancouver’s Island, that suddenly the rows of glistening heads around you are all turned so that their owners might cast their oblique looks upon you, full of enjoyment and satisfaction because of some joke that the chattering comedian upon the stage has broken over your unconscious head; and this might destroy your self-possession and lead to consequences. When one’s skin is white one does not take such insolence well from heathen people.

In watching the play be careful to disregard the mannerisms of the actors: every stage is stagey. Do not allow yourself to be annoyed by the set, stalking gait, the short, quick stride, and the ridiculously sudden wheeling about of the men, nor by the distressingly affected and mincing airs of the ladies. Heed not that constantly recurring, rapid, curving fling of the leg, which seems to twist that member almost into a knot: the movement may not be meaningless to the initiated, though it seems so to you. Learn to find pleasure in the lithe neatnesses of the actors, and in the quick, delicate movements of the

wrist and hands with which they follow the music,—for there is music, and much of it, and a very important and characteristic part it plays. It is a mass of sound, forced from gongs and cymbals—several of each, perhaps, manned vigorously—from tom-toms, from curious loud fiddles, from mouth-instruments that emit a blare louder than a trumpet, and from twanging instruments with strings. Loud noises come from all: the sound varies, but never ceases: it is incessant and stunning. Also it is Wagnerian and expresses sentiments: there is a love-*motif* on the cymbals, sorrow on the gong, joy on all the instruments together. Warriors enter to the clarionet and gong: marriages are celebrated on the gong: conversations, combats, deaths,—all require the gong. The gong is always with you. It drowns the voice of the singers, though this will not cause you any additional sorrow, since the high screeching *falsetto*, which all the actors use except the low comedians, is not melodious to English ears. At first this noise will cause you pain, uneasiness, confusion; but be patient, and gradually you will become accustomed to it. It will form an undertone to everything, like the sea, and you will come to regard it as a necessary constant, and feel a void when it stops. Its influence over you will be greater than you imagine: you will find little fragments of airs afterwards passing through your mind that you do not remember to have noticed in the din.

Certainly you must have patience—great patience. You must be prepared to witness endless repetitions: *da capo* stands over everything, even over mortal combats, deaths and executions. No need for you to applaud, or shout *encore*! Sit still, and you will see every action repeated over and over and over again, so that you can never forget it.

There is no scenery, but you will find something to admire in the richness, the variety, and picturesqueness

of the costumes, and in the grotesque masks that are sometimes used. The terrible painted faces of the bad men and comedians will amuse you; and you will notice no doubt that the ladies' faces are tinted with the colours you are familiar with, but that the pinkness covers the temples instead of the cheeks.

Then, as you are a mere ignorant spectator, unlearned in the language of the Chinese, and in their myths, legends, and histories, you will soon have a most engaging series of problems to solve, as you labour to follow the plot.

Two heroes have been fighting—why, and with what result? Is either dead? And if so, which of them? The man in magnificent raiment, with the earnest face, why does he warble so often and so painfully above his loose moustache? Are they mere ballads he sings to please the audience, or does his theme carry forward the plot? The grave old gentleman with wings in his helmet—is he a terrestrial or a celestial? And the superior personage who makes such fitful entrances—is he from above or below? What relationship exists between the two ladies? Is the elder a sister, or a mother, or a mother-in-law? Do Chinese doctors always prise open the jaws of their reluctant patients with a short stick, before they administer doses? Whence this sudden accession of strength to the persecuted man, which enables him to become all at once the persecutor? Has the doctor's medicine, or his own long prayers, caused the grateful change?

Many things like these will trouble you, and you will form many false theories that will fall to the ground as the play goes on; but if you hold fast to the leading characters, giving them names of your own for reference, and closely follow their movements, you will emerge victorious at the end; and, unless your experience differs from mine, you will come away with the outline of a remarkable and often quite pleasing story in your mind. To you it is as though the play were

in dumb show and you must exercise your judgment in interpreting what you see. Amid a jumble of acrobatic performances and much pantomimic buffoonery, you will come here and there upon scenes full of dramatic force, scenes that, with very little alteration, would be considered powerful even on a European stage. Gleams of pathos and humour, of dignity and force, will sparkle out occasionally, and remain pleasantly in your memory after the rest is forgotten.

Let me give some instances from my own experience. I will begin with a pathetic piece that I saw once in Victoria, Vancouver's Island, which shall be called *Two Broken Hearts*. A maiden sits weeping on the stage. Her father, once a powerful mandarin, has had to fly with her from bitter enemies who still pursue them. She had fallen blind through the witchcraft and wicked spells of their persecutors, and, in their long flight, has been guided by grasping the shaft of her father's spear. Now they have come, without friend or follower, to a desert place, and she has sunk down exhausted. Her father leaves her to rest for a few moments, while he goes out to reconnoitre; and she sits chanting a mournful song, meanwhile moving her hands aimlessly over the ground. Her fingers touch something: it is the handle of her father's sword, and, as she clutches it, her song suddenly stops. She shivers as she raises it and tries its keen edge; and then once more her song commences, more mournfully even than before. But it is soon stopped for ever, for she suddenly drops her neck over the edge of the sword, and quietly dies. Her father, who is close at hand, rushes frantically forward to prevent her, but too late. In his wild grief he snatches up the sword, stained with his darling's blood, and turns back desperately to meet his pursuers. Soon he returns with an arrow buried deeply in his shoulder, which he painfully draws, and dies, and so the scene ends.

As to humour, I have heard it said that the Chinese have no sense of humour, but I do not believe it. What else is it that I have sometimes caught gleaming in the bright eyes of bland, grave house-servants? What else has caused the deep, low chuckle, coming from somewhere lower than the throat, that I have heard run through a group of Chinamen as they listened to the jocose narrative of a friend's doings? Perhaps the form their humour takes upon the stage will hardly satisfy the western standard. Here is a sample which I saw in the "Big Grand Theatre" at San Francisco. It shall be called *The Ghost Who Hated Bores*. The hero, a sea-captain, comes in and seats himself at a table to write; but he is heavy with sleep, his head soon droops, and he falls into a peaceful slumber. But scarcely has his nap begun when he is disturbed by the hasty entrance of a breathless fellow who begins, with an air of great consequence, to pant out a long tale of not the slightest importance. The captain listens for a time with wide-open eyes, but when he finds that the story has settled down into an uninterrupted sing-song which shows no prospect of reaching an early conclusion, he tries to break the thread of the narrative. All in vain, for the tedious fellow represses his interruptions with a deprecatory wave of the hand, and goes on his monotonous way with head thrown back and eyes half closed in an ecstasy of delight at having secured a listener. After a time the captain submitting to the inevitable, adopts the wisest course in the circumstances, and dozes off to sleep again. The bore is so satisfied with himself, and so engrossed in his tale, that he never notices this, and still goes on, see-saw, sing-song, with never a stop till the audience (or at least one of them) grew as weary as the captain. But a mysterious avenger is at hand. A limping ghost of horrible appearance, who remembers his own sufferings on earth, hops in unseen to befriend the captain. He squats

silently behind the chair of the storyteller, holding the club he carries in readiness to strike, while that worthy is still quite unconsciously jabbering his interminable nonsense. Once the club is raised threateningly over him, and twice, and yet he goes on: then a thundering stroke descends on his shoulders which stops his voice so suddenly that it leaves him with open mouth in the middle of a word. In comical terror he gazes about in vain attempts to find out whence the blow came, then, in amazement, seizes the sleeper and rouses him to tell of this terrible new affair. But the captain listens with hazy inattention, evidently thinking it some more of the same tale, and dozes off again immediately. The bore, abandoned now to the tender mercies of the spectre, runs hither and thither in horror, adopting first one plan and then another to discover or avoid his invisible assailant; but the ghost crawls after him wherever he goes, now clubbing, now clutching him, until at last the poor wretch makes his escape half dead with fright, and the captain is left to sleep in peace, while the ghost curls up by his side like a faithful dog whose labours are done.

What an example for European ghosts! And what a sphere of usefulness for ancestral spectres is here indicated! Surely it would pay to import a Chinese ghoul of this kind to instruct our gibbering idiotic phantoms in their duties. Indeed this ghost was in every way a model ghost, and that man might count himself rich who could boast the friendship of such a one. For the faithful thing laboured in the interests of its friend all through the play. The captain had much heavy fighting to do; and whenever a combat took place the brave phantom was always at hand to hover on the outskirts of the fight, like Mephistopheles, and put in blows with his terrible club upon the enemy whenever an opportunity occurred.

I have seen occasional touches of Rabelaisian coarseness in their humour,

as when, in Victoria, the comedian professed to play the prank of Gargantua in Paris upon the orchestra; but in spite of this in the scenes between the sexes the acting is really refined and delicate.

Nor must you think that there is no dignity in these plays. I have watched many graceful and impressive tableaux, and I was always pleased with the rather frequent altar-scenes, when prayers and oblations were offered by the characters of the drama. In one case I heard the audience join, with a low hum, in chanting a prayer which was evidently familiar to them. And the following scene that I saw in the chief theatre at San Francisco, was incomparably more impressive than the angels at the Lyceum. There entered in solemn state a procession of superior persons—deities, perhaps, or kings, or ancestral spirits—in magnificent raiment, with wings to their towering helmets and shoulders. With grave majesty they ranged themselves silently around their leader, who uttered a few impressive words to which they replied in curt ringing sentences, or by simply nodding the head in silent acquiescence; then solemnly and mysteriously the procession filed out again

and was seen no more. I felt that in those brief sentences, the doom of men and of nations had been pronounced; and I did not wonder at the awesome effect that the scene produced on the audience.

Thus, all through, amid much that is pantomimic and tedious you will find little fragments of better things that will encourage you, and make you wish to know more. And when you have watched the whole play, and, by translating the dumb show and piecing together your notes and recollections, have come to have an idea of what the plot may be, you will find a perfectly logical and connected story, at least as good as those that form the bases of many a modern melodrama; and you will possibly conclude that the drama itself has a merit greater than that of the actors therein, whose whimsical doings, along with the enthusiastic energy displayed by the gong-player and orchestra generally, will send you out into the open air at midnight with a peculiarly confused feeling in the head as though a large number of fantastic dreams had been holding high holiday there.

G. W. LAMPLUGH.

THE HISTORICAL NOVEL.

THE historical novel is no longer in fashion. There is without doubt one very good reason for this. We have no longer amongst us writers like Sir Walter Scott or the elder Dumas. But something more than this would seem to be implied by the current critical opinion. Readers of the literary journals must have noticed the sort of contemptuous forbearance shown to the new writers who still in these days attempt the historical novel. The critics seem to feel towards them much as the mathematician feels towards the man who is to square the circle or to discover perpetual motion—to feel, that is, that the poor fellows are foredoomed to failure, and that they really ought to know better than to attempt impossibilities. The implication is, that, in itself, and quite apart from the particular merits of the writers, the historical novel is an impossible form of art. Now, if these critics condemn the historical romances of Scott and Dumas, that is a judgment of importance which, in deference to the position of the condemned, should be delivered at length, with its grounds explicitly stated. If on the other hand they shrink from condemning Scott and Dumas, it becomes interesting to examine the causes which have rendered that impossible to-day which was so brilliantly possible earlier in the century.

The opinion of the critics does not at first sound unreasonable. It is a matter of common observation how sadly writers err the moment they leave the sphere of their personal experience. The male novelist, who is wise, shuns the details of his heroine's dress, and, like Mr. Black, contents himself with such safe generalities as "all in cream white with a bunch of scarlet geraniums in her bosom." The light brigade of lady

novelists, less easily daunted, makes its heroic charge into university slang and the secrets of the smoking-room; and we exclaim, "*C'est magnifique*," but we do not look for success. If the pitfalls lie so close at our door, to plunge into the dim distances of history must surely be to court disaster. And when, instead of considering probabilities, we turn to actual examples of novels historical and unhistorical by the same authors, it may seem to many that a comparison of, say, *Romola* with *Adam Bede*, or of *Esmond* with *The Newcomes*, goes to support the view of the critics. In spite of the subtle truth of the picture of moral dissolution presented in *Tito*, most people in reading *Romola* experience a chilling sense of general unreality, and withal a fatiguing consciousness of the author's effort to be accurately Florentine, which prevents it from taking in their hearts an equal place with the earlier stories of middle-class English life. *Esmond* is a favourable example for the author: the age of Queen Anne is not very far removed from to-day, and the pages of *The Spectator* make its characters and manners familiar. Thackeray had an intimate literary knowledge of it—indeed Professor Seeley has had to combat the heresy that the novelist would have been its best historian. Yet *Esmond* too, charming as it is, suffers, some have thought, from its slight constraint of pose: it does not throb, they say, with life-blood, like *The Newcomes* and *Vanity Fair*. Nay, take Scott himself. The late Professor Green of Oxford once said outright that the permanent value of the *Waverley Novels* lay in their pictures of the Scottish peasantry. Certainly Scott's strongest work in some respects is to be found in his peasants and lairds and bailies. It is the Dandie Dinmonts and Nicol

Jarvies whom we know as real people, and who recur to our minds in thinking over Scott's characters. Set Jeanie Deans side by side with Rebecca, or Davie Deans by Isaac of York, and if the latter lose none of their picturesque charm, they surely at least lose some of their living reality.

Nor has this view of the intrinsic impossibility of the historical romance been left to be implied by the tone of anonymous critics. It has often been openly expressed. The hostility of the professed historians was no doubt to be expected. But there is Mr. Leslie Stephen, a professed literary critic, who has spoken in his time much good sense about fiction, frankly giving up the historical novel. Hypatia and Westward Ho! he speaks of as brilliant but almost solitary exceptions to the general dreariness of their class. He is sure they are full of hopeless inaccuracies: he does not believe that men like the Goths ever existed in this world; and he is prepared to give up the whole tribe of monks, pagans, Jews and Fathers of the Church. Even in his "dear Ivanhoe" he thinks that the buff-jerkin business, which aroused Carlyle's easily aroused contempt, is an element of decay, and that consequently the book is on the high road to ruin like one of Reynold's most carelessly painted pictures. He quotes with approval Sir Francis Palgrave's opinion, that historical novels are the mortal enemies of history; and adds for himself that they are mortal enemies of fiction. "There may be an exception or two, but as a rule the task is simply impracticable. The novelist is bound to come so near to the facts that we feel the unreality of his portraits." This is plain speaking, but the interesting and important point is that in spite of all this Mr. Stephen confesses that he rejoices in the Amal and Raphael ben Ezra, and that he loves Ivanhoe and Front de Bœuf and Wamba the Witless.

If the lover thus chastises them with whips it were not to be wondered if Mr. Freeman and the Bishop of

Chester should chastise them with scorpions. The former, indeed, in a lecture recently republished, concluded a list of essential preliminaries to understanding the age of the Crusades with this admonition: "and if you can so steel yourselves, forbear from reading Ivanhoe." Alas, it must be admitted that when we were undergraduates at Oxford our tutor never had to warn us to forbear, if we could so steel ourselves, from reading our Freeman and our Stubbs. But in truth (and this is the first thing to make ourselves clear about) objections from the point of view of the tutor of history are not necessarily valid objections in the sphere of artistic criticism. There are no doubt occasions when the tutor, like the British matron, may have a word to say on artistic questions. But our present inquiry is not whether these romances are good science, but whether they are good art; and historical inaccuracy will only concern us if it spoil the novel as a novel, if it weaken, that is, the interest of the story or the force of the dramatic passion. It is no part of the proper function of art to impart information; and the true novel-reader, recalling childish experiences of powder and jam, will rather rejoice that his "dear Ivanhoe," is of no use for the schools. If it is to be read at all, let it be read, not for the sake of some illegitimately acquired information, but for its own sake, that the reader, like Mr. Stephen, may love Wilfred, and Front de Bœuf, and Wamba the Witless; that he may shudder when Rebecca stands on the dizzy edge that sunders death from dishonour; and breathe a sigh of relief, when the Templar, "unscathed by the lance of the enemy falls a victim to the violence of his own contending passions."

In considering Mr. Stephens's strictures on historical novels, the first thing that strikes one is, that similar objections might be made as well to most poetical treatments of historical subjects. An undergraduate who

should boast, like the great Duke of Marlborough, that he had learnt all his history from Shakespeare, would, there can be no doubt, fare as badly at the hands of Mr. Freeman as he who had pinned his simple faith to *Ivanhoe* or *The Talisman*. Wonderfully as Julius Cæsar has caught the spirit of an epoch so different from Elizabethan England, it would scarcely bear the microscope of modern research. And what then shall be said of Victor Hugo's incursions into these sacred realms? Yet poetry is freely allowed the license which is, it seems, to be denied to the novel. There are indeed not wanting signs that science may ere long dispute this license in the case of poetry, and the point was expressly raised by a reviewer of Mr. Browning's last volume. But hitherto there has been a clear distinction between the attitude of criticism to the historical novel, and its attitude to historical plays or poems in respect of this matter of accuracy. The attack on *Ivanhoe* and *Hypatia* is not extended to *Le Roi s'Amuse* or *Henry the Fourth*. Poetry has been freely allowed to use all history as her storehouse of raw material, and to re-create after her fashion its heroes and heroines in her own image. Indeed, a great part of our finest literature is thus derived. This distinction of attitude cannot be accidental. It must be due to an instinctive feeling in the minds of some readers at all events that the novels are spoiled by the inaccuracy, while the poetry is not. And this would imply some essential difference between the method of the two arts, the recognition of which may throw light on the special point under consideration. The distinction that immediately occurs to one is that, while poetry comes to us offering itself frankly as ideal re-creation, novels present themselves professedly as narratives of fact. The novel is bound to be natural, that is, to present its facts in their every-day guise. The reality looked for in the poem is truth and consistency of conception; but an

illusion of literal conformity to fact is instinctively demanded of the novel. This distinction is worth a little consideration because a misunderstanding of its nature has given rise to two complementary errors; on the one side the theory of the realists, on the other a refusal to the novel of a place among the arts.

"Your Shakespeare fashions his characters from the heart outwards; your Scott fashions them from the skin inward, never getting near the hearts of them," wrote Carlyle (himself an unrivalled observer and painter of men from the skin outwards) in his essay on the creator of *Dandie Dinmont*. And the contrast here suggested between Shakespeare and Scott is extended in Green's essay above mentioned into a general contrast between the methods of poetry and the novel. "Tragedy," wrote Green, and the scope of his essay includes epic poetry as well,

"has no extraneous elements. It implies a conscious effort of the spirit made for its own sake to re-create human life according to spiritual laws: to transport itself from a world where chance and appetite seem hourly to give the lie to its self-assertion, into one where it may work unimpeded by anything but the antagonisms inherent in itself, and the presence of an overruling law. The common facts of life as it is, and always must have been, the influence of custom, the transition of passion into mechanical habit, the impossibility of continuous effort, the necessary arrangements of society, the wants of our animal nature and all that results from them—these are excluded from view, and so much only of the material of humanity is retained, as can take its form from the action of the spirit, and become a vehicle of pure passion. The false distinctions of dress, of manner, of physiognomy are obliterated, that the true individuality which results from the internal modifications of passion may be seen in clearer outline. The tragedian idealises because he starts from within. He reaches, as it were, the central fire, in the heat of which every separate faculty, every animal want, every fortuitous incident is melted down and lost. The novel, on the contrary, starts from the outside. Its main texture is a web of incidents through which the motions of the spirit must be discerned, if discerned at all. . . . These incidents must be probable, must be such as are consistent with the observed sequences of the world."

On this distinction Green based a critical judgment which banished the novel from the high company of the arts. This, we have been told, was not Green's own maturer view; and it was surely a harsh and narrow judgment.

No doubt in too many novels the details remain merely external, dead matter unfused by the central heat. But an art must be judged by its successes and not by its failures; and in the great novels the details are penetrated and made luminous. As against the naturalistic school of criticism, then, it must be insisted that all art, the art of M. Zola, or of Mr. Howells, so far as it is art, is necessarily ideal: so against this view of Green's it is to be urged that, being ideal, art need not shrink from the dulllest or ugliest facts of common life. Like religion, art must call nothing common nor unclean. In every age common life looks dull till it is touched by the spirit; but it is a Cinderella that only waits the fairy wand. As Green himself says in the same essay: "The spirit descends that it may rise again, it penetrates more and more widely into matter, that it may make the world more completely its own." Surely Shakespeare won this battle once for all. It was the very triumph of his genius to transfigure the clowns and Calibans, nay, to spiritualise this very matter which Green finds so clogging to the spirit, dress, manner, and physiognomy. Let it not be forgotten that the French critic of the old classical school felt towards Bardolph's nose—luminous with the spirit of Mrs. Quickly's excellent sack—very much what Green felt towards the apparently circumstantial vulgarity of the novel.

Yet there can be no doubt that these observations of Green and Carlyle touch a true distinction between the methods of the two arts; and it is a distinction which affords a clue to the difficulty of the historical novel. The novel, in contrast to poetry, is bound to present its subject in its every-day dress to the every-day mind, even when

through these means it throws a light which is by no means of every day upon the tragic significance of some quite ordinary destiny. That we may the better realise this let us look for a moment at cases where a similar motive has been treated by masters in each art. Adam Bede, like the episode of Gretchen in Faust, is a tragedy of seduction and child-murder. Le Père Goriot has been well called a French Lear, a tragedy of filial ingratitude and cruelty. Gretchen's hand was coarse and hard, just as Hetty's arms towards the wrists were coarsened with butter-making, and "other work that ladies never did." What Green might call the accident of social position is an element in both tragedies. But the setting of poor Gretchen's story is immediately significant to every educated intelligence in Christendom: the circumstances are, so to speak, incarnate ideas—the temptation of the jewels, the mocking maidens, the soldier-brother, the *Dies Iræ* in the dim cathedral. In Adam Bede, on the other hand, the full force of the tragedy depends upon its complete detailed presentation of life and sentiment in Hayslope—details only immediately and thoroughly significant to people familiar with such life. We must know and feel the relation of the young squire to the tenants and villagers, and be at home at the rectory and the Hall Farm: we must enter into the spirit of the carpentering and butter-making, the birthday-feast and the Methodist preaching, and have sympathy with the pride of the self-respecting Poyzers. The pathos of the trial and sentence, and of the perhaps even more moving scene in the prison, is the focus of the tragedy, but it is not the whole tragedy. The trouble at the Hall Farm is real and deep, though it sounds querulous and selfish beside those terrible scenes. "She's made our hearts bitter to us for all our lives to come, and we shall ne'er hold up our heads i' this parish, nor i' any other." We are made to feel even the oddly expressed but intensely char-

acteristic grief of the old grandfather: "I mun begin to be looked down on now, an' me turned seventy-two last St. Thomas', an' all th' under-bearers and pall-bearers as I'n picked for my funeral are i' this parish and the next to't. It's o' no use now—I mun be ta'en to the grave by strangers."

Or again, compare Le Père Goriot with King Lear. Lear is the spiritual tragedy of filial ingratitude for all time: the details supply a picturesque background or are swallowed up in the passion of the piece. Le Père Goriot is a tragedy of filial ingratitude accurately and elaborately set in the circumstances of Parisian life of a special and, it may be hoped, transitory epoch. We feel with searching force Lear's spirit riven and all jangled out of tune by the cruelty of Goneril and Regan; but we do not get up with him in the morning and live with him day by day, witnessing the partings from the dismissed body-guards and watching the growing shabbiness of the once kingly raiment. Whereas we see with our every-day eyes every aspect of that Parisian life, and the form and circumstance of each downward step in the long martyrdom of old Goriot. And yet, see how every detail is an element in the central tragedy: the old retired tradesman's unfashionable style which banished the doating father from his daughter's table: the sordid features of the *pension* to which the extravagances of those daughters drove him: the very stains and torn paper on the walls of the dining-room, the heavy atmosphere which Balzac christens *odeur de pension*, nay, the vapid slang of the *pensionnaires*. There is perhaps no more striking instance than this last point of the transfusing by art of matter intrinsically base, till it becomes luminous. There is nothing in this dull, transitory world so transitory and dull as stupid slang, and perhaps the stupidest piece of slang, recorded to man's shame, is the slang of the *Maison Vauquer*. A panorama had been set up in Paris, and it became the mode amongst the *pensionnaires* to

add "orama" to every other word in their witless sentences: salt without much savour, one would have thought, to season tasteless talk. At the end of the book, when Goriot had drained drop by drop the cup of humiliation and anguish, when by the grim death-bed in the desolate and fetid garret to which their extravagances had at last reduced him, the two sisters, seeking money still, by their mutual recriminations forced the poor old man to face the fact he had tried to hide from himself, that they had no affection for him, that their cruelty had been wilful, then there was wrung from him the pitiful cry: "*Je sais cela depuis dix ans. Je me le disais quelquefois, mais je n'osais pas y croire;*" and at last the tortured heart broke. Young Rastignac, fresh from the chamber of death, where he had witnessed the long agony with its harrowing alternations of delirious invective and maudlin self-reproach, comes down into the dining-room of the *pension*. He is greeted with: "*Eh bien, il paraît que nous allons avoir un petit mort-orama là haut.*"

We dwell on these details partly to show, in disproof of Green's contention, that even such sordid matters are not beyond the transfusing power of art, but mainly to bring home to the mind the mass of intimate detail habitually employed by the novelist of this type. For to realise how abundant and convincing are such details in books like Adam Bede or Le Père Goriot, to realise how not only the spirit but the body of the tragedy is reproduced for us, is at the same time to realise the hopelessness of the task of a writer who should set about to do the same thing for the age of the Crusades, or any age but the one with which he himself is familiar. It is just because George Eliot conscientiously endeavoured to do for Florence, for Savonarola and Tessa, what she did for Hayslope, for Mr. Irwine and Mrs. Poyser and Hetty, that the book is the comparative failure that it is. It is not merely that such details are beyond the reach of an

archæology more searching than any novelist can attempt. Even if learning could supply the mediæval counterpart of every detail in Adam Bede, it would be of no use, because neither the writer nor the reader of to-day would have the necessary instinctive feeling of its dramatic significance. The modern novelist uses his wealth of modern detail intuitively, in a sense unconsciously, feeling immediately and without effort its dramatic effect, indeed feeling the dramatic passion in and by means of the detail. Such tragedies as Adam Bede and *Le Père Goriot* are born incarnate in the minds of a Balzac or a George Eliot. Similarly the reader immediately and without effort takes in along with the details their full significance. In the historical novel this is impossible. "Either," to quote Mr. Leslie Stephen once more, "the novel becomes pure cram, a dictionary of antiquities dissolved in a thin solution of romance, or, which is generally more refreshing, it takes leave of accuracy altogether." The halves of Mr. Stephen's soul are in conflict, and in that "generally more refreshing" we see the novel-reading Dr. Jekyll, who loves his *Ivanhoe* and his Raphael ben Ezra, getting the better of the scientific Mr. Hyde.

But there is an even subtler difficulty. The spirit of man changes with the ages. Sentiment, and a novel must deal largely with sentiment, changes rapidly. A writer of to-day can no more put his spirit back some centuries than a man of fifty can feel like a boy of fifteen. And in this matter of accurate sentiment, again, as in the matter of accurate detail, there is further the reader to be considered. If it were possible to reproduce the sentiment of a bygone time, accuracy would be dearly purchased by the sacrifice of dramatic impressiveness and of the reader's sympathy. Scott, in the dedicatory epistle to Dr. Dryasdust prefixed to *Ivanhoe*, shows himself fully alive to this, and as an artist deliberately puts dramatic interest above historical accuracy.

"It is true," he writes, "that I neither can nor do pretend to the observation of complete accuracy, even in matters of outward costume, much less in the important points of language and manners. But the same motive which prevents my writing the dialogue of the piece in Anglo-Saxon or Norman-French, and which prohibits my sending forth to the public this essay printed with the types of Caxton or Wynken de Worde, prevents my attempting to confine myself within the limits of the period in which my story is laid. It is necessary for exciting interest of any kind, that the subject assumed should be as it were, translated into the manners, as well as the language of the age we live in. No fascination has ever been attached to Oriental literature equal to that produced by Mr. Galland's first translation of the Arabian tales; in which, retaining on the one hand the splendour of Eastern costume, and on the other the wildness of Eastern fiction, he mixed these with just so much ordinary feeling and expression, as rendered them interesting and intelligible."

The above reflections serve, we think, to make clear the negative limitations of the historical novel. Wherever the method adopted makes the dramatic force dependent on vivid portrayal of mental experience, or wherever the dramatic action is involved intimately, and so to speak organically, in a frame of familiar circumstance, the historical form presents unconquerable difficulties. Hence, in the first place, the historical novel cannot achieve in its sphere the triumphs of the great poetic tragedies. The attempt to present Hamlet as a veritable Dane in all the Danish detail of his uprising and down-sitting, or to embody the tragedy of Othello in a careful reproduction of the daily life of old Venice, must necessarily break down, and we should find that the spiritual realism, so intense in the poetry, had also vanished. Novels, again, in which the interest depends upon the reader's sympathetic realisation of the most intimate feelings and passions depicted, and of every incident and habit of daily life in which the dramatic action is involved: or again, so-called psychological novels, delighting their votaries by keen and accurate observation of special character or shades of idiosyncrasy: or novels of manners like Miss Austen's or Trollope's or Thackeray's

(if we may isolate a side of his genius) : —all these fields are closed to the historical novelist.

But to admit thus much is by no means to give up the historical novel as Mr. Leslie Stephen has sorrowfully brought himself to do. A criticism which is bound by its theory to say that *Ivanhoe* and *Les Trois Mousquetaires* are not good novels surely stands self-condemned. The keenest admirer of the art which has given us Eugène Grandet, *Mme. Bovary* or *Amos Barton* will occasionally, when in the swing of Dumas' stride, and under the spell of his matchless buoyancy and resource, recall those masterpieces with something like a mental yawn. Scott and Dumas have fascinated and continue to fascinate thousands, who are perfectly well aware that the history of their novels is as romantic as the fiction. Whatever else it may do, the inevitable inaccuracy, which, as we see, Scott serenely admits, manifestly does not spoil the novel as a novel for the unsophisticated reader. He instinctively recognises that he has to do with a different kind of novel, depending for its effect upon different conditions. To confound the kinds, and require the same conditions in all, is but a blundering criticism. These historical romances bear to such novels as Balzac's something of the same relation that the Epic bears to Tragedy. The attempt to include the Epic within the type of Tragedy involved Green in the critical blunder of ranking *Paradise Lost* above *The Iliad*, like Mr. Bright. If *Le Père Goriot* is worthy to be called a French *Lear*, *Les Trois Mousquetaires* may not unfitly be styled a French *Iliad*. Scott and Dumas were in fact born story tellers —would there were more like them! —and story is not tied down to rigorous scientific accuracy. It is as it were a literary decorative art. It depends, that is to say, upon a sense of beauty, rather than on a demand for truth: it appeals chiefly to the imagination. Like much beautiful Oriental decoration it may often set

literal truth at defiance, yet convince by its flawless decorative propriety. When we read these romances, we are not studying archaeology, nor are we looking for solutions of psychological or moral problems: we simply ask to be interested by the story, and charmed by romantic scenes and stirring incidents. We demand before all things beauty and imaginative satisfaction. We crave a poetic justice, which would be childish in the other sphere: heroism must triumph at last and villainy die horrid deaths. And provided the imagination be indeed satisfied, literal accuracy is immaterial. In order to satisfy the imagination, the novelist, it is true, must produce a temporary illusion of reality; but it is enough if the spirit is cheated or charmed into acquiescence. In a recent book on Shakespeare it was laid down as a canon of dramatic criticism, that improbability only apparent to subsequent reflection was no valid objection to a piece of action felt by an actual spectator to be at the time natural and right. Now the magic of these masters of narrative fiction produces at the time just the illusion of reality appropriate to their class and scale of work. While you surrender yourself to their spell, you feel yourself moving naturally among historic scenes and personages. While you have faith, you walk the treacherous waters like the firm earth. The interest and charm prevent your being disquieted by critical doubts at the time, whatever history may have to say to you on the morrow when you are in cold blood. And illusion is rendered the easier to produce by the kind of detail and scale of character-drawing appropriate to what we may call the Epic novel. Minute and elaborate character and familiar detail are here out of place. Yet it is a grave mistake to suppose character and incident independent of each other, much less antagonistic. They are strictly inseparable: being indeed, if the expression be tolerable, statical and dynamical aspects of the same

facts. We may talk of this novel being saved by its drawing of character, and that story by its plot or incidents; but true salvation lies in the right artistic proportion between character and incident. The incidents, for after all they are incidents, of Eugénie Grandet and Mme. Bovary are just the inevitable incidents in the evolution of the moral tragedy. So on the other hand, there is in fact admirable drawing of character in Athos, Porthos and Aramis, above all in the incomparable d'Artagnan; but it is of the precise scale fitted to carry the rush of exciting incident. The truth of this may be recognised by imagining the effect on the narrative of replacing these splendid fellows by some of Mr. Henry James's carefully analysed souls,—but, be it also observed, we should equally destroy the interest of the narrative by replacing them with the wooden lay-figures of inferior craftsmen. If Dumas's people were mere lay-figures, we should no longer listen with rapture to the click and clash of d'Artagnan's sword, nor follow the progress of Aramis' subterranean intrigues with breathless interest, nor weep salt tears, as all right-minded people now do, over the Homeric death of Porthos. An historical novelist can only attempt elaborate character or familiar detail on peril of awakening a fatal critical spirit by inevitable modernisms. He is however in no way obliged to incur this peril. As Scott says in the *Epistle to Dryasdust*, our ancestors "had 'eyes, hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions'; were 'fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer' as ourselves;" and by confining himself to these permanent elements, and to the simple character suitable to the Epic style, he may produce and maintain all the illusion of reality which is needed to give the full effect to his story.

No doubt a very intimate and accurate acquaintance with the history of

the period may be effectual to break the charm—alas! for the hapless wight cursed with a too intrusive knowledge. And it may indeed be that the old historical romances are a delight destined to fade in the noonday glare of science. We shall all eat of the Tree of Knowledge, and shall be as Professors of History knowing fact from fancy. But we shall lose our paradise, and our sorrow shall be greatly multiplied in our conception of the historical novel of the future. In sorrow we shall bring them forth, and we shall read them with pearls of sweat upon our brows. In the secret places of our soul, there lurks, we confess it, a love for the "fearless old fashion" of the old romances: yet the bliss of ignorance cannot perhaps last for ever. Let us illustrate the transitoriness of such bliss by reference to a romancer, whom no one has accused of being historical. Love for Ouida cannot blind us now to the fact that her fashion is a trifle too fearless; yet in our happy youth that wonderful telegram in *Idalia* sent to check the mission of the Queen's Messenger,—*"The Border eagle flies eastward. Clip the last feather of the wing, &c."*—gave us a fearful joy, denied, possibly to the permanent official familiar with the prose of Foreign Office cipher. Perhaps one reason (among others which it would be painful to press) that we cannot to-day write like Scott and Dumas, is that we are in the fatal transition state between blissful ignorance and complete knowledge. We have not acquired the historical mastery which might enable us, perhaps, to use historical detail naturally and easily; yet we are conscious of the demand for accuracy, and work with the fear of the new broom of historical criticism before our eyes. We have fallen from the innocence of Ouida, and have not yet been redeemed by perfect knowledge. And in this interval, the hand of the artist is only paralysed by the continual demand of the critic for accuracy, and the yearning of historic science to see the abomination of its

own desolation standing also where it ought not, in the temple of Romance.

The foregoing remarks might seem to suggest that it is the romance which charms, and that the historical romance charms not by reason but in spite of its historical character,—the historical character indeed but introducing elements of difficulty and decay. But surely this is not the case: surely the charm lies essentially in the historical character. To recognise this, is it not enough to let the imagination wander in memory for a few seconds amid the romantic scenes of Scott's historical tales, or the variegated dramatic life of Dumas' great cycles? No, assuredly historical romance has special charms of its own, which the world should not willingly let die. What a relief it is to get away from ourselves and our neighbours, our small concerns, petty jealousies or petty ambitions, and all the provinciality of our moment of time and corner of space, to breathe a larger and more heroic air, at whatever cost of archaeological accuracy: to rub shoulders with great events, and feel the stir of mighty principles. And see what boundless wealth of picturesque character and scenic effect and dramatic clashings between devotion to great causes and personal loves and hates, the field of history offers. Are we to rob romance of her Paladins, and Huguenots and Covenanters, of her witchcraft, and her Inquisition, of her *Cœur de Lion*, her Richelieu and her Queen of Scots? What becomes of *Ivanhoe*, without its strife of English feeling and Norman pride, and its mediæval *Judenhetze*; or of *Les Trois Mousquetaires* without the political entanglements of loyalty to Richelieu or to the Queen, which but serve to beat out the heroic friendships into a nobler harmony? And

more important and valuable to the story-teller even than this wealth of scenes and incidents, of great causes and great characters, is the circumambient air of heroism and romance.

Herein we find perhaps the only substitute now left to us of the mystery and magic of the world's wondering youth. Mr. Louis Stevenson has taken the *Arabian Nights* as the crowning type of pure romance,—alas! that the "pure" should have been made equivocal. But such glorious tales it is not for us to write upon whom the ends of the world are come. For many of us the haunted and mysterious spaces of unknown history are the next best playing-ground for the imagination, and afford to the romancer the witching gloom or glamour of golden haze, wherewith to work his miracles. So let us still cling to the hope that even under the full blaze of the meridian sun of science, the world will keep apart a shady bower of art where the eyes shall discern artistic excellence in the midst of much inaccuracy—do we not still admire Raphael's fiddling Apollo?—that it may still enjoy Scott's genuine enthusiasm for a misunderstood feudalism as we enjoy the enthusiasm of the Renaissance for a misunderstood paganism, not merely because in each case the enthusiasm was but the first step to a truer science, but because it was beautiful in itself and produced much beautiful work. However learned the world may grow, it will be an ill day for it when we can no longer take our pleasure in the buoyant narrative and quick invention of Dumas, or in those incomparable presentations of human nature, eternally the same through all changes of place and time, in which only Homer and Shakespeare have rivalled Walter Scott.

SAINT COLUMBANUS.

"THEY are quarto-decimans, and they have the tonsure of Simon Magus." That was the verdict pronounced by the Gallic clergy on a little knot of strange-looking priests, speaking a strange tongue, and shaven from the brow as far back as the middle of the head, the hair behind being left as long as that of a Merovingian king, who appeared in the country of the Burgundians close on the last decade of the sixth century. Of these the leader was Columban, the Scotie Saint Francis Xavier, a man who has at least as much claim on our remembrance as Saint Nicholas of Myra, or some two-thirds of our other black-letter saints.

Columban was a Scot, one of that nation of whom his biographer, the monk Jonas, second abbot of Bobbio, wonders that, "though outside the laws of the rest of the world, it is superior to the rest in both faith and dogma." Born in Leinster in 543, the year in which Saint Benedict died, he studied under Saint Sinell at Clon Inis (the meadow-isle), in Lough Erne. But he was handsome, as other Scotie saints seem to have been, and his beauty was a snare to him. A holy woman of the neighbourhood, perhaps a nun in one of those dual monasteries of which Whitby was an English example, warned him: "Away young man, away: shun ruin." So he went to Saint Comgall (who at Bangor in Down, and its daughter-houses, ruled three thousand monks), entered under him and became his favourite disciple. Comgall's rule, which was practically that of Columban, was a vaguer, shorter, stricter form of Saint Benedict's. It enjoined absolute obedience, encouraged labour (the teaching and practice of husbandry, especially), and provided cor-

poral punishment for breach of rules. Work was the panacea: when his monks were ill with colds, he cured them by making them get up and thresh wheat till they sweated profusely. Columban's rule was very near superseding the Benedictine: the latter, which, besides being supported by Rome, met human nature half-way, did not gain the victory till fifty years after Columban's death, A.D. 664, when, indeed, the Scots were defeated all along the line, for in that same year Colman lost and Wilfrid won, at the Council of Whitby.

At Bangor, he tells us: "under Comgall, I, Columban the sinner, lived for twelve years in a cell far from home." Rudely built, though wattled work may be very artistically managed, a Scotie monastery was a place of culture beyond most places in that day. Columban's Latin prose is quite Ciceronian compared with that of Jonas, or with the turgid seventeenth century stuff, which in Colgan is about as bad as it is in Neville's *Furores Norfolcensium* of seventy years earlier. His Latin verse is elegance itself, compared with the metrical life by Flodoard, canon of Rheims. And then he knew Greek and Hebrew (as is seen in his letters to Boniface the Fourth), very rare accomplishments then and long afterwards; and doubtless, like others of his countrymen, he held truer views about astronomy than those with which the rest of the world was satisfied till Copernicus's days. However, when he was more than forty years old, the Scotie lust for travel came on him so irresistibly that he deemed it "a longing kindled by the fire of God"; and, much against Comgall's will, he passed through Britain, some twelve years before Saint Augustine landed, and crossed to Gaul. Here Guntram,

king of the Burgundians, struck with his zeal and sanctity, invited him to settle in the Vosges country. This, like many other parts of Gaul, had almost wholly lapsed into heathenism. The Gallic clergy were out of heart, so many invading tribes had succeeded one another, each more savage than the last. They were content to keep the town-centres Christian, leaving the outlying people to paganism. Much of the country, too, was bare of inhabitants, and since the Hunnish inroads had been going back to primeval bush. Columban first fixed himself at Anagrades (Annegray), once a little Roman station; and in 590 moved eight miles further on to Luxovium (Luxeuil), once a famous Roman watering-place with baths and temples, but then a mass of jungle, strewn with statues and blocks of marble. Here he worked for twenty years, retiring occasionally to a cave which he made his private chapel; and gathering so many disciples that he soon had to found a second house on the ruins of Ad Fontanas (Fontenay), and was able to keep up the *Laus perennis*, that object of monastic ambition. Of course he wrought miracles: once, when setting to some hard work, he hung his coat on a sunbeam. Jonas accounts as a miracle his frightening off a pack of wolves, which surrounded him on the way to his cave, by swinging his staff and shouting, "God to the rescue;" especially as the rush of the retreating wolves scared away a party of robbers, who were even more to be dreaded than beasts of prey.

Such a man was sure to be unpopular with the clergy to whom his hard work and his rigid asceticism were a reproach. A synod of Gallic bishops sat upon him, to which he wrote claiming Christian liberty, and averring that he only followed "the error (if error it be) of his fathers." "I came here a stranger, for Christ's sake. Let Gaul receive into her bosom all who, if they merit it, will be received into the kingdom of heaven. Let me lay my bones with those of my seventeen disciples

who have already gone to their rest." But soon the court became bitterer against him than the clergy; for Brunehild, widow of Guntram's brother Sigebert, thought to keep the power for herself by managing her son Theodoric (Thierry). With this view she dissuaded him from marriage, encouraging him to indulge his passions with numerous concubines. For their children she wished to get Columban's blessing; but he sternly refused. Then began a series of persecutions, aggravated doubtless by the saint's want of tact. At last came the sentence of banishment. One day, Thierry had burst into the monastery and got as far as the refectory, saying: "If you wish our bounty, all must be open." "Take back your bounty," retorted Columban; "but if you destroy this place you and all the seed royal shall be destroyed." After more rejoinders, the king, who kept his temper throughout, said: "You hope I shall give you the crown of martyrdom. I am not such a fool; but as your rule differs from that of others, do you return whence you came."

Columban would not go till he was forcibly dragged out. His tone of fearless superiority must have been very aggravating; and the wonder is that he did not share the fate of Didier, bishop of Vienne, who, because he had rebuked the immorality of the court, was waylaid and murdered on his way back to his diocese. Milman calls him "an intrepid asserter of the moral dignity of Christianity, this stranger monk, who dared to rebuke the all-powerful Brunehild, while her deadly hate did not venture to devise against him anything beyond banishment." But with the social politics of that bad time we need not concern ourselves. Columban kept as clear of them as he could. He would not take refuge with Theodebert lest he should accentuate the quarrel between the brothers. Perhaps, too, he felt he should not be safe in Austrasia; for he had (we are told) a divine monition

of the battle of Tolbiac, in which Theodebert was utterly defeated, and had long before advised that prince to go into a monastery. "At least you will pray," asked some of the brethren of Luxeuil, "for Theodebert's success?" "Nay, for God bade us pray for our enemies," was the reply. All this may have weighed with Brunehild, who, though doubtless not the estimable person that Gregory of Tours and Fortunatus of Poitiers make her, certainly did not deserve to be dragged to death at the tail of a wild horse. At any rate she let Columban slip away unmolested down the great highway of the Loire. He wished to visit the shrine of Saint Martin: the boatmen, acting under orders, refused to stop, but the boat would not go on, and he managed to spend a night in prayer at the tomb. "Why are you going, brother?" asked the Bishop of Tours, who entertained him at dinner. "Because a dog, Thierry, has driven me away," was the answer; and then he went on to foretell Thierry's sudden death and the triumph of Clotaire. At Nantes two pious ladies fed him; and thence he, with his Scotch monks, who had accompanied him, set sail for Ireland, after writing an affectionate letter to the rest of the Luxeuil brotherhood, urging them to come to him if they saw danger of disunion from the Paschal question. Shipwrecked on the coast of Neustria, he at once began preaching; and received from Clotaire a cordial invitation to settle in the country. However, he preferred pushing on to Thierry's brother at Metz, and thence up the Rhine, and the Aar and Reuss to Tugium (Zug), where, Milman says, "he showed little of the gentle perseverance of the missionary." They on their part were offended at his casting their idols into the lake; and a special grievance, says Jonas, was the bursting, at the breath of his displeasure, of a huge vat of beer brewed for the worship of Odin. So unpromising did the mission seem that the company of monks made a hasty retreat to Brigantium (Bregenz)

at the eastern corner of the lake of Constance, where Drusus and Tiberius Nero had crushed the Vindelici, having brought their army across from Gaul in the first fleet that ever sailed on those waters. At Bregenz there was more idol-breaking: one reads of three great brass images thrown into the lake; and here also were discovered the ruins of St. Aurelia's church, how Columban came to find out the dedication of which is a curious story. But either this new settlement seemed unpromising, or else Columban lost heart (as old men do now and then) after Theodebert's ruin had extended Brunehild's power over all that country. He set off towards Italy, accompanied as far as the Alps by some of his Scots, among them Saint Die, and Saint Gall who had had trials of his own at Bregenz. He was a great fisherman, and though the spirit of the waters called in vain to the spirit of the mountains "for help against one who is busy in me with nets, and them I cannot break by reason of the prevailing Name," he was much troubled by two demons in the form of girls, who would bathe where he had fixed his fishing station. Saint Gall, however, fell so ill that even his severe master had to leave him behind, finding shelter for him in an old Roman watch-tower, from which he first duly exorcised the evil spirits. Saint Gall recovered to found, not far from the lake of Constance, the famous monastery which bears his name; and Columban got from Agilulph, king of the Lombards, the grant of a wild gorge, between Genoa and Milan (near the Trebia), and there restored the church of Saint Peter, and founded the long famous monastery of Bobbio. Only three lines are given in the guide-book to this place, telling of catacombs, in which are "tombs of the canonised abbots." Is Columban's tomb among them? His body was taken thither from the cave where he had set up a chapel to the Virgin and where he died. Miracles accompanied the translation: candles that

were blown out by the gusty wind lighted of themselves; and a woman who crouched down and bit off a piece of the *arca* which contained his body, and (saying nothing to her husband) put it under her pillow, died in her bed the same night. For centuries the print of the saint's foot was to be seen down by the Trebia. He became famous thereabouts; yet the church of San Colomban, near Lodi, seems to be the only one dedicated to him. Saint Gall had been warned of his death, and sent and got his staff¹; but even had he been asked, this saint, who had already refused a bishopric, and said "No" to the prayer of the Scots of Luxeuil that he would come and be their head, would surely not have accepted the abbey of Bobbio. Bobbio grew to be very important, though it never took the same rank as Luxeuil, which was long the monastic capital of Gaul and the first school in Christendom. The way the Bobbio monks treated Cicero's Republic, scribbling their accounts over the pages, where they effectually concealed the original writing till Cardinal Mai took these palimpsests in hand, bespeaks a lower literary level than that which at Saint Gall was kept up till comparatively modern times. Still they always had some culture: [Muratori speaks of seven hundred manuscripts of the tenth century there; and the chief treasures of the Milan library in the way of Scotie manuscripts (among them a Scotie Psalter of the eighth century, with Jerome's commentary) came from Bobbio. The monastery was suppressed in 1803, and the church is now the parish church of the town.

But Columban had still a work to do before his death in 615. He liked Bobbio, finding there plenty of hard

labour, and feeling, too, that he was near the great intellectual centre. One cannot help wondering why he never went to Rome. Anyhow he took an active part in combating Arianism; and he also engaged in the controversy about the Three Chapters of Theodore of Mopsuestia and the Eutychian and Monothelite heresies, condemned by the Fifth General Council. In his discussion of this subject with Boniface the Fourth he anticipates the subtleties of his countryman, Duns Scotus, whose tomb, behind the high altar in the Minorites' church, ought to be visited by every Oxford man who goes to Cologne. His contention is that the Nestorians are wrongly included in the condemnation passed on Eutychianism; and he warns the Pope that he only holds the keys so long as he gives right judgment. To the Gallic Synod of 602 he had written with a good deal of bravado: "I am glad you are sitting on me: I only wish you would sit oftener, as the canons require. If I am the cause of this tempest, make it to cease by treating me like Jonas; but, remember, I am only doing as the fathers did." With the Pope he was equally free, apologising for venturing to write, as he says, "too incisively," being only "a silly Scot." He is profuse in titles.

"To the most fair head of all the churches of all Europe, the very sweet Papa, the very lofty president, the shepherd of the shepherds."

Thus he addresses the Pope, and then goes on to say:

"You are almost a heavenly being; and Rome is the head of the world's churches. Watch, therefore, Papa, I beseech you. So long power will be yours as right reason abides with you. For he is the sure door-keeper of the realm of heaven who by true knowledge is able to open to the worthy and to shut against the unworthy."

Well may Montalembert talk of the "boundless liberty of the Christians of this epoch, when a stranger monk could, by virtue of his sanctity, venture to school bishops and to set a Pope right." We must re-

¹ Saint Gall kept up all through life his reverence for Columban. For curing his betrothed, King Sigebert of Austrasia gave him gold and silver vessels for the use of the altar. "Nay," said the saint, "I shall give them to the poor, for my master always used brass, because the Lord was nailed to the cross with brass nails."

member that the Scotie Church held very different views about bishops, and therefore about the Pope, or chief of them, from those which were held elsewhere in Christendom. It was essentially a monastic church. The abbot (whose office was often hereditary in the family of the chief of the clan among whom the monastery stood) was the central figure: power and dignity were his. Bishops were chiefly valuable for ordination. As Dr. Henthorn Todd, in his *Life Of St. Patrick*, neatly puts it, they were a sort of ecclesiastical queen-bees, indispensable at certain seasons, but not coming into prominence at ordinary times. About keeping Easter Columban seems to have made the same oversight which Colman afterwards made when arguing with Wilfrid. "Ours is the old use, the use of Saint John the Beloved," was in both cases their plea: neither of them pointed out (perhaps neither knew) that Rome herself had only just recently changed to the new style. "There is nothing more wearying and more complicated than this difference about Easter; nothing harder to understand and above all to explain," says Montalembert, speaking of the Synod of Whitby. "And yet on this difference, seemingly so trifling and so ridiculous, hinged the grand dispute between the Roman and the Celtic monks." He goes on to point out that the Scots were not quarto-decimans (that is, heretics, who followed the custom of the Jews): their mistake was that they did not keep pace with the times, but insisted on doing as Rome had done in the days when Saint Patrick began his preaching; whereas, since then, the Alexandrians (better astronomers than the other Christians) had found that the old Jewish cycle of eighty-four years was wrong, and had substituted that of Dionysius Exiguus which ran to a hundred and nineteen years. The Popes had not accepted the Dionysian cycle till the middle of the sixth century, so that no wonder the Scotie Churches, half-a-century

later, should have been wholly ignorant of it, cut off as they were from Rome by reason of the invasions in Gaul and Britain. The Irish have always been stubbornly conservative; so, even when the authority of Rome was invoked in favour of the change, those Scotie bishops and abbots who had not been to Rome (as Ronan, Paulinus's Scotie presbyter, had) clung to the old use, though it brought with it the practical inconvenience that while King Oswiu was keeping Easter, his Kentish queen and her chaplains were only at Palm Sunday.

Besides three tracts (one a homily on the nothingness of life) and five letters, Columban has left six poems. At sixty-eight years old he strung together several score of adonics, talking of Danae, the Golden Fleece, the Judgment of Paris, and the other tales which through the monks filtered so thoroughly into the Gaelic folk lore. Here is a sample.

.. Inclita vates
 Nonine Sappho
 Versibus istis
 Dulce solebat
 Edere carmen.

 Doctiloquorum
 Carmina linquens
 Frivola nostra
 Suscipe lætus."

"That famed bard named Sappho in this kind of verse used to utter forth her sweet songs. . . . Leaving the poems of the learned cheerily take in hand my trifles."

To Fedolius he writes in a more solemn strain.

"Hæc tibi dictaram morbis oppressus acerbis,
 Corpore quos fragili patior tristisque senecta.
 Nam dum præcipiti labantur tempora cursu
 Nunc ad Olympiadis ter senæ venimus annos.
 Omnia prætereunt, fugit irreparabile tempus;
 Vive læta latus, tristisque memento senectæ."

"What I now send thee I've been dictating, weighed down with sharp disease, which I suffer through bodily weakness and sad old age. For whilst my time glides by in swift career, I've come to the years of my eighteenth Olympiad. Good-bye; live happy, and forget your sad old friend."

This is the man, and this his work, of which Bellarmine says: "Like a new apostle he threw a wonderful amount of light on the Gauls and on Italy;" and at Luxeuil certainly his work lasted, while Bobbio also became a flourishing school, and a stronghold against Arianism.

Of the man we may say he was even greater morally than he was intellectually. He may have been hot-tempered and now and then wanting in tact, but his success with so many kings shows that he must have had a personal charm, connected perhaps with that fine presence which at the first forced him to take refuge in Bangor. Such a man, "the great champion of morals at a court notorious for its corruption, and a preacher in lands where the Gospel was all but forgotten," deserves something more than the oblivion to which he has been too generally consigned. The old Scotie saints have been universally ignored by the English Church. It is not easy to understand why, while Saint George and Saint David are in our calendar, Saint Patrick is conspicuous only by his absence. We forget that at least half of England was Christianised by Scotie missionaries: they even re-founded the see of London after Saint Augustine's followers had lost heart and withdrawn. And of this missionary spirit, continued through many generations, Columban gives one of the earliest and one of the brightest examples. The writer of his life in Smith's Dictionary, claims for him "sound judgment, solid ecclesiastical learning, elegant taste, and deep spirituality"; and the claim is pretty well established. Neander says that he gave the impulse to that "missionary rage" which sent out Cilian, the Franconian martyr, Livin of Belgium, Thaddeus of Ratisbon, Fridolin the traveller, and a score of others a good century before Winfrid of Romsey, known in religion as Saint Boniface, began his work. So widespread was the Scotie missionary work that of the nation it began to be said

that, "this custom of wandering hath already almost become a part of their nature."

Probably this wandering spirit was not wholly missionary. With some there would be a love of adventure, with others the longing for a complete isolation than any part of Ireland could afford from the free manners and very social life of the clan¹; but along with other impulses there was always that spirit of self-sacrifice which sent Chinese Buddhists across deserts and mountains to Thibet, and by which the Mohammedan, too, has been inspired in almost as large a measure as the Christian. The fascination of travel would naturally have been great for a cultured Irishman of the sixth century. Ireland then was not the land of desolation that it now is. What a different place Donegal must have been, for instance, when Columbkil was, in most undovelike style, setting two clans by the ears. What can be drearier, not for the tourist who admires its beauties but for the inhabitant, than Kilmacrenan, then the headquarters of the O'Donnells? In those days it was full of life, more or less like the life of a New Zealand *pah*. So, to change the scene and go down into Clare, were the Kilfenora and Kincora of old times: now scarcely alive, then centres where the greatest of the western clans, the O'Briens, made their home. But still, for a man who knew Latin and some Greek, and for whom Rome was the mother of culture and polity even more than of religion, such a life, however full, must have been mean and unsatisfying. In his ears, whenever he read his Priscian or whatever book he might have access to, would ring echoes of the great

¹ Most piteous is the lament of Oisín that, since the clerics had come in with the hoarse booming of their hymns, the glad old time of hunting and feasting, and music and wrestling, and ball play and flirting with fair women (all that made up the free life of the clan), is wholly gone. Columban says he *desudavit*, struggled hard, to get free from the wiles of female society.

world outside. He was proud doubtless of his race: like the crew in Lord Tennyson's *Mældune* he would "chant the glories of Finn": he would feel so deeply for the heroes of old that he would even dream of Christianising them, musing sometimes so long on an old cairn that at last the chief whom it covered would seem to rise through the covering stones and lay off his armour and claim baptism from one who was perchance his kinsman. But this would not rid him of the goad of travel towards the great centres. Perhaps among the most marvellous instances of self-sacrifice is that very few ever pushed on to Rome or to Jerusalem. They found work on the road, and they took it up manfully and died in doing it. But it was the love of travel which gave them the impulse. Who has not met, in these latter days, some poor parody of the wandering Scotie scholars, who, several centuries after Columban, took the place of the missionaries? The writer of this paper remembers one who walked into his garden in West Cornwall and handed him a card on which was printed Fitzsimon, Philomath. He knew much Latin, and some Greek, and he had just been to see the Land's End, having already seen many like "Ends" and wishing to add that to his list. That was his sole reason for coming down so far. He had a copy of verses on the railway in the Isle of Man,—such verses as the hedge-schoolmaster in an Irish parish used always to be ready with whenever anything happened, and of which the best known (and best) example is *The Groves of Blarney*. Thirteen hundred years ago our Philomath would very likely have gone out with one of the missionary saints and have satisfied his morbid longing for change by moving from one wild station to another. The old order changes; and such a man, purposeless, scarcely sound in mind, yet not the least given to drink, wandering as Goldsmith did, "alone, unfriended, melancholy, slow," but without either Goldsmith's genius

for his inward solace, or the musical gift which made him so popular in every French village, is a very poor exchange for the old Scotie monk. The old order changes; yet we need not forget Columban and his brethren any more than we forget our obligations to Rome. To Rome we owe an organisation which a monastic Church could never have given, and which has fostered the true idea that Church and State are one. But to the Scotie missionaries we owe that individuality, that power of initiative without which the most perfect organisation becomes a dead letter.

Montalembert notes admiringly the full freedom which Rome (then, as at so many other crises, healthily elastic) allowed to such a teacher as Columban. That the Gallic clergy were aggrieved at a sort of glorified compound of Mr. Moody and Father Ignatius getting into vogue to their discredit is no wonder; but at headquarters there is not a trace of repression or of formal disapprobation. Columban's virtue and sanctity won for him the licence of action which an Indian fakeer wins by his austerities. Rome behaved very differently more than five hundred years later, when Saint Bernard was her mouthpiece, and Adrian the Sixth filled the Papal Chair. No one can say that then "she displayed an exemplary moderation." Bernard, directed by the self-seeking traitor Saint Malachy, was appointed Balaam-like to curse the Scotie church in order that Henry the Second might assume the virtue of an abater of religious abuses.

But it is no use thinking what might have happened had Ireland been permitted to develop along her own line, to become a nation instead of a set of clans, before she came into hostile contact with England. Mr. Lecky, and just lately Mr. Bagwell, have some good remarks on this; but they were both anticipated by Sir Henry Maine who, in his *Origin Of Institutions*, showing the unexpected resemblances between the Brehon code

and the common law of England, remarks how little the English of Henry the Second's day were really in advance of the Irish, and how the Irish had all but attained the goal of national unity (one clan having become greatly predominant) when their advance along that line was checked by the invasion.

It is hard for an Irishman to forgive men who have written as though all Ireland had to boast of was "a few grotesque saints." Comgall is by no means "grotesque, neither is Columban; nor were they only a few who did a like work to that of both; for if some are disposed to cite about the missionary monks the foolish old saw about an Irishman doing well everywhere except in his own country, let them remember that the Irish schools at home were for centuries as famous in their way as Luxeuil itself. The youth of England regularly resorted to them for instruction; and though Bangor was so destroyed by the Danes that not a trace of it remains, some of these schools survived even those singularly destructive invaders.

Mr. W. A. O'Connor, in his *History Of The Irish People*, has a fine chapter on these Irish missionaries. "To describe them," he says,

"as Christian teachers, interpreting the term by ordinary experience, would convey no true idea of their self-imposed duties or of their method of discharging them. . . . By voluntarily enduring all the hardships which necessity imposed on others, by entire disregard of wealth, by condemning the violence of bar-

barous chiefs, by dedicating themselves and their whole means to the deliverance of captives, they manifested the power of truth, and recommended the religion of Christ."

He notes their independent spirit :

"In Columban and the others when engaged in controversy we miss the subservient spirit of those who seek their private ends."

Of their stubborn adhesion to their own peculiarities, he remarks :

"They were in the battle, and regarded the proposal to change their tonsure or their time of celebrating Easter as soldiers would regard an order to change their uniform in presence of an advancing foe. Moreover, they shrank from making a surrender which would imply that the unity of the Church rested on externals. Their attachment to their own customs was founded, not on any power they supposed them to possess, but on their association with the hallowed names of Saint Patrick and Saint Columbkil. The subjects on which they differed from, and those in which they agreed with, Rome, had no analogy or connection whatever with the polemics of a later period."

And then, after pointing out (what must strike every reader of Columban's letters) "the startling modernness of Irish modes of thinking at this remote date," he adds :

"Their religious independence was only one feature of a mental constitution that knew no guidance save such as reason and justice inspired. Their spiritual pre-eminence was in religion, because religion was the science of the time. During many ages, a few Irishmen were the only champions of free thought."

All this is very true. What has been written in this paper of Columban will have been useless if its truth cannot be recognised in his case.

A DISCOURSE UPON SERMONS.

MUCH has been written about sermons, but the subject can never grow stale. However else sermons may be regarded, they at least loom large as a fact in our social economy. So long as two millions, more or less, continue to be preached every year, they will assert their claim to attention. It may be that the supply is just a little in excess of the demand: that here, as in so many other quarters, we are suffering slightly from over-production. Still, on the whole, sermons are firm (to borrow a phrase from the City) and, if moderately taxed, would yield a pretty steady revenue. As it is, the tax is now too often levied on the patience of the hearer as a kind of ecclesiastical excise on articles which, as delivered, are certainly sometimes "above proof."

It is the fashion to lament what is assumed to be the slight effect produced by the annual discharge of these two millions of sermons. The popular imagination seems disposed to regard them as a kind of artillery which should at once strew society with the wrecks and ruins of ancient errors. And even the philosophers, with that fondness for quantitative analysis which has distinguished them ever since the chemical balance was perfected, are always on the look-out for what may be termed ponderable results. Both classes of critics are equally at fault. It is a fallacy to assume that a result cannot be great unless it be conspicuous. It may be negative as well as positive: invisible, and yet real enough. The reviews made merry some years ago over a man who published a didactic poem and described himself as waiting for "some result in people's altered manners." It is presumed that he is still waiting. Similarly, the critics are on the look-out for a result equally visi-

ble from the two millions of sermons. They forget that, if these sermons do nothing else, they may at least serve as ballast. The irreverent might say that they are exactly fitted to discharge a function for which heaviness is the first requisite. But they would be equally well-fitted if described as weighty, and the word is not obnoxious. Let us picture to ourselves for a moment society without its sermons: the ship without its ballast, heeling over to every dangerous blast, letting in the water of an acrid immorality and scepticism on all sides. Surely, that we are even as good as we are may, after all, be largely due to the unfailing supply of weighty pulpit-ballast every week.

So, again, to use another illustration, do we ever feel the weight of the atmosphere? And yet how happily and healthily it restrains our movements: fifteen pounds weight on every square inch of bodily surface. What light, flighty beings we should necessarily become were this restraint removed even for an instant! And so we cannot be too thankful that there is no break in the long succession of discourses from the pulpit. Where should we be if this wholesome influence were removed for a single week—this steady pneumatic pressure in the region of morals and theology? England can never surely become incurably light-headed so long as there is this salutary burden of two millions of sermons pretty evenly distributed over the surface of society.

One is reminded in this connection of a schoolmaster of the olden type, well known years ago in a western county, who used to maintain that you could never be doing wrong in flogging a boy. Either the boy had already done something to deserve it, or he would very speedily do something. It

was not less fair for justice to be anticipatory than for it to be retrospective. So of sermons—they may be regarded as an anticipatory means of discipline. Who knows how much oftener we should all go wrong without them? Let us then accept them gratefully, whilst we maintain unimpaired our traditional right to criticise them—the true *Magna Charta* of the English Churchman.

But even the keenest critics must allow that they have of late years perceptibly improved—improved certainly as regards length. The traditional answer of the man with eleven children, that he had “better than a dozen,” was no doubt misleading. Not so the “better than an hour” sermon of the olden time. I remember still my childish horror when our good old rector used to mount the pulpit and, hooking himself on to the oaken panel by the third finger of his right hand (which, by a strange coincidence, chanced to have a diamond ring upon it), would there remain, tenacious as a crustacean of his position physical and theological, until the hand of the clock in front of the gallery pointed to one. Even then it was by no means certain that he would unhook himself. There might still be the “one word more, my brethren,” which gave my childish mind such a terrible idea of the expansiveness of unity. In that dreary waste of theology the only fixed thing was the longitude. For the rest, the rector’s great aim seemed to be always to begin at the beginning, or, if possible, a little before it. It was seldom that he would content himself with anything so far advanced in point of time as the Fall of Man. He was fonder of Chaos, and occasionally took us back behind the Creation altogether.

His greatest sermon (we had it many times over) was on the text: “They shall offer young bullocks upon thine altar.” Each word of the text formed a separate heading. Due force was given to the “pronoun,” to the “particle of futurity,” to the “verb of

oblation,” to the “adjective of youth,” to the “bovine substantive,” to the “preposition” (copiously illustrated from the Latin grammar), and finally to the “sacrificial locality.” Did I say “finally”?—I was wrong: it was only “lastly.” The “finally” came long afterwards, and even then left room for “in conclusion” and the “one word more.”

Another of his great sermons, though not so great as the above, was professedly on Dives and Lazarus. It was really on the purple and fine linen incidentally mentioned in the parable. These excited all the worthy rector’s sense of scholarship, and he gave an exhaustive disquisition on both. The only *purpureus pannus*, or bit of colour, in it for me was his account (is it true or apocryphal?—I know not) of the discovery of the Tyrian dye—a wandering dog licking a *murex* upon the sea-shore and getting its tongue stained therewith to the great astonishment of its master. I wonder the rector did not go on to quote the old and almost forgotten epigram on the serjeants-at-law, themselves now well nigh extinct:

“The serjeants are a grateful race,
And all their actions show it:
Their purple garments come from Tyre,
Their arguments go to it.”

Those were emphatically the days of written sermons, for the most part recurring with the regularity of a repeating decimal. *Litera scripta manet*; and most congregations had ample opportunity of verifying in their own experience the essential permanence of the written letter. These ancestral discourses, yellow with age and curly from the fingering of many generations of orators, came to be almost as well known as the details of a nursery legend, until at last the hearers grew to resent the slightest verbal alteration in the text. A mingled feeling took possession of their minds. They could not honestly assert that they loved the sermon; but if they must have it at all, they liked it unmu-

tilated. Familiarity might have bred a something of contempt, but nothing was to be gained by a patchwork effort at disguise. Besides, they felt in a way defrauded of their due. Long prescription had given them an indefeasible right to the sermon, the whole sermon, and nothing but the sermon. In those good old conservative days men had no yearning for revised versions. Children freely correct their nurse-if she deviates by a hair's breadth from the accustomed course of the adventures of Tom Thumb or Jack the Giant-killer; and the older members of a congregation felt inclined to do the same with their rector if he ever ventured to tamper with his time-honoured manuscript. A parenthesis might be pardoned, especially if founded on some State-anniversary: an alteration never. How much unconscious truth lay in the ignorant grandiloquence of the farmer whom I once heard say to his vicar, "You gave us a very good rotation to-day, sir," meaning presumably "oration."

It is true that comical results sometimes followed. There is a well-known story, probably apocryphal, of a South American clergyman, who, even when preaching in England, could seldom keep an earthquake out of his discourse. It is, however, a fact that a clergyman in Nottinghamshire, who had been a naval chaplain, electrified his congregation one Sunday by exclaiming, "When we hear, as we do now, the waves roaring around us —." This roused even the farmers, who fancied at once that the little river which flows through the village must have suddenly burst its banks and flooded their meadows. In reality the exciting phrase had slipped out unawares: it was only a too slavish adherence to the text of a manuscript written in widely different circumstances that had led the worthy pastor to make this startling announcement.

And then, the interchange of manuscripts. At first sight there is much to be said for this. If an interchange

of preachers is a good thing, why not the interchange of sermons? Eight ounces of ruled paper will go farther, without necessarily faring worse, than fifteen or sixteen stone of ecclesiastically developed humanity. And is it not a clear waste of force to leave a well-composed sermon to languish in the recesses of a desk, when it might be doing good work in another parish? At the same time it cannot be denied that this interchange of manuscripts has its drawbacks. Circumstances are not identical in different parishes. The vicar of a squireless village denounces Dives with absolute impunity. But let him lend his scathing discourse to the clerical friend who numbers a millionaire among his people, and the chances are that the friend will find himself arraigned before his bishop. It actually happened in Oxfordshire in the days of Bishop Wilberforce. It is true the clergyman triumphed, but the triumph was not without its humiliation. There could be no personal vindictiveness in a borrowed discourse. But if he disproved the appropriateness, he had to admit the appropriation. Personality or plagiarism—a sorry dilemma for any parson.

Still, after all, it is not very reasonable that there should be such an outcry against borrowed sermons. Where does any one get his ideas from? Unless a whole school of philosophers is in the wrong, we come into the world with minds blank as sheets of white paper. Who but a German ever evolved anything from his inner consciousness? Is not, in fact, all our knowledge borrowed? One man sits down and writes off a discourse almost without reference to books. Is he, therefore, original? Not a bit of it. He has only proved that he possesses a well-stored mind and a retentive memory. Another surrounds himself with commentaries, and painfully pieces together a bit of pulpit-mosaic. What memory did for the first, ingenuity does for the second.

A third has neither the gift of recollection nor the faculty of composition. Instead of copying piecemeal, he copies wholesale. Is he, therefore, more of a plagiarist than the other two? Who shall venture to affirm it? Let him who would do so first publish to the world one so-called original thought of his own. The chances are it will be found already in print.

But we are told: "At least a man can make the ideas of another his own, assimilate them, give them the stamp of his own personality, and issue them, as it were, fresh from his own mint." So he can, and probably spoil them in the process. Why should he feel constrained to do so? Why should he not select the best and leave them as he found them? Is the butter any the better because you change the stamp of the dairy to that of the retail-dealer? Surely the only important thing is to see that, however stamped, it be genuine butter and not oleomargarine.

What is really wanted is a little more courage on the part of the clergy—courage to give their people always a first-rate article, whether of home or foreign manufacture. By all means let them say whence they derive their inspiration. Prudence would dictate this candour, if it were recommended by no higher motive. To every church comes sooner or later the perambulatory pedant, ever on the scent of plagiarism. One such, coming to a church in days gone by, visibly disconcerted the preacher by muttering audibly at the end of each glowing paragraph the name of its original composer. "South," "Tillotson," "Barrow," "Hooker," dropping from his lips, revealed to the astonished congregation the sources of their pastor's eloquence. At last the rector's patience was exhausted, and he appealed to the secular arm in the person of the verger. "Jones, turn that man out!" "Your own!" murmured the stranger, still faithful to his principle of giving the authority for every sentence the rector uttered.

This was a species of marginal reference such as no divine could desire; but some of those old sermons were graced with marginal notes of their own much on the principle of the verbal directions in a music-score. Looking over such an one, which in its day had been preached before royalty itself, I came across such pencilled memoranda in the margin as these: "Drop voice!" "Drop it!" "Whisper," "Pathetic—shake!" "Louder!" "*Ore rotundo*," and so forth. For the rest, a very tame long-winded discourse, with sentences languidly meandering over whole pages, and needing doubtless special management of the voice to convey any meaning at all to the royal listener. Let us hope that these well-modulated prescriptions lent it a little of the life it so sorely needed.

Nowadays, however, written sermons seem gradually to be falling into something like disrepute, and extemporary discourses are all the rage. Many, alas! only too obviously extemporary—creatures of the moment both in their genesis and their effect. It is perhaps hardly an unmixed advantage that of late years it has dawned upon the consciousness of English ecclesiastics that, after all, there is nothing so very difficult in stringing words together when you are in an erect posture. What some one called "the faculty of thinking on your hind-legs" is a widely different matter. Loquacity is the birthright of the many, thought the prerogative of the few. And as long as this is so, have we not a right to shudder at strictly extemporaneous discourse, whether in the pulpit or on the platform? Bishop Wilberforce lived to regard it as a mistake that he had recommended his clergy as a body to acquire the habit of extemporary preaching. He found that such discourses too often come from the heart only, in the sense of not proceeding from the brain. The method of fabricating them is in many cases as strictly mechanical as the knack of making Latin verses. The

memory is stored with scraps and tags which are loosely fitted together into sentences by an ingenious process which devolves all mental labour upon the listener. Talk of the fatal facility of octosyllabic verse—what is that to the fatal facility of the preaching which, unrestrained by manuscript, floods the pews with mere sonorous platitudes?

It is conceivable that a sermon, even a good one, is not an essential part of Christian worship, and that men may, without being ethnics, prefer Robertson in the study to Robinson in the pulpit. Can there be no true devoutness unless the devotee be at all times willing either to act the lotus-eater, “falling asleep in a half-dream” under the narcotic influence of the written sermon, or to grow distracted as he tries to follow the kaleidoscope that the extemporaneous orator twirls mechanically before his mental vision—must he be at all times willing, I say, to bear one or other of these, or else be reckoned an outcast from the fold? May he not plead in excuse for his conduct, in the one case,

“By our parson perplex, say, how shall we determine?”

‘Watch and pray,’ says the text: ‘Go to sleep,’ says the sermon.”

And in the other,

“The clue to their meaning I never have found;

But of this I am certain—the sermons are *sound*.”

Perhaps, on an impartial review of the whole case, the balance of educated opinion will not always be found in favour of the modern extemporaneousness. True, it fascinates the vulgar. To them it savours a little of the supernatural. Their own processes of thought are so laboured, and their delivery of opinions is so slow and slipshod, that the continuous flow of words from a man without a book seems to them little short of miraculous. In their eyes to read is human, to extemporise divine. It matters not that what is read may be a master-

piece, and what is said mere sound and fury, signifying nothing save the robust self-possession of the speaker and the fine working condition of his lungs. On the other hand, there have been those who have regarded the use of a written sermon in the pulpit as a matter of positive obligation. Of such sort was the eccentric country gentleman who expressed his astonishment that “any clergyman should venture into the presence of his Maker without a manuscript”—a gentleman who must, one fancies, have been a not very remote kinsman of the northern archdeacon who wrote to a rural vicar to reprove him for “approaching his archdeacon on a postcard!”

No doubt we must all allow that, other things being equal, the spoken sermon sounds fresher than the written. “Which do you prefer?” asked a clergyman once of a famous statesman. “I prefer,” said the statesman, “a written sermon delivered as if it were unwritten.” This is an ideal seldom attained: it was attained, in a way perhaps, by Bellew; in another way by Chalmers; and, according to some authorities, by Melvill.

Of course sermons are not nowadays so long as they used to be. If you want one an hour long, your only hope is to attend a Bampton Lecture, or to chance on Canon Liddon at his longest. In the latter case you will not, however, be fatigued, but will merely fancy that your watch has played you a trick when you consult it at the end of the discourse.

In fact, in some quarters we have in these latter days gone to the opposite extreme. The age prides itself on its conciseness. Our correspondence is largely conducted in telegrams of twelve words: our news is absorbed through summaries, or even bills of contents. The man of business has no leisure to sit down to lunch; how should he swallow theology by the hour? “Do you think,” asked one of the newest patterns in curates of his somewhat older vicar, “do you

think, if I preached for ten minutes in the morning, I should be too—long?” “Decidedly,” answered the vicar, who possessed the priceless quality called presence of mind, “decidedly. In a church like ours it is quite sufficient for the preacher to mount the pulpit, and having uttered a fervent ‘Dearly beloved,’ to descend again. Brevity is the soul of wit and the essence of preaching.” It was fair satire as times go. I have in my possession, as one of the latest products of this lightning age, a volume of sermons actually preached in a church at a fashionable watering-place. Few of these could have taken more than five minutes to deliver. I will not name the church. Why should I aggravate the congestion from which it already suffers? It is not, however, every congregation which, even in these enlightened days, possesses such a treasure. In an average church the sermon still touches, or almost touches, the twentieth minute. What would good Bishop Latimer have said to this dwindling of the candle he lighted?—he, “who, preaching by the measured hour, was oft-times entreated to reverse the hour-glass” and to give his enraptured auditors another sixty minutes.

And, as the length of the discourse has been changed, so has been the style. It is true, there is not now quite so much learning or even exactness as formerly. I should never have heard from my old rector what I heard a preacher say not long ago: “God is self-sufficient,” meaning, I presume, “self-sufficing.” Nor should I have heard, as I did from another preacher, the conduct of God towards Abraham described as “fulsome,” meaning possibly full of love and graciousness—who shall say? But at least we have animation and sprightliness. It is surely worth while to have lived in the latter half of the nineteenth century, if only to have heard, as has been heard in a univer-

sity-pulpit, a bishop talk of the Almighty’s *raison d’être* and his freedom from *arrière pensée*. And I have myself lived to hear St. Peter denounced in the pulpit by a doctor of divinity as being fond of low society, because, on a memorable occasion, he voluntarily sat with the servants.

In conclusion, there are some who maintain that the day of sermons is already over—that they are even now to be regarded as a mere survival (not the fittest) of a time when they formed the natural and almost exclusive means of conveying religious instruction. Now, however (so it is said) the universal spread of education and the multiplication of popular religious books enable every one who desires it to get a better sermon at home than in his parish church. Thus their function is superseded and their necessity is at an end. It may be so. The world does move, and the once crawling decades now career like race-horses. But at the moment I do not see that we have reached a stage when the human voice and the human personality have ceased to count as factors in influencing society. The best book is, after all, but the dead deposit of the brain—a wondrous tissue, woven on the loom of molecules, but no longer in vital union with its creator. It can never compete in force and influence with the living impact of an earnest soul. And so sermons, changing doubtless in their character to suit the mood of changing times, may well have a long and useful future before them. In this paper I have regarded them only in some of their lighter aspects. In their graver they are like the waves that break on the shore and scatter their spray in evidence of the ocean-depths behind them. For all earnest words that drop from human lips bear witness to the eternal longings that possess the heart of man.

A. EUBULE EVANS.

SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF CLAVERHOUSE.

THE list of authorities prefixed to the memoir of Claverhouse lately published in Mr. Longman's series of English Worthies does not include *The Red Book Of Menteith*. This book, which was privately printed at Edinburgh in 1880, contains ten letters from Dundee discovered by its editor, Sir William (then Mr.) Fraser, Deputy Keeper of the Records of Scotland, among the papers in the Montrose Charter-room at Buchanan. Those papers had been previously examined by Mark Napier, the biographer of both of the two great heroes of the House of Graham, James, Marquis of Montrose, and John, Viscount of Dundee; but they had not been set in the fair order of the Queensberry archives, which yielded him such rich spoil for the latter's life, and Napier somehow managed to miss these letters, though he was a patient searcher and rarely failed to find what he looked for. The Red Book and its precious contents, having been only put in private circulation, remained unknown to the writer of the aforesaid memoir till too late for him to make use of them. This was one of those misfortunes which every biographer must be content to accept as a fault. The letters are of no great historical importance: they do not in any way affect the course of Claverhouse's life, nor throw any fresh light, as the phrase goes, on his public actions; but they undoubtedly help to give some more assurance of a man whom all who have handled his story have evidently found great difficulty in making anything more than a mere lay-figure of history. However, his latest biographer must try to console himself with the reflection that his ignorance of these letters has been shared by many others. Even that accomplished writer in the *Athenæum* who, entangled, no doubt,

in the meshes of his own vast learning, appears to have confounded the Cameronians of Richard Cameron with the Cameronians of William Cleland, and the John Brown, who was shot at Priesthill by order of Captain Graham, with the John Brown who was buried at Crathie by order of Queen Victoria,—even this high historical authority will have to add to his slender stock of ignorance *The Red Book Of Menteith*.

These ten letters cover a period of three years, from 1679 to 1682, a period in the writer's life which, save for the battles of Drumclog and Bothwell Bridge in the summer of the former year, has hitherto remained almost blank. Five are written from London, the others from Edinburgh and elsewhere in Scotland. All are addressed to the same person, to William, eighth and last Earl of Menteith, and all are more or less directly concerned with the same subject, the marriage of the writer with Helen Graham, cousin and heiress of the Earl.

The varied beauties of the ancient province of Menteith, which lay in the counties of Perth and Stirling, have been celebrated in the poetry of *The Lady Of The Lake* and in the prose of *Rob Roy*. The first Earl of the name comes into Scottish history in a charter of Malcolm the Fourth's: the last passes out of it in 1694, since when the title has lain dormant, while the lands, sadly shorn of their once fair proportions by attainder in the fifteenth century, now form part of the heritage of the dukedom of Montrose. But in those five centuries the line had suffered many a shock and wrench. The direct male branch ended with Maurice, third Earl, who died about 1230, leaving two daughters, Isabella and Mary, who had married

respectively into the great Houses of Comyn and Stewart. In the latter the earldom remained till 1425, when Murdoch, second Duke of Albany, Earl of Fife, and eleventh Earl of Menteith (son of that Albany who figures in *The Fair Maid Of Perth*) after having governed the country for five years, was beheaded at Stirling, together with his two sons, by his cousin, James the First, apparently to mark that sovereign's accession to power after eighteen years' confinement in an English prison. Both the earldoms of Fife and Menteith then passed to the Crown; but two years later, in 1427, James revived the latter, considerably shorn of its ancestral appanages, in the person of Malise Graham, a branch of the same stock, as some recompense for the earldom of Strathern, of which he had previously despoiled him. With the Grahams it remained till the death of William, eighth Earl of the new line, to whom the letters in question were written by his kinsman, Captain John Graham of Claverhouse.

This William was the son of a distinguished man, at one time in great favour with Charles the First, and fast rising to be one of the richest and most powerful lords in Scotland. But jealous men gathered about the King's ear, and the Earl fell faster than he rose. He died in 1661, leaving his affairs in sad confusion; and, as his son Lord Kilpont had been killed in a quarrel, by his friend James Stewart of Ardvorlich, in Montrose's camp at Collace after the victory of Tippermuir, he was succeeded by his grandson William. The last Earl of Menteith was twice married: first to Anna Hewes, an Englishwoman, from whom he was divorced in 1684, and next to Katherine, daughter of Bruce of Blairhall, with whom also he appears to have had occasional misunderstandings, at one time even resulting in a temporary separation, the lady vowing she would live no longer in the ancestral, and probably somewhat damp, home in the Isle of Talla, with no company but that of the unceasing

frogs. From neither marriage came any issue, though other ladies to whom Lord Menteith paid his respects were more appreciative. His nearest relative was his uncle, Sir James Graham, residing at the time of these letters in Ireland with his wife and an unmarried daughter, Helen, his other daughter, by his first wife, being married to Walter Graham of Gartmoor.

Lord Menteith's health had never been good, and his prospects of an heir were now so slender, that about 1679 he began to think seriously of settling the estate. If he could find among the Grahams a good husband for his cousin Helen, he would convey his lands, and if possible his title also, to the young people, and so vicariously provide that heir to the old House of Menteith which fate seemed determined to deny himself. It happened that there was at that very time a Graham quite willing, and indeed eager to take a wife on these terms. He was head of his own branch of the family, in the prime of life, remarkably handsome, not indeed very rich, but still with some small patrimony of his own, and likely to rise, for he was in favour at Court and in the good graces of his powerful kinsman Montrose. This was Captain John Graham of Claverhouse, who had lately returned from the Low Countries where, as was the fashion in those days, he had been learning the art of war. He had brought a good name back with him for courage and skill, and had been warmly recommended by the Duke of York to the notice of Montrose, who had responded by giving his kinsman a commission in his regiment of Life Guards. A few months later he was promoted, at the express desire of the King, to the command of a troop in the new regiment of cavalry raised in the autumn of 1678 to keep order among the Wild Western Whigs.

It is not clear when Claverhouse and his cousin of Menteith first met, nor whether it was the former who

first put into the latter's head this design of settling the estate. His first letter, contrary to his almost invariable custom, is undated, but must have been written either at the close of 1678 or early in 1679. He must have already got pretty far into the Earl's confidence; for with that keen eye to the main chance that never deserted him in war, politics, or private affairs, we find him boldly offering himself as the fittest person to carry on the line of Menteith. "My Lord," he writes, with an appreciation of his own worth too frank not to be genuine,

"As your friend and servant I do take the liberty to give you an advice, which is that there can be no thing so advantageous for you as to settle your affairs, and establish your successor in time, for it can do you no prejudice if you come to have any children of your own body, and will be much for your quiet and comfort if you have none; for whoever you make choice of will be in place of a son. You know that Julius Cesar had no reason to regret the want of issue, having adopted Augustus, for he knew certainly that he had secured to himself a thankful and useful friend, as well as a wise successor, neither of which he could have promised himself by having children; for nobody knows whether they beget wise men or fools, besides that the ties of gratitude and friendship are stronger in generous minds than those of nature. My Lord, I may without being suspected of self-interest, offer some reason to renew to you the advantage of that resolution you have taken in my favour. First, that there is nobody of my estate out of your name would confound their family in yours, and nobody in the name is able to give you these conditions, nor bring into you so considerable an interest, besides that I will easier obtain your cousin germane than any other, which brings in a great interest and continues your family in the right line. And then, my Lord, I may say without vanity that I will do your family no dishonour, seeing there is nobody you could make choice of has toiled so much for honour as I have done, though it has been my misfortune to attain but a small share. And then, my Lord, for my respect and gratitude to your Lordship, you will have no reason to doubt of it, if you consider with what a frankness and easiness I live with all my friends. But, my Lord, after all this, if these reasons cannot persuade you that it is your interest to pitch on me, and if you can think on anybody that can be more proper to restore your family, and contribute more to your comfort and satisfaction, make frankly choice of him, for without that you

can never think of getting anything done for your family: it will be for your honour that the world see you never had thoughts of alienating your family, then they will look no more upon you as the last of so noble a race, but will consider you rather as the restorer than the ruiner, and your family rather as rising than falling; which, as it will be the joy of our friends and relations, so it will be the confusion of our enemies."¹

My Lord was quite content to take his cousin at his own valuation, and wrote accordingly to Sir James, in somewhat confused language, but in a strain of compliment—that Claverhouse himself could hardly have bettered. "Much Honoured Uncle," runs the letter:

"I would not trouble you oft with letters unless it were something worthy of your notice, which I am now to impart concerning a noble young gentleman, a cousin of mine, the Laird of Claverhouse, Graham, who is a person exceeding well accomplished as any I know with natural gifts, for all that is noble and virtuous may be seen in him, and as we say, he is well to live, for he has a free estate upwards of six hundred pounds sterling yearly of good payable rent, near by Dundee;² besides he is captain of the standing troop of horse in this kingdom which is very considerable. Wherefore, dearest Uncle, I, in his name, does offer himself in marriage with that young lady your daughter, who if I thought it not convenient that it would be a fit match for her and all our credits to ally with such a gentleman as he who, being a Graham, which I for my part look upon it as a singular happiness to our family to have a person so well qualified, and of the name too, and he is it that I truly [esteem] and honour, and I have more than an ordinary respect for him whom I think truly worthy of her affection, as I doubt not when himself comes over to Ireland he will prove to be

¹ We have not thought it worth while to preserve the original spelling of these letters. Its eccentricities might amuse for a sentence or two, but would soon grow tiresome. Every one knows Sir Walter Scott's criticism on Claverhouse's cacography. But in truth he spelled no worse than his contemporaries, many of whom certainly had not his excuse.

² "Punds Scotch, ye —," said old Milnwood, when his housekeeper recklessly offered twenty pounds sterling to Serjeant Bothwell, of Claverhouse's troop. Some such emendation seems necessary here. A yearly rental of six hundred pounds sterling would have been no mean income in those days, and there are no grounds for thinking Claverhouse was in so good a position at this period of his life.

much more than I can express what he is indeed, but that he would not presume till first I would let him know by a line from you and my lady if he would be welcome, which for my sake at least ye will admit of a visit from himself, which will be as soon as you are pleased to return a favourable answer to me in his behalf. . . . I shall never consent to the marriage unless it be Claverhouse, whom I say again is the only person of all I know fittest and most proper to marry your daughter."

This letter seems to have been written in July, 1679, and to have followed Sir James from Ireland to England. The answer at any rate did not reach Edinburgh till November. This delay seemed to Claverhouse an evil omen; and Montrose had been bantering him with a story of Miss Helen having run off with an Irish lover, which he owned to be at least very probable. Sir James's answer, if the letter printed by Sir William Fraser be the answer, ignores Claverhouse altogether, though he assures the head of his house that, "Nelly my daughter tells me she will ask your consent in her marriage." Perhaps this was the old gentleman's way of saying, no, and so understood by his nephew. At any rate, he soon consoles himself for this disappointment, and, forgetful of his former protestations, writes off with little delay to tell him he has found another husband for Nelly, "a very honourable and noble person in this kingdom," too noble and honourable to be lightly named in a letter without his own permission. He prays Sir James to come to him in Scotland, to consult on this important matter; and conscious, being his uncle's own nephew, that there may be reasons why both Ireland and England should be safer places of rest for this weary knight than Scotland, he offers "to get you a protection from the Council here that no man can reach you or anything that belongs to you for any debt at any person's instance whatsoever for four or five months' time."

This new bridegroom was to be none other than Montrose himself, who certainly, as her cousin says, was a match for the young lady "beyond any person

that ever yet was named for her." For a time every one seems to have been pleased and consenting, except, we may suppose, Claverhouse. Menteith was to convey the estate to the young Marquis, who in return was to pay him an annuity of one hundred and fifty pounds. The deed had been actually signed by the King, who had however refused to allow the title to pass as well, when Montrose began to grow cool. Indeed the whole affair looks very much as though he had been merely intriguing for the lands of Menteith without any intention of encumbering himself with the portionless Helen to boot. The outwitted old Earl remonstrated in vain: in his last letter he says, "I am exceeding sorry ye do not answer none of my letters, though I have written eighteen since ye went from Leith;" and to write eighteen letters to a man who had plainly got the better of you, without receiving a word in reply, is no doubt very annoying. Meanwhile Montrose found a match more to his taste in the person of Lady Christian Leslie, daughter of the Duke of Rothes, and not long after died.

The unfortunate Menteith would have bought the estate back again, but the money could not be raised, and his uncle would not help him, alleging that the mismanagement of the whole affair was due to his stupidity in allowing himself to be fooled by Claverhouse and Montrose who were in the plot together. "The hand of Claverhouse," he wrote,

"hath been in all these contrivances, whose ambitious thoughts to make himself the head of our ancient family brought all the trouble of my Lord Montrose's business upon you; for he will not deny that there was an agreement made, neither will my Lord Montrose, that before there was any proposition made to your Lordship for a match for either of them, that my Lord Montrose was to use his interest with your Lordship for such a settlement of your honours and estate upon Claverhouse, and Claverhouse was obliged again to make the estate over privately to my Lord Montrose, so that if we had made up such a match, both your Lordship and we had been fairly cheated. This, my Lord, is a very truth, and neither of

them will deny it, and therefore I beg you will take no such advisers in your provisions for your family."

Montrose does not seem to have troubled himself much about what others thought of his part in the transaction. But Claverhouse had, long before Sir James wrote, taken care to give his own version of the affair. His letter is dated from London, July 3rd, 1680. He had gone in that year to England, to clear himself on a charge of embezzling the fines he was empowered to levy on the Covenanters that had been lately brought against him by the Scottish Treasury,—in which clearance, we may observe in passing, he was completely successful. The letter is very long, despite the writer's haste, which he excuses on the plea of just starting for Windsor: too long to quote in full, but worth some extracting. "Whatever were the motives," it begins,

"obliged your Lordship to change your resolutions to me, yet I shall never forget the obligations that I have to you for the good designs you once had for me, both before my Lord Montrose came in the play and after. . . . All the return I am able to make is to offer you, in that frank and sincere way that I am known to deal with all the world, all the service that I am capable of, were it with the hazard or even loss of my life and fortune. . . . I never enquired of your Lordship nor him [Montrose] the reason of the change; nor did I complain of hard usage. Though really, my Lord, I must beg your Lordship's pardon to say that it was extremely grievous to me to be turned out of that business after your Lordship and my Lord Montrose had engaged me in it, and had written to Ireland in my favour, and the thing that troubled me most was that I feared your Lordship had more esteem for my Lord Montrose than me, for you could have no other motive; for I am sure you have more sense than to think the offer he made you more advantageous for the standing of your family than these we were on, for he would have certainly made up his own, and I would have brought in all mine to yours, and been perfectly yours. . . . I am sorry to see so much trust in your Lordship to my Lord Montrose so ill rewarded. If you had continued your resolutions to me, your Lordship would not have been then in danger to have your estate rent from your family; my Lord Montrose would not have loosed his reputation, as I am sorry to see he has done; Sir James would not have had so sensible an affront put upon them, if they had not refused me, and I would

have been by your Lordship's favour this day as happy as I could wish. . . . My Lord, fearing I may be represented to your Lordship, I think it my duty to acquaint your Lordship with my carriage since I came hither in relation to these affairs. As soon as I came, I told Sir James how much he was obliged to you, and how sincere your designs were for the standing of your family: withal I told him that my Lord Montrose was certainly engaged to you to marry his daughter, but that from good reason I suspect he had no design to perform it; and indeed my Lord Montrose seemed to make no address at all there in the beginning, but hearing that I went sometimes there, he feared that I might get an interest with the father, for the daughter never appeared, so observant they were to my Lord Montrose, and he thought that if I should come to make any friendship there, that when he came to be discovered I might come to be acceptable, and that your Lordship might turn the chess upon him. Wherefore he went there and entered in terms to amuse them till I should be gone, for then I was thinking every day of going away, and had been gone, had I not fallen sick. He continued thus, making them formal visits, and talking of the terms, till the time that your signature should pass, but when it came to the King's hand it was stopped upon the account of the title, conform to the preparative of my Lord Caithness. My Lord Montrose, who, during all this time had never told me anything of these affairs, nor almost had never spoke to me, by Drumeller and others let me know that our differences proceeded from mistakes, and that if we met we might come to understand one another; upon which I went to him. After I had satisfied him of some things he complained of, he told me that the title was stopped, and asked me if I had no hand in it; for he thought it could be no other way seeing Sir James concurred. I assured him I had not meddled in it, as before God I had not. So he told me he would settle the title on me if I would assist him in the passing of it. I told him that I had never any mind for the title out of the blood. He answered me, I might have Sir James's daughter and all. I asked him how that could be. He told me he had no design there, and that to secure me the more, he had given commission to speak to my Lady Rothes about her daughter, and she had received it kindly. I asked how he would come off,—he said upon their not performing the terms, and offered to serve me in it, which I refused and would not concur. He thought to make me serve him in his designs, and brake me with Sir James and his lady; for he went and insinuated to them as if I had a design upon their daughter, and was carrying it on under hand. So soon as I heard this, I went and told my Lady Graham all. My Lord Montrose came there next day and denied it. However they went to Windsor and secured the signature, but it was already done. They

have not used me as I deserved at their hands, but my design is not to complain of them. After all came to all that Sir James offered to perform all the conditions that my Lord Montrose required, he knew not what to say, and so, being ashamed of his carriage, went away without taking leave of them, which was to finish his tricks with contempt. This is, my Lord, in as few words as I can, the most substantial part of that story. My Lord Montrose and some of his friends endeavoured to ruin that young lady's reputation to get an excuse for his carriage, and brought in my name. But I made them quickly quit those designs, for there was no shadow of ground for it. And I must say she has suffered a great deal to comply with your Lordship's designs, but could not do less considering the good things you had designed for her; and truly, my Lord, if you ken her, you would think she deserved all, and would think strange my Lord Montrose should have neglected her. My Lord, things fly very high here: the indictments appear frequently against the honest Duke, and I am feared things must break out. I am sorry for it; but I know you, impatient of the desire of doing great things, will rejoice at this. Assure yourself, if ever there be barricades in Glasgow again, you shall not want a call; and my Lord I bespeak an employment under you, which is to be your Lieutenant-General, and I will assure you we will make the world talk of us. And therefore provide me trews, as you promised, and a blue bonnet, and I will assure you that there shall be no trews truster than mine. My Lord, despond not for this disappointment, but show resolution in all you do. When my affairs go wrong, I remember that saying of Lucan, *Tam mala Pompeii quam prospera mundus adoret*. You have done nothing amiss, but trusted too much to honour, and thought all the world held it as sacred as you do."

For all his sickness and troubles the Earl had a valorous spirit. Early in this year he had applied to Montrose for a commission to keep the Whigs in order about Menteith, and had performed his duties so zealously as to be complimented by the Chancellor, Rothes. And a year later Claverhouse writes, again from London, vowing he grows jealous. "I rejoice to hear by the letter you write to my Lady Graham you have now taken my trade off my hand, that you are become the terror of the godly. I begin to think it time for me to set to work again, for I am emulous of your reputation." But to return to the fair Helen.

Up to the end of 1681 Claverhouse

seems to have thought the game was not quite lost. The greater part of that and the previous year he spent in England, and seems to have been much in the company of the Grahams. In 1680, a few days after the long letter from which we have already quoted, he writes to his cousin that he has been speaking to the Duke of York about the business, "without wronging my Lord Montrose's reputation too much, which I should be unwilling to do, whatever he do by me." The Duke shook his head, and said it was not right; but a shake of the Duke of York's head seems to have had less in it than Jove and Lord Burleigh could effect with such means. Nothing came of it; nor could anything be got from Menteith in the way of settlement or entail. There was still some hope that, if he could be got to bestir himself, Montrose might be made to disgorge his prey, and the estate and dignity of Menteith fairly settled on Miss Helen Graham and her heirs male. But he could not be got to make up his mind. He fenced with the question of the settlement, and wrote vague polite letters, wishing prosperity and all manner of good wishes to the happy pair, but breathing no hint of any design on his part to smooth the road to the church-door. Lady Graham ("a very cunning woman," thought Claverhouse, who was no bad judge) wrote in very plain language, demanding a positive answer; but she did not get it. All the Earl's letters seem to have gone under cover to Claverhouse, and he diplomatically thought it wise to suppress some of them for the reasons given in the following letter, sent in a separate parcel the same day that he had written another to his cousin concerning some mischief certain busy-bodies had been trying to make between the two.

"LONDON, October 1, 1681.

"MY DEAR LORD,

"I thought fit to write this apart, and not to put it in the other letter, designing your Lordship should show it to everybody

for my vindication. My Lord, I am infinitely sensible of your Lordship's kindness to me in writing so kindly to my Lady Graham and her daughter, especially when people had been representing me so foully to you. I have not dared to present them, because that in my Lady's letter you wished us much joy, and that we might live happy together, which looked as if you thought it a thing as good as done. I am sure my Lady, of the humour I know her to be, would have gone mad that you should think a business that concerned her so nearly concluded before it was ever proposed to her; and in the daughter's you was pleased to tell her of my affections to her, and what I have suffered for her; this is very gallant and obliging, but am afraid they would have misconstrued it, and it might do me prejudice; and then in both, my Lord, you were pleased to take pains to show them almost clearly they had nothing to expect of you, and took from them all hopes which they had, by desiring them to require no more but your consent. Indeed I think it not proper your Lordship should engage yourself at all. They would be glad to know that you only had a resolution to recover your business, they would leave the rest to your own goodness; and for myself I declare that I shall never press your Lordship in anything but what you have a mind to, and I will assure you I need nothing to persuade me to take that young lady. I would take her in her smock. My dear Lord, be yet so good as to write new letters to the same purpose, holding out those things which [if] it were to anybody else might be very well said, and, if you please, when you say you give them your advice to the match, tell them that they will not repent it, and that doing it at your desire you will do us any kindness you can, and look on us as persons under your protection, and endeavour to see us thrive, which obliges you to nothing and yet encourages them. . . ."

And in the following month he writes again urging a settlement of some sort, "either one way or other, and in the meantime my age slips away, and I lose other occasions, as I suppose the young lady also does." Claverhouse was now passing into his thirty-ninth year, and the young lady had, according to her mother, lost two other good "occasions" by this shilly-shallying. However, this was the last of the business. By the end of the year the Grahams had sailed once more for Ireland, and within little more than a twelvemonth Miss Helen had become the wife of Captain Rawdon, nephew and heir-apparent to Lord Conway. In the same year, that is in 1683, the Earl at last bestirred himself, and

offered really to make a new entail of his estate and dignity that, failing his own and his uncle's heirs male, it should devolve on his cousin Helen and hers. But it was then too late, as his uncle reminded him. Montrose had got the lands of Menteith, and there was no money forthcoming to redeem them. This is the letter which accuses Claverhouse of having been all the time in the plot with Montrose; and it also inclosed one from Mrs. Rawdon to her cousin, regretting that his proposal had not been made before her marriage-settlement was drawn, as then some provision might have been made for extricating the earldom. She added her wishes to her father's that her cousin should come over to Ireland for a family consultation, and concludes: "I am so well a wisher to the family, that sooner than the ashes of my ancestors should rudely be trampled on by strangers, I would willingly purchase those two islands with much more than any other body would give."

So vanished into air Claverhouse's first matrimonial project. There was still some idea of rescuing the lands from Montrose, but the latter's death early in 1684 stayed the project for the time. "My Lord," wrote the Master of Stair to Lord Menteith, "the Marquis of Montrose is no more the object of your resentment, but rather the subject of your grief. You have had three friends who meddled with you too close, but I think you shall see all their graves. This must alter your measures: to go to Court at present, where my Lord Marquis will be freshly regretted by everybody, can do you no good." In the short tumultuous years of James's reign no one had time to spare to the private grievances of an old man who was too poor to bribe and too weak to threaten; while Claverhouse, mounting fast on the wave of his own brilliant though stormy fortune, soon forgot, in the pretty face of Lady Jean Cochrane and the broad acres of Dudhope, the memory of Helen Graham and the vanished patrimony of Menteith.

M. LEMAITRE'S SERENUS, AND OTHER TALES.

A VOLUME of fiction which, while it possesses something of the power and charm of Gustave Flaubert, takes us through no scenes of cruelty or coarseness, but relies for its interest on the blameless pathos of life, touched in the spirit of a true realism, is worth pointing out to English readers. The volume takes its name from the singular story of *Serenus*, a Christian martyr, to which are added certain briefer Stories Of The Past And Of To-day. With two slight exceptions, two pieces of peculiarly Parisian humour, which make a harsh contrast with the rest of the book, these stories are as pure and solemn as the pictures of Alphonse Legros. The narrative of *Serenus*, the patrician martyr, has about it something which reminds one of those sumptuous Roman basilicas put together out of the marble fragments of older pagan temples or palaces; and in the shorter pieces the busy French journalist seems to have gone for a sort of mental holiday to quiet convent parlours and white-washed village churches—places of subdued colour and personages congruous therewith, pleasant, doubtless, to fatigued Parisian eyes. M. Jules Lemaitre is before all things an artist, showing in these pieces, the longest of which attains no more than sixty pages, that self-possession and sustained sense of design which anticipates the end in the commencement, and never loses sight of it—that gift of literary structure which lends so monumental an air to even the shortest of Flaubert's pieces. Then, he has Flaubert's sense of compassion and his peculiar interest in certain phases or aspects of religious life; and his art (again like Flaubert's) is a learned art. There is the fruit of much and varied reading and thought in this volume, short as it is, though

without a shade of pedantry; and its union of realism, of the force of style which is allied to a genuine realism, with an entire freedom from the dubious interests of almost all French fiction, gives it a charming freshness of effect.

We propose to say a few words on those shorter pieces first, giving some specimens of M. Lemaitre's manner. The hero of *La Mère Sainte-Agathe*, a very intellectual young Parisian, has formed a somewhat artificial marriage engagement with a guileless orphan-girl at the convent school over which Mother Sainte-Agathe presides. Mother Sainte-Agathe was still young—thirty years, perhaps thirty-five. But years, in the case of "the religious," when they are pretty and live really holy lives, rather embalm them than add to their age. When the young man visits the girl, the Mother presides over their interviews, looking at them with an air of kindness and serenity, with an expression she wore always, in which one seemed to detect the presence of a thought, unique, eternal in its character, ever mingled with the thought of the present hour. One day the girl leads her lover into the convent garden.

"It was a large one, and so neat and prim!—neat and prim as a convent-chapel. An avenue of limes, as exact in line as a row of tapers, led to a terrace projecting on the Loire, with a pleasing view over the landscape of Touraine. Between its gentle banks, amid scattered groups of rustling poplars, the river spread out like a lake, with little pale-coloured islands tufted with misty beds of osiers, and against the horizon a long, long bridge of delicate arches, silver-grey—all very sweet, with melting outlines in water-colour tints, under a lightsome sky of soft blue."

But the childish lover is shrewd enough to notice that in these visits the real business of conversation (very

superior conversation, on M. Renan, for instance) is wholly between the Mother and the clever young man. She writes one day at the end of one of her letters: "Mother Sainte-Agathe tells me that I don't put warmth enough into my letters. Ah! my friend, I have enough of it in my heart nevertheless; only perhaps I am still too little to know how to tell it." The young man does not marry the orphan, and, of course, not the reverend Mother. He thought it well to discontinue his visits to the convent.

"Almost without note of the fact," he says, "I was treating Lydia like a child. Whenever I said anything at all serious it was to Mother Saint-Agathe I addressed myself.

"They were exquisite, those conversations with the Mother—all the more exquisite because I was then finishing a volume of criticism and fantasy combined, in which I put the utmost amount of Renanism, Impressionism, and Parisian raillery, in turn or altogether. And it was often after the reading of some perverse book that I took myself to those white interviews. One day at parting, when I kissed Lydia, I saw tears in her eyes. 'You are crying, Lydia: have I hurt you in any way?' She gave me a long, serious look, and the look was no longer that of a mere child. 'Are you quite sure,' she said to me in a low voice, 'that it is still for my sake that you come here?'

"It haunted me through the evening, through the whole night, little Lydia's question. In spite of myself she had revealed to me what was at the bottom of my heart. In effect, I perceived with much distress that for some time past it was for Mother Sainte-Agathe I had come, that that charm of innocence in my betrothed was exhausted. Yes, it was over—well over!

"I did not venture to the convent next day, nor the day after that. Did she look out for me? I never returned there again."

A still more melancholy note is struck in *L'Ainée*, the story of a beautiful girl, the eldest of eight sisters, who sees them all cheerfully married to the suitors who had begun by paying court to herself. It pained her to see her nephews and nieces, although she loved them much, and spent her days in work for them. And what added to her unhappiness was that every one, in these matters, took her for a *confidante* and adviser, regarding her as a person of extraordinary pru-

dence, superior to human passions. To her the prize never comes. Her languors, her dejected resumptions of life, are told with great feeling and tact, till death comes just in time to save her from the dishonour to which the *ennui* of her days had at last tempted her.

Les Deux Saints presents a curious picture from religious life in a French country village, the not ill-natured irony of which by no means destroys an agreeable sense of calm remoteness from the world in reading it.

"The little village of Champignot-les-Raisins had an aged Curé, an old church, and in the church an ancient image. The image was the image of St. Vincent, patron of vine-dressers. It was of wood, and seemed to have been shaped by the strokes of a hatchet. It had a great belly, a big face frankly painted with vermilion, breathing of gaiety and good-nature—the physiognomy of a vine-dresser at the time of vintage. Pretty it was not. But the Curé and his flock were used to it. The image of the good saint enjoyed the greatest consideration in the parish, and deserved it, for it worked miracles."

The old Curé dies. His youthful successor forces a smart new image on his flock. The parish is divided between the votaries of the old and the new; and the tiny provincial controversy seems by a certain touch of irony to give the true measure of many greater, perhaps less ingenuous controversies; and for half an hour one has a perfect calm at Champignot-les-Raisins.

M. Lemaitre writes for the most part as a pure artist. He writes to please the literary sense: to call into pleasurable exercise a delicately-formed intelligence. In one instance, however, it is to be feared he is writing for a practical purpose. En Nourrice describes the fate of a little child put out to nurse in the country. "He is a beautiful infant," cries the mother at his birth: "he shall be named George. I hope he may be very happy!" Alas! all goes the other way. His foster-brother, the strenuous Fred, wears out the frail stranger's dainty frocks—*la belle robe de Georges*. When the parents make their visits it

is Fred who receives the mother's embraces instead of the pining George, sent out of sight for the occasion. In short :

"The little Parisian's destiny had been that terrible, inexplicable destiny of the infants who suffer and cry for a few months and then die, having understood nothing in it all. One night he had refused to sleep. He had refused the feeding-bottle, and even the breast of Rosalie, the treat allowed him when it was too late. His eyes rolled convulsively : the cheeks were of the colour of earth : the infant was dying. Towards morning, instead of crying, little groanings had escaped him, almost like the complaints of a grown person. At last he had grown quite still and moved no more. His mother was glad to have escaped the sight of that.

"It rained in torrents when she and M. Loisel arrived at the village. The young mother, who had been in tears all the way from Paris, could weep no more, rocking herself in her damp gown, her red eyes under her crape. Early in the morning Rosalie had sent Fred to his grandmother's. She, too, was weeping,—sincerely ! if you please.

"Then the mother looked at the little corpse in its cradle of basket-work. George was wearing for the first time his fine frock, dirtied by Fred. He was terribly thin, with cheeks like old wax, the nose dwindled, the eyelids blue, his tiny mouth, pale and partly open, with a little foam at the back, had a touch of violet round the lips.

"'Poor little babe ! how he is changed !' said the mother, sobbing. M. Loisel looked at the dead child attentively, but said nothing. A horrible doubt had come to him.

"'Come,' said Rosalie, 'don't look any more. It is too painful.' Then on a sudden enters Totor, holding Fred in his arms, like a great bundle. Rosalie grew pale. Totor explained that grandmother was sick and would not keep them.

"And Fred, with one of George's caps on his head and one of George's sashes round his waist, in George's white shoes, bursting with health, good-tempered, and moving skittishly in the arms of Totor, began smiling at the lady and gentleman.

"The carpenter came, then the Curé, with a choir-boy spattered with mud, carrying an old tarnished cross which tottered on its pole.

"They are sickening those funerals of Parisian nurslings one sees sometimes crossing an empty village-street, leading, behind a coffin of the size of a violin-case, a lady and gentleman in mourning, who pass by, dabbling their eyes, while the labourers regard them curiously from the barn-doors (it happened in La Beauce) on the way to leave a bit of their own hearts in some corner of a forgotten cemetery. As the first shovel of earth fell, Madame Loisel, who had forgotten in her illness that one first

kiss she had given to George, cried out, 'Ah ! my poor babe, you will never have a kiss from me alive !'

Of the *Tales Of Other Days*, two—*Boun* and *Les Funérailles de Fir-dousi*—are Oriental pieces, apoloques, full of that mellow and tranquil wisdom which becomes the East. We profess to be no great lovers of an Oriental setting. A world from which mediæval and modern experience must, from the nature of the casé, be excluded, makes on our minds an impression too vague for really artistic effect. The intimacies, the minute and concrete expression of the pathos of life, are apt to be wanting in compositions after the manner of *Rasselas*. But it is just that element—the refinement of wisdom, the refinement of justice, an exquisite compassion and mercy in the taking of life—which the reader may look for in the charming story of *Boun*.

Les Deux Fleurs is another *Story Of Other Days*, reminding us somewhat of Flaubert's *St. Julien l'Hospitalier*. Its aim is, again, that of an apologue, impressing the characteristically French moral that, "in the regard of heaven, charity is of equal value with chastity. It is best to have both if one can. Let him who lacks the second, try at all events to attain the first. Amen!" As a picture from the Middle Ages it possesses a reality of impression not often found amid mediæval sceneries—an impression much enhanced by the gently satiric effect of the half-sceptical chaplain (a figure worthy of Chaucer), who accompanies the hero to the Crusades. Already in the Middle Ages, as he goes decorously on his way, he can divert himself in a curious observation of the ideas, the deportment of others.

"Simon Godard, mounted on his old mule, rode usually side by side with the knight-errant his master, whose candour of spirit he loved ; and oftentimes they conversed together to while away the length of the journey. 'Shall we be soon in Palestine ?' Sir Oy de Hauteœur asked him one day, being no great clerk in matters of geography. 'About a month hence we shall be getting near it,

if no accident happens,' answered the chaplain. 'But only one-half of our number will be left when we arrive. In the East large numbers die of want, of fatigue, of malignant fevers. I don't know whether you perceive it, lost in dreaming as you always are, but we leave behind us many of our companions; and as there is no time to dig their graves, the dogs and the crows provide them another sort of sepulture.'

"I don't pity those," said the knight-errant, 'who go before us to Paradise. The body is but a prison: its substance vile; and it matters little what becomes of it.'

"Sire, there are moments when for my part I fail to distinguish clearly the prison from the prisoner. It grieves me that so many of us die. And I don't see precisely what good end is served by their deaths. We are spending a year and more on the work of taking two or three towns, and when the day of conquest comes we shall be but a handful of men.'

"True! But the walls of Jericho did not fall till the seventh day, and this is not yet the seventh crusade.'

"But is it really necessary that Christians should possess the sepulchre of the Lord, which, after all, is an empty sepulchre, and which He suffers to remain for a thousand years in the hands of infidels? And don't you think that the soil of their country belongs to them, as lawfully as the soil of France to Frenchmen?'

"Talk not thus, Master Chaplain: such railleries ill become a Churchman and a holy man like yourself.'

"I am not joking, sire! But the will of Heaven does not appear to me so manifestly as it appears to you. It irks me to think that Heaven has given to its worst enemies a wiser industry than ours, and better engines of war, and the victory over its faithful servants.'

"Are you unaware then that their riches come from the devil and serve only to maintain them in their abominable manners? If Heaven permits them to overcome us from time to time, that is because it tries those whom it loves, because trials purify and lift us to itself.'

"Sire! you would make an excellent theologian and I but an indifferent knight. But if by good fortune I were a *seigneur* in the land of France, I think I should seldom leave it. While the *seigneurs* go afar to get killed, the stay-at-homes fall behind with their dues. The *bourgeois* in the towns add pound to pound, and as the *seigneurs* want money for their distant expeditions, get by purchase all sorts of liberties. I don't complain of that, being of the people myself. But what I say is, that a nobleman who takes the Cross is greatly taken in.'

"I am aware, Master Chaplain, that you are not uttering your true thoughts, and that all this is meant to try me. I am not troubled because other Christians endeavour to improve their low and hard condition. For myself, I am neither a draper nor a grocer that I should

remain always in my hole, taking no thought except for money and bodily gratification. I am in quest of what is of higher price. I am made of different paste from your *bourgeois* and your serfs. I should scarce be able to remain long in any one place, or limit my happiness to the things one can see and touch. I love the *Demoiselle de Blanc-Lys*, and I leave her not knowing whether I shall return. I go to make my trial in an adventure which you declare foolish and useless, and of which certainly I shall have no profit even if I succeed. And wherefore?—I know not. Only I can do no otherwise. And I have a sense that it is pleasing to God and that I am a workman of His.'

"Master Simon Godard could only answer, 'Amen!'"

On the whole, *Pauvre Ame* is the most characteristic of M. Lemaitre's shorter stories. We think the English reader will forgive some copious extracts.

"If one must needs feel pity for all people's sorrows, the life and heart of an honest man would not suffice. One would begin by lamenting the violent and tragic griefs which force themselves into view. And then those other sorrows, the sorrows which are modest, which hide themselves under a veil of sweetness and seeming serenity. There are destinies stifled and silent, where the pain is so secret and so equable in its continuance, and makes so little sound, that no one thinks of commiseration. Yet nothing is more worthy of pity than those unquiet and solitary hearts, which have yearned to give themselves and no one has cared to take, which have lavished their treasures unheeded and without fruit, and which death at last carries away, outwardly intact, but torn within, because they preyed upon themselves."

Mademoiselle de MÉRISOLS, then, one of those quiet souls whose fortunes M. Lemaitre loves to trace, inhabited in an old street of convents a small set of apartments, with melancholy old furniture she had been able to keep from what had belonged to her parents. The happiest hours of her life were at the Sunday mass and vespers. She would have been pretty could she have felt gay. She loves and is disappointed; but she bravely resumes once more her life of hard work as a teacher, putting her from time to time in contact with home scenes which only bring the closer to herself her sense of isolation in the world. Love comes at

last, but in that ironic mood which seems to be one of M. Lemaitre's fixed ideas of the spirit of human life. She was thirty-five. The excellent M. de Maucroix was twenty years older. But she felt afraid of eternal solitude. She had hopes of a child, but it never came. For eight years she was her husband's nurse. She closed his eyes and shed tears for him. She found herself rich. Only once again the poor soul was alone in the world. She busied herself in good works, but felt an immense weariness. What she needed was some one she might love singly and with all her force. Then follows one of those curious episodes only possible in Roman Catholic France, and the writer finds his opportunity for a striking clerical portrait.

"Madame de Maucroix was in the habit of attending the Sunday Offices at the chapel of the Dominicans. It was warmer, sweeter, more intimate, than in the churches. Many women of fashion repaired thither, rustling softly as in a drawing-room.

"One great festival a monk preached—thirty years of age, handsome, slender, with a superb pallor. He talked much of love and human affections. He quoted Plato, Virgil, Lamartine. He preached on doubt, and was still more modern. He quoted contemporaries—Jouffroy, Leopardi, Heine, De Musset. He described the anguish of a mind which does not believe; and some of his touches would have been equally appropriate to the picture of a heart in anguish because it does not love. Father Montarcy was one of those generous hearts with a superficial mind often to be found in the order of St. Dominic. He had all the beautiful illusions of Lacordaire, and united to them some pretensions to science. He was one of those monks who have read Darwin and attend the physiological courses at the Sorbonne. His style of speaking was vague and inflated, but with flights of real beauty. He moved along, involved in his dream, isolated from what is real, body and soul alike draped in white—draped with much skill. He was profoundly chaste, but felt his power over women, taking pleasure in it in spite of himself, lending himself to their adoration.

"He became the director of Madame de Maucroix. She told him the story of her life and confided to him the void in her heart. What was she to do to fill that void? And every time she called him Father bethought herself that he might have been her son.

"With a fine stroke of policy, moved also by the poor woman's desolation, and responding

to his own secret desire, he observed gravely: 'My daughter, it is I who should call you mother, and you should call me son. I am young, and I feel how feeble I should be without that special aid which Heaven accords to its priests. I may believe that you have acquired by a life of virtue an illumination equal to that conferred by the holy oil of the priesthood. Will you be my mother and director?' And he, in his turn, confessed himself to Madame de Maucroix."

She had a son, then! Her life became a charming one. Every morning she assisted at his mass. She busied herself, precisely as a mother might have done, with his wardrobe and his linen. She accompanied him to the various towns to which he went to preach, and listened with delight to all his sermons. She seeks to know the family history of Father Montarcy, and hearing that he was an orphan feels her joy renewed. He was the son of a working-man, like the Saviour, like many who have become powerful in this world. She does but admire him the more. He had but one sister, devout, insignificant enough, a dress-maker in a country town. Madame de Maucroix provided a dowry and got her well married. She feels proud to have a hand in all the affairs of the convent, in going thither with perfect freedom, receiving from the fathers as she passes ceremonious smiles and greetings, as if in recognition of her right. Often she would call to mind the great Christian women of the early Church, Paula, Monica. It was fascinating to play the part of a Mother of the Church. What Madame Swetchine had been for Lacordaire, it was her dream to be for Father Montarcy.

Only she carried the part of director a little too far. A kind of jealousy—jealousy of penitents younger, and with other charms than hers—mingles with her devotion.

"'Pardon my freedom,' she says one day, 'but it is dangerous for a man of your age to listen for hours to the confessions of young women made after the manner of the one who has just left you.'

"It was like a blow in the face. The young monk raised himself in all the pride of his priesthood, pride of a man chaste and sure of

himself, with the rudeness of a monk contemptuous of women. The chapel was empty. He darted out of the confessional, and with a terrible voice, a magnificent tragic movement of his great sleeves, exclaimed: 'Madame de Maueroix! Understand! I forbid you to intrude into my life as a priest and interfere in matters which concern Heaven and myself alone.' And he quitted the chapel with majestic step.

"Madame de Maueroix sank upon the pavement. Next day, broken down with grief and quite prepared to humiliate herself, she returned to the convent. The porter informed her that Father Montarcy was absent. The Prior, whom she asked to see, announced in freezing tones that he was departed for the Tyrol, where he purposed to spend some months in a convent recently founded. She understood that all was over. She possessed in Sologne a little old country-house, and thither she took refuge. There she lived for a year amid the melancholy of the pinewoods, of the violet heaths and motionless meres stained with blood at sunset, passing her days in the practice of a minute and mechanical devotion, sleepily plucking the beads of her rosary, chilled, without thoughts, with tearless eyes. In truth, she was dying day by day of an affection of the liver, aggravated suddenly by her recent emotions. When she saw that her end was near, she begged the sister who nursed her to write to Father Montarcy that she was going to die. Actually she died next day, and the Father's answer came too late. It was wanting in simplicity, though perhaps not in sincerity: 'My mother! my mother! all is forgotten. Ah! often have I wept in the presence of Heaven,' &c., &c. It was signed, 'Your son.'

"The good sister, who received the letter, thought she might open it, and felt somewhat surprised and scandalised."

The peculiar sense of irony which is the closing effect of every one of these shorter pieces is also the prevailing note of *Serenus*—that more lengthy and weighty narrative, which gives name to the whole volume. It embodies the imaginary confession of a supposed Christian martyr, who was not in reality a Christian at all, who had in truth died by his own hand.

At daybreak, on a morning of March, A.D. 90, a group of Christians has come to the Mamertine prison to receive the bodies of certain criminals condemned to death.

"It was cold: small rain was falling: towards the east the sky was tinged with an impure and ghastly yellow. The Eternal City, emerging from the shadows of night, unrolled

around the Capitol its gray billows of houses, like a dirty sea after a storm. Certain ponderous monuments rose above the rest here and there. Their wet roofs shone feebly in the dawn."

"Let us pray for our brothers!" says an aged priest in the company; and at that moment the magistrates entrusted with the execution of capital sentences emerge from the prison. The Christians enter. The head and trunk of the grey-haired consular, Flavius Clemens, are lying there. A patch of blood glistens on the ground beside him. One of the Christians dips in it the corner of a white linen cloth, which he folds carefully and hides within his tunic. In the next cell lay the corpse of a man still young. He seemed to have died a natural death. Even in death his fine but enigmatic features wore an air of irony and pride. "The body of Marcus Annæus Serenus!" cries the gaoler. "He was found dead this morning. The triumvirs thought it not worth while to decapitate a dead body. It is thought he died of poison." The rude face of the aged priest contracted suddenly with a look of surprise, of pain and indignation.

Through the midst of the contemptuous bystanders the bodies are reverently borne away along the Appian Way, well described by M. Lemaitre, to a vast subterranean chamber, the tomb of Flavius Clemens, where the priest Timotheus remains alone for a time with the sacred remains. As he gazes on the face of Serenus with a look "keen and persistent, as if he would have fathomed to its depths the mysterious soul which dwelt no longer in that elegant form," his hand rests for a moment on the bosom of the corpse. He feels something below the silken tunic—a roll of parchment. He recognises the handwriting of Serenus. But the characters are small and fine, impossible to read in that feeble light. Hardly pausing to cover the pale face, he hastens from the sepulchre, and returns with the manuscript to his sordid lodging in Rome. Here he

draws forth and reads with eagerness the confessions of Serenus.

"It is folly perhaps to undertake this confession. Either it will not be read, or it will distress those who read it. Still, it may be, that in recounting my story to myself for the last time, I shall justify myself in my own eyes. Some worthy souls have loved me, but none have really known me. Now, though for a long time past it has been my pride to live in myself, to be impenetrable to every one beside, my secret weighs upon me to-day. A certain regret comes to me (it is almost remorse) that I have played so successfully the singular part which circumstances and my own curiosity have imposed upon me; and I should wish, by way of persuading myself that I could not have acted otherwise, to take up the entire chain of my thoughts and actions from my earliest days to the day on which I am to die."

It is a charming figure, certainly, which Serenus displays, rich with intellectual endowments, and a heart that, amid all the opportunities for corruption which could beset a fortunate patrician in the days of Domitian, never loses its purity to the last—affectionate, reflective, impressible by pity, with "the gift of tears." And here is one of his earliest experiences.

"I was twelve years old when the great fire destroyed one-half of Rome and threw more than a hundred thousand people on the pavements. During two or three years, in spite of the enormous distributions of money and bread ordered by the emperor, the misery in Rome was fearful. The spectacle of so much undeserved suffering wounded my heart incurably. I conceived a lively notion of the injustice of things and the absurdity of men's destinies. I found it unjust that my father should be the possessor of five hundred slaves while so many poor people were dying of hunger. I gave away all the money I could dispose of. But, with the stiff logic of my age, I considered that no thanks were due to me, and avoided people's effusive thanks, the coarseness of which shocked the fine taste of my aristocratic youth. One day my tutor took me to a grand festival which Nero gave to the people in his gardens. To divert the anger of the populace, which accused him of being the author of the conflagration, he had caused some hundreds of Christians to be arrested. The majority of them had been thrown to the beasts in the circus: others, arrayed in sacks steeped in resin, were attached to tall stakes at intervals along the broad pathways. At nightfall fire was applied to them. The crowds pressed with loud vociferations around the living torches. The flame which enveloped the culprits, hol-

lowed by the wind from time to time, allowed the horrible faces to be seen, with great open mouths, though one could not hear the cries. A stench of burnt flesh filled the air. I had a nervous attack and was carried home half dead. The shock had been too great; and although at that age the most painful impressions are quickly effaced, something of it remained with me—a languor of spirit at certain moments, a melancholy, an indolence of pulse, rare in a child."

This was on one side: on the other were the varied intellectual interests offered to a reflective mind in that curious, highly educated, wistful age. In a few effective but spiring traits Serenus depicts his intellectual course, through the noble dreams of a chaste Stoicism, through the exquisite material voluptuousness of Epicureanism when the natural reaction had come, until, having exhausted experience, as he fancies, he proposes to die.

It was an age in which people had carried the art of enjoyment to its height.

"Never before, I think, has the world seen, never again will it see, so small a number of persons absorb and occupy for their own uses so large a number of human lives. Some of my friends had as many as three thousand slaves, and hardly knew the real extent of their riches. And the science of pleasure was on a level with the resources at its disposition. Many successive generations of a privileged class had made a study of the means of refining, varying, multiplying, agreeable sensations. Post-erity, assuredly, will hardly conceive the kind of life which some of us have known and practised. But as the future will not easily imagine the intensity of our physical pleasures, perhaps it will even less understand the depth of our satiety. It will be surprised, in reading our chronicles, at the number of those who in this age have committed suicide. After fifteen years of a revel, refined and coarse by turns, my body exhausted, my senses dulled, my heart void to the bottom of all belief, and even of illusion, what was I to do in the world? It figured to me as a ridiculous spectacle, and interested me no longer. I had retained that native sweetness of temper which came to me from my father, but only because I found it pleasant to be kind; and even that too was come to be indifferent to me. For the rest, public employments had become sordid things of purchase, and I loathed every form of activity. I languished in an immense, an incurable *ennui*, and having no further motive to live, I wished to die. Death had no fears for me. It was the great deliverer. Only, I desired to die without suffering."

The would-be suicide is saved from death by the intervention, at the last moment, of his sister, the youthful Serena, in the retired life of a young orphan girl scarcely known by him hitherto; and her subsequent devotion during the long illness which follows touches him deeply. In reality her devotion is due in part to a motive higher than natural sisterly devotion. On the part of Serenus also, there was something deeper than merely fraternal affection.

"It was love of a peculiar kind, such as I had never before experienced in the faintest degree. Serena was so different from all the women I had ever known. It seemed to me that that love evoked from the depths of my past life and brought to new birth within me what had been lost in my earlier days, those arduous of the youthful sage aspiring towards an absolute purity. Then, in proportion as I recovered my mental vigour, my old curiosity returned; and little by little I introduced into this ardent affection for my sister, the attentive mood of an observer, attracted by the spectacle of an extraordinary soul.

"One day Serena said to me, 'Will you give me a great pleasure? Come with me to-morrow morning where I shall take you.'

"I will go where you will, Serena.'

Serena takes him to see the ceremonies of the Eucharist in a Christian oratory.

"I perceived among the company assembled the consul of that year, Flavius Clemens—a circumstance which explained the fact that this meeting took place in one of the burial places of his family. I recognised the wife of Clemens and his niece, and Paulina, the widow of Seneca, pale for ever from having followed her husband more than half way on the road to death. They were deeply veiled. At last I saw in the front rank Acte, the former mistress of Nero, the former friend of my father, still beautiful in spite of her fifty years, but with a little of the cosmetic art, methinks. The rest of the company appeared to be composed of poor people and slaves."

To Serenus the company, the office for which it was assembled, seemed grave, majestic, touching, and something altogether new. But he perceives also, clearly enough, once for all, that for him these rites will never be more than a spectacle, that there is a gulf between these people and himself.

"My dear Serenus,' said my sister, as we departed, 'You have now seen what the Christians are. You will love them more and more in proportion as you come to know them. You are unhappy, as I well know. You must become a Christian. The Truth is there. There, also, is the secret of consolation.'

"I will think of it, Serena.'

In fact, he takes pains to inform himself on the matter, interested at finding many a familiar thought of ancient pagan wisdom in a new setting. Yes!—

"All the virtues which the pagan philosophers had already known and preached seemed to me among the disciples of Christ to have been transformed by a sentiment absolutely new—a love of a God who was man, a God crucified—a love burning, full of sensibility, of tears, of confidence, of hope. Clearly, neither the personification of the forces of nature, nor the abstract deity of the Stoics, had ever inspired anything like this. And this love of God, the origin of, and first step towards, all other Christian virtues, communicated to them a purity and sweetness, an unction, and, as it were, a perfume, such as I had never breathed before."

Yet with all his heartfelt admiration for believers, Serenus is still unable to believe. Like a creature of the nineteenth century, he finds the world absolutely subject to the reign of physical law. And then there were difficulties of another sort, of which he became sensible now and again.

"The idea which my new brethren entertained of the world about us, and of our life here, jarred upon I know not what sentiment of nature within me. In spite of my own persistent pessimism, I was displeased that men should so despise the only mode of life, after all, of which we are certain. I found them, moreover, far too simple-minded, closed against all artistic impressions, limited, inelegant. Or, perhaps, a certain anxiety awakening in me, I feared for the mischief which might be caused to the empire by a conception of life such as that, if it continued to spread—a detachment such as theirs from all civil duties, all profane occupations. Sometimes I was decidedly unjust to them. The religious after-thought which the Christians mingled with their affections, by way of purifying them, seemed to me to chill those affections, in depriving them of their natural liberty, their grace, their spontaneity. To be loved only as redeemed by Christ, and in regard of my eternal salvation, made my heart cold. And

then it shocked me that these saintly people should feel so sure of so many things, and things so wonderful, while I, for my part, had searched so carefully without finding, had doubted so much in my life, and finally made a pride of my unbelief."

But, inconsistently enough, he is offended at times by the survival of many a human weakness among the believers. The consul Clemens, among those brothers who were all equal before Heaven, was treated with marked consideration, and welcomed it. Slaves were still slaves. The women were rivals for the special attention of the priests. Acte, once the mistress of Nero, somewhat exaggerated her piety, and still retained also many of her former artificial manners.

"In spite of those little weaknesses, what good, what beautiful souls, I came across there! In vain I said to myself, these holy persons are making a bargain; they reckon on Paradise; it is in view of a reward that they practise the most sublime virtues. But to believe at all in that distant far-off recompense, is not this too itself an act of virtue, since it involves belief in the justice of God, and a conception of Him, as being that which He ought to be?"

And noting sometimes the ardent quality of their faith and its appropriateness to human needs, the needs especially of the poor and suffering, Serenus could not but feel that the future would be with them. If the empire failed, the religion of Christ would flourish on its ruins. Then, what sort of a thing would that new humanity be? More virtuous, doubtless, and therefore happier, since happiness comes of the soul; on the other hand, he thinks (mistakenly, as we know, looking backwards on the length and breadth of Christian history) with less art, and less elegance of soul, a feeble understanding of the beautiful.

Presently, a certain change takes place in the life of the Christian community. The influence of Calixtus, a priest of the sweeter and more lenient type, is superseded by that of Timotheus, lately returned to Rome—a man sincerely good, but narrow-minded and

rigorous in his zeal. He would have Serenus receive baptism, or depart entirely from the church. It takes Serenus some time to explain away his scruples regarding what seems at first sight an act of hypocrisy. And then the trial comes. Partly on the ground of their religious belief, mainly for an affront to the Emperor, the chief members of the community are arrested. Serenus has said adieu to his sister. He is in prison, awaiting his end.

"My gaoler is a good-natured fellow. I had about me the means of writing, and he has procured me a lamp. He informs me that the executioner will come about the hour of day-break. I have been writing all the night. My last link to life is broken; and death, be it annihilation, be it the passage to a world unknown, has no terrors for me. I have replaced myself almost exactly in the state of mind in which I was last year, when I determined to die in my bath. But at this last moment a dread has come upon me for a death which soils and disfigures: I fear the stroke of the axe, which may fail in its aim. In my time the science of poisons has reached a high perfection, and the hollow pearl in my ring contains a colourless drop of liquid which will destroy me in a few minutes, almost without pain. I have seen the honours Christians pay to the burial-place wherein rest the remains of the victims of Nero. They will honour me also as one of their saints. Can I, at this late hour, deceive them? But for what purpose? I am willing they should guess the fact of my suicide, that they should read my confession; yet I will do nothing to that end; for if Serena knew how I died, in what condition of unbelief, her grief would be too great for her. For the rest, I have good hope that Timotheus, who has no love for me, will allow only a limited form of reverence to be paid to my bones; and if some simple hearts revere me more than I deserve, again what does it matter? It is their faith will be reckoned to them, not the merits of the saint they will invoke. And then, after all, it is not a bad man whose memory they will honour. I have sincerely sought for truth. I forced myself in youth to attain to sanctity as I conceived it. And if I have been indolent, weak, voluptuous—if I have done little for other people—at least I have always had great indulgence for them, a great pity."

The austere Timotheus, full of suspicion, pored for hours over the manuscript, which was clear enough at the beginning. But the scholarly Latin of the young patrician was not

always intelligible to him, towards the end the handwriting became confused, and he remained still in doubt regarding the precise character of the death of Serenus. He might have confided the confession to a more expert reader; but, though profoundly curious on the matter, he feared a possible scandal. More than suspicious, he would fain allow Serenus the benefit of such doubt as remained. If he had not died for Christ, at least he had been condemned because of Him; and, perhaps, even at the last moment, some sudden illumination, some gleam of faith had come to him. For a moment he thought of burning the manuscript; but a certain sense of respect for the dead restrained him. He replaced the manuscript in a fold of the tunic: "Let his sin, or his innocence, remain with him. God! who judgest the heart, I recommend my brother to your goodness!"

It is about eight hundred years later that we find Serenus again—Marcus Annæus Serenus, by the designation of his tombstone in the catacombs,—as Saint Marc le Romain, at Beaugency-sur-Loire, whither his precious relics have been brought from Rome by the Abbot Angelran. Among those relics the Abbot had discovered the manuscript, and confided it, still intact, to the most learned member of the Benedictine community over which he presided. With him those old doubts of Timotheus became certainty. With much labour he deciphers the writing, and discovers that the supposed martyr had died a pagan.

But Saint Marc the Roman had already become popular, and worked miracles. The learned monk was unwilling to trouble the minds of the faithful, to gratify, moreover, the monks of a rival house. Still, he lacked the courage to destroy a document so singular, and hid the manuscript in a corner of the monastic library. It

passed we are told, in 1793, into the public library of Beaugency, where it was found and read by our author. The reputation of Saint Marc the Roman maintained itself till far onwards in the Middle Ages. His miracles, like himself of old, were always considerate, always full of "indulgence."

The same sort of irony, then, makes itself felt, as the final impression of the history of Serenus—the same sort of irony as that which shaped the fortunes of M. Lemaitre's other characters—the worthiest of all the sisters, who fails to get married: the mother who embraces the wrong infant: Boun, with her gift of the fairy's ring, whose last, best miracle of assistance is but to restore her again to the simplicity of mind and body in which it had found her. "She has this irony—Dame Nature!"—and in the recognition of it, supplemented by a keen sense of what should be the complementary disposition on man's part, is the nearest approach which our author makes to a philosophy of life. Nature, circumstance, is far from pitiful, abounds in mockeries, in baffling surprises and misadventures, like a cynical person amused with the distresses of children. Over against that cynical humour, it may be our part to promote in life the mood of the kindly person, still regarding people very much as children, but, like Serenus, with "a great pity for them, a great indulgence."

M. Lemaitre has many and varied interests, a marked individuality of his own amid them all, and great literary accomplishments. His success in the present volume might well encourage him to undertake a work of larger scope,—to add to his other excellent gifts, in the prolonged treatment of some one of those many interests, that great literary gift of patience.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1887.

MRS. CRAIK.

"FRIEND after friend departs." It is one of the most painful circumstances of life when on the decline to see dropping upon the way from time to time another and another well-known figure. The young too lose their brethren and comrades now and then, but the effect is different. The slow disappearance one by one of contemporaries and companions, the tendency towards the grave which has set in drawing us with it, the growing solitude in which we move, make us realise better than anything else that our cycle of life is rounding to its close.

A month ago, or little more, the present writer sat on a lovely terrace shaded by great trees overlooking the beautiful, placid Derwentwater lake, which lay smiling as if it had never known a storm—talking with Mrs. Craik of a tragedy, the occurrence of a moment, which had desolated the house behind us. We spoke with tears and hushed voices of the story never to be dissociated from that peaceful scene. One young man arriving gaily on an unexpected visit: the other, the young host, receiving him with cordial welcome and pleasure; the sudden suggestion of an expedition on the water, to which the little inland storm gave all the greater zest. And then in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, all over, and the lake under the mother's windows become the death-scene of her only son. It seems strange

that almost the next thing heard of her was the fatal news, that she, so tenderly sympathetic, so full of maternal instincts that every mother's grief seemed her own, had almost as suddenly entered the presence of her Maker, and left her own home desolate. But not by any violent way, thank heaven: not in pain or horror, but tranquilly, sweetly, as became her life, without any lengthened preliminaries, in the manner she had desired, and as a kindred soul has sung:

"Life! we've been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy
weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
Then steal away, give little warning;
Choose thine own time,
Say not Good-night, but in some brighter
clime
Bid me Good-morning."

So was the gentle spirit of Dinah Craik liberated from mortal cares, as many like her have prayed to be.

This is no time or place to speak of her work, which will no doubt have a variety of criticisms and interpretations; but about herself there is no conflict of testimony, and it is of herself her friends are thinking—her friends who are endless in number throughout all the three kingdoms, and reckoned in crowds less known and further off, to whom she has been familiar as a household word. To recall a little the actual look and

aspect of a woman so widely known, yet so little of a public personage, so indisposed to put her own personality forward, is all that a friend can do.

We were contemporaries in every sense of the word: the beginning of her work preceding mine a little, as her age did—so little as scarcely to tell at all. We were both young when we made acquaintance: she a slim tall maiden always surrounded by a band of other ambitious and admiring girls, of whom and of whose talents and accomplishments she had always tales to tell with an enthusiasm not excited by any success of her own. And yet even at this early period her literary gifts had received much acknowledgment. The early part of her life (she was but twenty-three at the time of her first important publication, but her independent career had begun long before) had been full of trial and of that girlish and generous daring which makes a young, high-spirited woman the most dauntless creature in creation. I do not know the facts of the story, but only its tenor vaguely, which was that—her mother being as she thought untenderly treated by a father—a man of brilliant attainments—whose profession of extreme Evangelical religiousness was not carried out by his practice—the young Dinah, in a blaze of love and indignation, carried that ailing and delicate mother away, and took in her rashness the charge of the whole family, two younger brothers, upon her own slender shoulders, working to sustain them in every way that presented itself, from stories for the fashion books to graver publications. She had gone through some years of this feverish work before her novel, *The Ogilvies*, introduced her to a wider medium and to higher possibilities. Her mother, broken in spirit and in health, had died, as well, I think, as the elder of the two brothers, before I knew her; but the story was told among her friends, and thrilled the hearer with sympathy and admiration. That first struggle was over, along with the dearest cause of it, before Dinah

Mulock was at all known to the world, or to most of those who have held her dear in her later life. If there are any memorials of it left, it would no doubt form a most attractive chapter among the many records of early struggles. The young heroic creature writing her pretty juvenile nonsense of love and lovers, in swift, unformed style, as fast as the pen could fly, to get bread for the boys and a little soup and wine for the invalid over whose deathbed she watched with impassioned love and care—what a tragic, tender picture, to be associated by ever so distant a link with inane magazines of the fashions and short-lived periodicals unknown to fame! No doubt she must have thought sometimes how far her own unthought-of troubles exceeded those of her Edwins and Angelinas. But she was always loyal to love, and perhaps this reflection did not cross her mind. There was no longer any mother when I first knew her, but only the bevy of attendant maidens aforesaid, and a brother, gifted but not fortunate, in the background who appeared and disappeared, always much talked of, tenderly welcomed, giving her anxieties much grudging and objected to by her friends, but never by herself; and she was then a writer with a recognised position, and well able to maintain it.

Little parties, pleasant meetings, kind visits at intervals, form a succession of pretty scenes in my recollection of her at this period. Involved in household cares, and the coming and alas! going of little children, I had no leisure for the constant intercourse which youthful friendship demands; but she was always the centre of an attached group, to which her kind eyes, full of the glamour of affection, attributed the highest gifts and graces. They were all a little literary—artists, musicians, full of intellectual interests and aspirations, and taking a share in all the pleasant follies, as well as wisdoms of their day. Spiritualism had made its first invasion of England about that time, and some families of

the circle in which Miss Mulock lived were deeply involved in it. One heard of little drawings which a friend had received of the home in heaven from one of her infants lately departed there, and how the poor little scribbling consoled the sorrowful mother; along with many other wondrous tales, such as have been repeated periodically since, but then were altogether novel; and these early undeveloped *séances* formed sometimes part of the evening entertainments in the region where then we all lived, in the north of London towards Camden Town—regions grown entirely unknown now as if they were in Timbuctoo. Miss Mulock had a little house in a little street, full of pretty things, as pretty things were understood before the days of Heilbronner and Liberty, with all her little court about her. She sang very sweetly, with great taste and feeling, a gift which she retained long; and wrote little poesies which used to appear in Chambers's Journal, one in each weekly part; and knew a great many "nice people," and fully enjoyed her modest youthful fame, which was the climax of so much labour and pain, and her peaceful days. I don't know who her publisher had been for her first books, but she was (as is not unusual) dissatisfied with the results; and when John Halifax was about to be finished, she came to my house, and met, at a small dinner-party convened for that purpose, my friend Henry Blackett, another of the contemporary band who has long ago passed away, along with his still more dear and charming wife. They made friends at once, and her great book was brought into the world under his care—the beginning of a business connection which, notwithstanding her subsequent alliance with a member of another firm, was maintained to a late period, a curious instance of her fidelity to every bond.

This great book, which finally established her reputation, and gave her her definite place in literature, had then been for some time in hand. I am permitted to quote the following pretty

account of various circumstances connected with its beginning from the notes of Mr. Clarence Dobell.

"In the summer of 1852 she one day drove over with me to see the quaint old town of Tewkesbury. Directly she saw the grand old abbey and the mediæval houses of the High Street she decided that this should form the background of her story, and like a true artist fell to work making mental sketches on the spot. A sudden shower drove us into one of the old covered alleys opposite the house, I believe, of the then town clerk of Tewkesbury, and as we stood there a bright-looking but ragged boy also took refuge at the mouth of the alley, and from the town clerk's window a little girl gazed with looks of sympathy at the ragged boy opposite. Presently the door opened, and the girl appeared on the steps, and beckoned to the boy to take a piece of bread, exactly as the scene is described in the opening chapters of John Halifax. We had lunch at the Bell Inn, and explored the bowling-green, which also is minutely and accurately described, and the landlord's statement that the house had once been used by a tanner, and the smell of tan which filled the streets from a tanyard not far off, decided the trade which her hero was to follow.

"She made one or two subsequent visits to further identify her background, and the name of her hero was decided by the discovery of an old gravestone in the Abbey churchyard, on which was inscribed 'John Halifax.' She had already decided that the hero's Christian name must be John, but the surname had been hitherto doubtful."

Thirty-four years after, in the course of the present autumn, Mrs. Craik made another expedition in the same faithful company to a spot so associated with her fame, and once more lunched at the Bell, where the delighted landlady, on being informed who her visitor was, told with pride that in the summer "hundreds of visitors, especially Americans, came to Tewkesbury, not so much to see the town and abbey, as to identify the scenery of John Halifax." Better still however than this are the words in which she expresses to her companion and correspondent the pleasure this visit gave her. "Our visit was truly happy," she says, "especially the bright day of Tewkesbury, where my heart was very full, little as I showed it. It wasn't *the book*: that I cared little about. It was the feeling of thirty-

four years of faithful friendship through thick and thin."

Mrs. Craik's marriage took place in 1865, and rendered her completely happy. It was the fashion of our generation—a fashion perhaps not without drawbacks, though we have been unanimous in it—that whatever our work for the public might be, our own homes and personal lives were to be strictly and jealously private, and our pride to consist, not in our literary reputation, which was a thing apart, but in the household duties and domestic occupations which are the rule of life for most women. Perhaps there was a little innocent affectation in this studious avoidance of all publicity. It is not the weakness of this day; but we who are now the seniors still prefer it to the banal confidences now so often made to public curiosity in newspapers and elsewhere. No such invasion of her privacy was ever permitted by Mrs. Craik. Her life became larger and fuller after her marriage, as was meet and natural. The days of the little houses at Camden Town or Hampstead were over; but not the friends, who moved with her wherever she moved, always surrounding her with faithful admiration and regard. Not even the closer ties of a home in which she filled the place of wife and mother disturbed these earlier bonds. She became known in her own locality as a new centre of pleasant society and life, always hospitable, kind, full of schemes to give pleasure to the young people who were her perennial interest, and always fondly attached to the old who had been the companions of her life. Her interest in youth no doubt blossomed all the more in the much-cared for development of her Dorothy, the adopted daughter on whom she lavished the abundance of her heart; but the instinct was always strong in her, making her the natural confidant, adviser, patron saint of girls, from the time when she was little older than her devotees. Her more recent writings have been

the records of simple journeyings taken as the guide and leader of such enthusiastic and cheerful groups. She was surrounded by her bevy of maidens in Cornwall, in the house-boat on the Thames in which so many pleasant days were passed, and still more lately in Ireland, where the gentle company travelled, like a mother with her daughters. On the occasion to which I have referred, my last meeting with her in the Lake country, she and her husband had the unfailing attendance of two of these voluntary maids of honour.

During these latter years she has not written very much, not at least with the constant strain of some of her contemporaries whose lot has fallen in less pleasant places, but yet has never relinquished the labour she loved. In earlier days she received from the Queen that only mark of public approval which is possible to the professors of literature—a small pension, about which there is a little explanation to make. It has been remarked by at least one ungracious commentator that the pension granted to Miss Mulock was unsuitable, being quite unnecessary, to Mrs. Craik. For my own part I should think it needless to reply to this, for the reason above said, that it is according to our traditions the only recognition ever given to a writer. But I am asked to say that though Mrs. Craik, when her husband suggested the relinquishment of this small pension, preferred to retain it for this and other reasons—it was, from the period of her marriage, religiously set aside for those in her own walk of literature who needed it more than herself. Her Majesty has no star or order with which to decorate the writers she approves. It is the only symbol by which it may be divined that literature is of any value in the eyes of the State.

There remains little more to say, unless indeed I were at liberty to enter much more fully into a beautiful and harmonious life. For some time

past Mrs. Craik had been subject to attacks, not sufficient to alarm her family, who had been accustomed to the habitual delicacy of health, which was yet combined with much elasticity of constitution and power of shaking off complaints even when they seemed more serious. Her medical advisers had enjoined a great deal of rest, with which the pleasant cares of an approaching marriage in the family, and all the necessary arrangements to make the outset of her adopted daughter in life as bright and delightful as possible, considerably interfered. In one attack of breathlessness and faintness some short time before, she had murmured forth an entreaty that the marriage should not be delayed by anything that could happen to her. But even this did not frighten the fond and cheerful circle, which was used to nothing but happiness. On the morning of the twelfth of October, her husband, before going off to his business, took a loving leave of her, almost more loving than his wont, though without any presentiment,—provoking a laughing remark from their daughter, to which Mrs. Craik answered that though so long married, they were still lovers. These were the last words he heard from her lips, and no man could have a more sweet assurance of the happiness his tender care had procured. When he came home cheerfully in the afternoon to his always

cheerful home, the sight of the doctor's carriage at the door, and the coachman's incautious explanation that "the lady was dying," were the only preparations he had for the great and solemn event which had already taken place. He found her in her own room, lying on her sofa, with an awe-stricken group standing round—dead. She had entertained various visitors in the afternoon. Some time after they were gone, she had rung her bell, saying she felt ill: the servants alarmed called for assistance, and she was laid upon the sofa. A few minutes' struggle for breath, a murmur, "Oh, if I could live four weeks longer: but no matter—no matter!" and all was over. Thus she died as she had lived—her last thought for others, for the bride whose festival day must be overshadowed by so heavy a cloud, yet of content and acquiescence in whatever the supreme Arbiter of events thought right. An ideal ending such as God grant us all, when our day comes.

Her fame may well be left to the decision of posterity, which takes so little thought of contemporary judgments. It is for us the sweet and spotless fame of a good and pure woman full of all tenderness and kindness, very loving and much beloved. The angels of God could not have more.

M. O. W. O.

THE LIFE OF EMERSON.¹

MR. ELLIOT CABOT has made a very interesting contribution to a class of books of which our literature, more than any other, offers admirable examples: he has given us a biography intelligently and carefully composed. These two volumes are a model of responsible editing—I use that term because they consist largely of letters and extracts from letters: nothing could resemble less the manner in which the mere bookmaker strings together his frequently questionable pearls and shovels the heap into the presence of the public. Mr. Cabot has selected, compared, discriminated, steered an even course between meagreness and redundancy, and managed to be constantly and happily illustrative. And his work moreover strikes us as the better done, from the fact that it stands for one of the two things that make an absorbing memoir a good deal more than for the other. If these two things be the conscience of the writer and the career of his hero, it is not difficult to see on which side the biographer of Emerson has found himself strongest. Ralph Waldo Emerson was a man of genius, but he led, for nearly eighty years, a life in which the sequence of events had little of the rapidity, or the complexity, that a spectator loves. There is something we miss very much as we turn these pages—something that has a kind of accidental, inevitable presence in almost any personal record—something that may be most definitely indicated under the name of colour. We lay down the book with a singular impression of paleness—an impression that comes partly from the tone of the biography, and partly

from the moral complexion of his subject, but mainly from the vacancy of the page itself. That of Emerson's personal history is condensed into the single word Concord, and all the condensation in the world will not make it look rich. It presents a most unbroken surface. Mr. Matthew Arnold, in his Discourses in America, contests Emerson's complete right to the title of a man of letters; yet letters surely were the very texture of his history. Passions, alternations, affairs, adventures, had absolutely no part in it. It stretched itself out in enviable quiet—a quiet in which we hear the jotting of the pencil in the note-book. It is the very life for literature (I mean for one's own, not that of another): fifty years of residence in the home of one's forefathers, pervaded by reading, by walking in the woods, and the daily addition of sentence to sentence.

If the interest of Mr. Cabot's pencilled portrait is incontestable, and yet does not spring from variety, it owes nothing either to a source from which it might have borrowed much, and which it is impossible not to regret a little that he has so completely neglected: I mean a greater reference to the social conditions in which Emerson moved, the company he lived in, the moral air he breathed. If his biographer had allowed himself a little more of the ironic touch, had put himself, once in a way, under the protection of Sainte-Beuve, and had attempted something of a general picture, we should have felt that he only went with the occasion. I may overestimate the latent treasures of the field, but it seems to me there was distinctly an opportunity—an opportunity to make up moreover, in some degree, for the white tint of

¹ A Memoir of Ralph Waldo Emerson; by James Elliot Cabot. Two volumes: London, 1887.

Emerson's career considered simply in itself. We know a man imperfectly until we know his society, and we but half know a society until we know its manners. This is especially true of a man of letters, for manners lie very close to literature. From those of the New England world in which Emerson's character formed itself, Mr. Cabot almost averts his lantern, though we feel sure that there would have been delightful glimpses to be had and that he would have been in a position—that is, that he has all the knowledge that would enable him—to help us to them. It is as if he could not trust himself, knowing the subject only too well. This adds to the effect of extreme discretion that we find in his volumes, but it is the cause of our not finding certain things, certain figures and scenes, evoked. What is evoked is Emerson's pure spirit, by a copious, sifted series of citations and comments. But we must read as much as possible between the lines, and the picture of the transcendental time (to mention simply one corner) has yet to be painted—the lines have yet to be bitten in. Meanwhile we are held and charmed by the image of Emerson's mind, and the extreme appeal which his physiognomy makes to our powers of discrimination. It is so fair, so uniform and impersonal, that its features are simply fine shades, the gradations of tone of a surface whose proper quality was of the smoothest and on which nothing was reflected with violence. It is a pleasure of the critical sense to find, with Mr. Cabot's extremely intelligent help, a notation for such delicacies.

We seem to see the circumstances of our author's origin, immediate and remote, in a kind of high, vertical moral light, the brightness of a society at once very simple and very responsible. The rare singleness that was in his nature (so that he was *all* the warning moral voice, without distraction or counter-solicitation), was also in the stock he sprang from, clerical for generations, on both sides,

and clerical in the Puritan sense. His ancestors had lived long (for nearly two centuries) in the same corner of New England, and during that period had preached and studied and prayed and practised. It is impossible to imagine a spirit better prepared in advance to be exactly what it was—better educated for its office in its far-away unconscious beginnings. There is an inner satisfaction in seeing so straight, although so patient, a connection between the stem and the flower, and such a proof that when life wishes to produce something exquisite in quality she takes her measures many years in advance. A conscience like Emerson's could not have been turned off, as it were, from one generation to another: a succession of attempts, a long process of refining, was required. His perfection, in his own line, comes largely from the non-interruption of the process.

As most of us are made up of ill-assorted pieces, his reader (and Mr. Cabot's) envies him this transmitted unity, in which there was no mutual hustling or crowding of elements. It must have been a kind of luxury to be—that is to feel—so homogeneous, and it helps to account for his serenity, his power of acceptance, and that absence of personal passion which makes his private correspondence read like a series of beautiful circulars or expanded cards *pour prendre congé*. He had the equanimity of a result: Nature had taken care of him, and he had only to speak. He accepted himself as he accepted others, accepted everything; and his absence of eagerness, or in other words, his modesty, was that of a man with whom it is not a question of success, who has nothing invested or at stake. The investment, the stake, was that of the race, of all the past Emersons and Bulkeleyes and Waldos. There is much that makes us smile, to-day, in the commotion produced by his secession from the mild Unitarian pulpit: we wonder at a condition of opinion in

which any utterance of his should appear to be wanting in superior piety—in the essence of good instruction. All that is changed: the great difference has become the infinitely small, and we admire a state of society in which scandal and schism took on no darker hue; but there is even yet a sort of drollery in the spectacle of a body of people among whom the author of *The American Scholar* and of the Address of 1838 at the Harvard Divinity College passed for profane, and who failed to see that he only gave his plea for the spiritual life the advantage of a brilliant expression. They were so provincial as to think that brilliancy came ill-recommended, and they were shocked at his ceasing to care for the prayer and the sermon. They might have perceived that he *was* the prayer and the sermon: not in the least a secularizer, but, in his own subtle, insinuating way, a sanctifier.

Of the three periods into which his life divides itself, the first was (as in the case of most men) that of movement, experiment and selection—that of effort, too, and painful probation. Emerson had his message, but he was a good while looking for his form—the form which, as he himself would have said, he never completely found, and of which it was rather characteristic of him that his later years (with their growing refusal to give him the *word*), wishing to attack him in his most vulnerable point where his tenure was least complete, had in some degree the effect of despoiling him. It all sounds rather bare and stern, Mr. Cabot's account of his youth and early manhood, and we get an impression of a terrible paucity of alternatives. If he would be neither a farmer nor a trader he could "teach school;" that was the main resource, and a part of the general educative process, of the young New Englander who proposed to devote himself to the things of the mind. There was an advantage in the nudity, however, which was that, in Emerson's case at

least, the things of the mind did get themselves admirably well considered. If it be his great distinction and his special sign that he had a more vivid conception of the moral life than any one else, it is probably not fanciful to say that he owed it in part to the limited way in which he saw our capacity for living illustrated. The plain God-fearing, practical society which surrounded him was not fertile in variations: it had great intelligence and energy, but it moved altogether in the straightforward direction. On three occasions later—three journeys to Europe—he was introduced to a more complicated world; but his spirit, his moral taste, as it were, abode always within the undecorated walls of his youth. There he could dwell with that ripe unconsciousness of evil which is one of the most beautiful signs by which we know him. His early writings are full of quaint animadversion upon the vices of the place and time, but there is something charmingly vague, light and general in the arraignment. Almost the worst he can say is that these vices are negative and that his fellow-townsmen are not heroic. We feel that his first impressions were gathered in a community from which misery and extravagance, and either extreme, of any sort, were equally absent. What the life of New England fifty years ago offered to the observer was the common lot, in a kind of achromatic picture, without particular intensifications. It was from this table of the usual, the merely typical, joys and sorrows, that he proceeded to generalise—a fact that accounts in some degree for a certain inadequacy and thinness in his enumerations. But it helps to account also for his direct, intimate vision of the soul itself—not in its emotions, its contortions and perversions, but in its passive, exposed, yet healthy form. He knows the nature of man and the long tradition of its dangers; but we feel that whereas he can put his finger on the remedies, lying for the most part, as

they do, in the deep recesses of virtue, of the spirit, he has only a kind of hearsay, uninformed acquaintance with the disorders. It would require some ingenuity, the reader may say too much, to trace closely this correspondence between his genius and the frugal, dutiful, happy, but decidedly lean Boston of the past, where there was a great deal of will but very little fulcrum—like a ministry without an opposition.

The genius itself it seems to me impossible to contest—I mean the genius for seeing character as a real and supreme thing. Other writers have arrived at a more complete expression: Wordsworth and Goethe, for instance, give one a sense of having found their form, whereas with Emerson we never lose the sense that he is still seeking it. But no one has had so steady and constant, and above all so natural, a vision of what we require, and what we are capable of, in the way of aspiration and independence. With Emerson it is ever the special capacity for moral experience—always that and only that. We have the impression, somehow, that life had never bribed him to look at anything but the soul; and indeed in the world in which he grew up and lived the bribes and lures, the beguilements and prizes, were few. He was in an admirable position for showing, what he constantly endeavoured to show, that the prize was within. Any one who in New England at that time could do that was sure of success, of listeners and sympathy: most of all, of course, when it was a question of doing it with such a divine persuasiveness. Moreover, the way in which Emerson did it added to the charm—by word of mouth, face to face, with a rare, irresistible voice and a beautiful, mild, modest authority. If Mr. Arnold is struck with the limited degree in which he was a man of letters, I suppose it is because he is more struck with his having been, as it were, a man of lectures. But the lecture, surely, was never more purged of its grossness—the quality

in it that suggests a strong light and a big brush—than as it issued from Emerson's lips; so far from being a vulgarisation, it was simply the esoteric made audible, and instead of treating the few as the many, after the usual fashion of gentlemen on platforms, he treated the many as the few. There was probably no other society at that time in which he would have got so many persons to understand that; for we think the better of his audience as we read him, and wonder where else people would have had so much moral attention to give. It is to be remembered, however, that during the winter of 1847-48, on the occasion of his second visit to England, he found many listeners in London and in provincial cities. Mr. Cabot's volumes are full of evidence of the satisfactions he offered, the delights and revelations he may be said to have promised, to a race which had to seek their entertainment, their rewards and consolations, almost exclusively in the moral world. But his own writings are fuller still: we find an instance almost wherever we open them.

"All these great and transcendent properties are ours. . . . Let us find room for this great guest in our small houses. . . . Where the heart is, there the muses, the gods sojourn, and not in any geography of fame. Massachusetts, Connecticut River, and Boston Bay, you think paltry places, and the ear loves names of foreign and classic topography. But here we are, and if we will tarry a little we may come to learn that here is best. . . . The Jerseys were handsome enough ground for Washington to tread, and London streets for the feet of Milton. . . . That country is fairest which is inhabited by the noblest minds."

We feel, or suspect, that Milton is thrown in as a hint that the London streets are no such great place, and it all sounds like a sort of pleading consolation against bleakness.

The beauty of a hundred passages of this kind in Emerson's pages is that they are effective, that they do come home, that they rest upon insight and not upon ingenuity, and that if they are sometimes obscure it is never with

the obscurity of paradox. We seem to see the people turning out into the snow after hearing them, glowing with a finer glow than even the climate could give, and fortified for a struggle with overshoes and the east wind.

"Look to it first and only, that fashion, custom, authority, pleasure, and money, are nothing to you, are not as bandages over your eyes, that you cannot see ; but live with the privilege of the immeasurable mind. Not too anxious to visit periodically all families and each family in your parish connection, when you meet one of these men or women be to them a divine man ; be to them thought and virtue ; let their timid aspirations find in you a friend ; let their trampled instincts be genially tempted out in your atmosphere ; let their doubts know that you have doubted, and their wonder feel that you have wondered."

When we set against an exquisite passage like that, or like the familiar sentences that open the *Essay on History*, ("He that is admitted to the right of reason is made freeman of the whole estate. What Plato has thought, he may think ; what a saint has felt he may feel ; what at any time has befallen any man he can understand"), when we compare the letters, cited by Mr. Cabot, to his wife from Springfield, Illinois (January, 1853), we feel that his spiritual tact needed to be very just, but that if it was so it must have brought a blessing.

"Here I am in the deep mud of the prairies, misled I fear into this bog, not by a will-of-the-wisp, such as shine in bogs, but by a young New Hampshire editor, who over-estimated the strength of both of us, and fancied I should glitter in the prairie and draw the prairie birds and waders. It rains and thaws incessantly, and if we step off the short street we go up to the shoulders, perhaps, in mud. My chamber is a cabin ; my fellow-boarders are legislators. . . . Two or three governors or ex-governors live in the house. . . . I cannot command daylight and solitude for study or for more than a scrawl. . . ."

And another extract :

"A cold, raw country this, and plenty of night-travelling and arriving at four in the morning to take the last and worst bed in the tavern. Advancing day brings mercy and favour to me, but not the sleep. . . . Mercury 15° below zero. . . . I find well-

disposed, kindly people among these sinewy farmers of the North, but in all that is called cultivation they are only ten years old."

He says in another letter (in 1860), "I saw Michigan and its forests and the Wolverines pretty thoroughly ;" and on another page Mr. Cabot shows him as speaking of his engagements to lecture in the West as the obligation to "wade, and freeze, and ride, and run, and suffer all manner of indignities." This was not New England, but as regards the country districts throughout, at that time, it was a question of degree. Certainly never was the fine wine of philosophy carried to remoter or queerer corners : never was a more delicate diet offered to "two or three governors, or ex-governors," living in a cabin. It was Mercury, shivering in a mackintosh, bearing nectar and ambrosia to the gods whom he wished those who lived in cabins to endeavour to feel that they might be.

I have hinted that the will, in the old New England society, was a clue without a labyrinth ; but it had its use, nevertheless, in helping the young talent to find its mould. There were few or none ready-made : tradition was certainly not so oppressive as might have been inferred from the fact that the air swarmed with reformers and improvers. Of the patient, philosophic manner in which Emerson groped and waited, through teaching the young and preaching to the adult, for his particular vocation, Mr. Cabot's first volume gives a full and orderly account. His passage from the Unitarian pulpit to the lecture-desk was a step which at this distance of time can hardly help appearing to us short, though he was long in making it, for even after ceasing to have a parish of his own he freely confounded the two, or willingly, at least, treated the pulpit as a platform. "The young people and the mature hint at odium and the aversion of faces, to be presently encountered in society," he writes in his journal in 1838 ; but in point of fact the gentle drama of

his abdication was not to include the note of suffering. The Boston world might feel disapproval, but it was far too kindly to make this sentiment felt as a weight: every element of martyrdom was there but the important ones of the cause and the persecutors. Mr. Cabot marks the lightness of the penalties of dissent; if they were light, in somewhat later years, for the Transcendentalists and fruit-eaters, they could press but little on a man of Emerson's distinction, to whom, all his life, people went not to carry but to ask the right word. There was no consideration to give up, he could not have been one of the dingy if he had tried; but what he did renounce in 1838 was a material profession. He was "settled," and his indisposition to administer the communion unsettled him. He calls the whole business, in writing to Carlyle, "a tempest in our washbowl"; but it had the effect of forcing him to seek a new source of income. His wants were few and his view of life severe, and this came to him, little by little, as he was able to extend the field in which he read his discourses. In 1835, upon his second marriage, he took up his habitation at Concord, and his life fell into the shape it was, in a general way, to keep for the next half-century. It is here that we cannot help regretting that Mr. Cabot had not found it possible to treat his career a little more pictorially. Those fifty years of Concord—at least the earlier part of them—would have been a subject, bringing into play many odd figures, many human incongruities: they would have abounded in illustrations of the primitive New England character, especially during the time of its queer search for something to expend itself upon. Objects and occupations have multiplied since then, and now there is no lack; but fifty years ago the expanse was wide and free, and we get the impression of a conscience gasping in the void, panting for sensations, with something of the movement of the gills of a

landed fish. It would take a very fine point to sketch Emerson's benignant, patient, inscrutable countenance during the various phases of this sometimes very close contact; but the picture, when complete, would be one of the portraits, half a revelation and half an enigma, that suggest and fascinate. Such a striking personage as old Miss Mary Emerson, our author's aunt, whose high intelligence and temper were much of an influence in his earlier years, has a kind of tormenting representative value: we want to see her from head to foot, with her frame and her background; having (for we happen to have it) an impression that she was a very remarkable specimen of the transatlantic Puritan stock, a spirit that would have dared the devil. We miss a more liberal handling, are tempted to add touches of our own, and end by convincing ourselves that Miss Mary Moody Emerson, grim intellectual virgin and daughter of a hundred ministers, with her local traditions and her combined love of empire and of speculation, would have been an inspiration for a novelist. Hardly less so the charming Mrs. Ripley, Emerson's life-long friend and neighbour, most delicate and accomplished of women, devoted to Greek and to her house, studious, simple and dainty—an admirable example of the old-fashioned New England lady. It was a freak of Miss Emerson's somewhat sardonic humour to give her once a broomstick to carry across Boston Common (under the pretext of a "moving"), a task accepted with docility, but making of the victim the most benignant witch ever equipped with that utensil.

These ladies, however, were very private persons, and not in the least of the reforming tribe: there are others who would have peopled Mr. Cabot's page to whom he gives no more than a mention. We must add that it is open to him to say that their features have become faint and indistinguishable to-day without more research than the question is apt to be worth: they are

embalmed—in a collective way—the apprehensible part of them, in Mr. Frothingham's clever History of Transcendentalism in New England. This must be admitted to be true of even so lively a "factor," as we say nowadays, as the imaginative, talkative, intelligent and finally Italianised and shipwrecked Margaret Fuller: she is now one of the dim, one of Carlyle's "then-celebrated" at most. It seemed indeed as if Mr. Cabot rather grudged her a due place in the record of the company that Emerson kept, until we came across the delightful letter he quotes toward the end of his first volume—a letter interesting both as a specimen of graceful, inimitable edging away and as an illustration of the curiously generalised way, as if with an implicit protest against personalities, in which his intercourse, epistolary and other, with his friends was conducted. There is an extract from a letter to his aunt on the occasion of the death of a deeply-loved brother (his own), which reads like a passage from some fine old chastened essay on the vanity of earthly hopes: strangely unfamiliar, considering the circumstances. Courteous and humane to the furthest possible point, to the point of an almost profligate surrender of his attention, there was no familiarity in him, no personal avidity. Even his letters to his wife are courtesies, they are not familiarities. He had only one style, one manner, and he had it for everything—even for himself, in his notes, in his journals. But he had it in perfection for Miss Fuller: he retreats, smiling and flattering, on tiptoe, as if he were advancing. "She ever seems to crave," he says in his journal, "something which I have not, or have not for her." What he had was doubtless not what she craved, but the letter in question should be read to see how the modicum was administered. It is only between the lines of such a production that we read that a part of her effect upon him was to bore him; for his system was to practise a kind

of universal passive hospitality—he aimed at nothing less. It was only because he was so deferential that he could be so detached: he had polished his aloofness till it reflected the image of his solicitor. And this was not because he was an "uncommunicating egotist," though he amuses himself with saying so to Miss Fuller: egotism is the strongest of passions, and he was altogether passionless. It was because he had no personal, just as he had almost no physical, wants. "Yet I plead not guilty to the malice prepense. 'Tis imbecility, not contumacy, though perhaps somewhat more odious. It seems very just, the irony with which you ask whether you may not be trusted and promise such docility. Alas, we will all promise, but the prophet loiters." He would not say even to himself that she bored him: he had denied himself the luxury of such easy and obvious short cuts. There is a passage in the lecture (1844) called *Man the Reformer*, in which he hovers round and round the idea that the practice of trade, in certain conditions likely to beget an underhand competition, does not draw forth the nobler parts of character, till the reader is tempted to interrupt him with, "Say at once that it is impossible for a gentleman!"

So he remained always, reading his lectures in the winter, writing them in the summer, and at all seasons taking wood-walks and looking for hints in old books.

"Delicious summer stroll through the pastures. . . . On the steep park of Conantum I have the old regret—is all this beauty to perish? Shall none re-make this sun and wind; the sky-blue river; the river-blue sky; the yellow meadow, spotted with sacks and sheets of cranberry-gatherers; the red bushes; the iron-gray house, just the colour of the granite rocks; the wild orchard?"

His observation of Nature was exquisite—always the direct, irresistible impression.

"The hawking of the wild geese flying by night; the thin note of the companionable titmouse in the winter day; the fall of swarms

of flies in autumn, from combats high in the air, pattering down on the leaves like rain; the angry hiss of the wood-birds; the pine throwing out its pollen for the benefit of the next century. . . ." (Literary Ethics.)

I have said there was no familiarity in him, but he was familiar with woodland creatures and sounds. Certainly, too, he was on terms of free association with his books, which were numerous and dear to him; though Mr. Cabot says, doubtless with justice, that his dependence on them was slight and that he was not "intimate" with his authors. They did not feed him but they stimulated; they were not his meat but his wine—he took them in sips. But he needed them and liked them: he had volumes of notes from his reading, and he could not have produced his lectures without them. He liked literature as a thing to refer to, liked the very names of which it is full, and used them, especially in his later writings, for purposes of ornament, to dress the dish, sometimes with an unmeasured profusion. I open *The Conduct of Life* and find a dozen on the page. He mentions more authorities than is the fashion to-day. He can easily say, of course, that he follows a better one—that of his well-loved and irrepressibly allusive Montaigne. In his own bookishness there is a certain contradiction, just as there is a latent incompleteness in his whole literary side. Independence, the return to nature, the finding out and doing for one's self, was ever what he most highly recommended; and yet he is constantly reminding his readers of the conventional signs and consecrations—of what other men have done. This was partly because the independence that he had in his eye was an independence without ill-nature, without rudeness (though he likes that word), and full of gentle amiabilities, curiosities, and tolerances; and partly it is a simple matter of form, a literary expedient, confessing its character—on the part of one who had never really mastered the art of composition—of continuous expression. Charming to

many a reader, charming yet ever slightly droll, will remain Emerson's frequent invocation of the "scholar": there is such a friendly vagueness and convenience in it. It is of the scholar that he expects all the heroic and uncomfortable things, the concentrations and relinquishments, that make up the noble life. We fancy this personage looking up from his book and armchair a little ruefully and saying, "Ah, but why *me* always and only? Why so much of me, and is there no one else to share the responsibility?" "Neither years nor books have yet availed to extirpate a prejudice then rooted in me [when as a boy he first saw the graduates of his college assembled at their anniversary], that a scholar is the favourite of heaven and earth, the excellency of his country, the happiest of men."

In truth, by this term he means simply the cultivated man, the man who has had a liberal education, and there is a voluntary plainness in his use of it—speaking of such people as the rustic, or the vulgar, speak of those who have a tincture of books. This is characteristic of his humility—that humility which was nine-tenths a plain fact (for it is easy for persons who have at bottom a great fund of indifference to be humble), and the remaining tenth a literary habit. Moreover an American reader may be excused for finding in it a pleasant sign of that *prestige*, often so quaintly and indeed so extravagantly acknowledged, which a connection with literature carries with it among the people of the United States. There is no country in which it is more freely admitted to be a distinction—the distinction; or in which so many persons have become eminent for showing it even in a slight degree. Gentlemen and ladies are celebrated there on this ground who would not on the same ground, though they might on another, be celebrated anywhere else. Emerson's own tone is an echo of that, when he speaks of the scholar—not of the banker, the great merchant, the legis-

lator, the artist—as the most distinguished figure in the society about him. It is because he has most to give up that he is appealed to for efforts and sacrifices. “Meantime I know that a very different estimate of the scholar’s profession prevails in this country,” he goes on to say in the address from which I last quoted (the *Literary Ethics*), “and the impurity with which society presses its claim upon young men tends to pervert the views of the youth in respect to the culture of the intellect.” The manner in which that is said represents, surely, a serious mistake: with the estimate of the scholar’s profession which then prevailed in New England Emerson could have had no quarrel: the ground of his lamentation was another side of the matter. It was not a question of estimate, but of accidental practice. In 1838 there were still so many things of prime material necessity to be done, that reading was driven to the wall; but the reader was still thought the cleverest, for he found time as well as intelligence. Emerson’s own situation sufficiently indicates it. In what other country, on sleety winter nights, would provincial and bucolic populations have gone forth in hundreds for the cold comfort of a literary discourse? The distillation anywhere else would certainly have appeared too thin, the appeal too special. But for many years the American people of the middle regions, outside of a few cities, had in the most rigorous seasons no other recreation. A gentleman, grave or gay, in a bare room, with a manuscript, before a desk, offered the reward of toil, the refreshment of pleasure, to the young, the middle-aged and the old of both sexes. The hour was brightest, doubtless, when the gentleman was gay, like Doctor Oliver Wendell Holmes. But Emerson’s gravity never sapped his career, any more than it chilled the regard in which he was held among those who were particularly his own people. It was impossible to be more honoured and cherished, far and near,

than he was during his long residence in Concord, or more looked upon as the principal gentleman in the place. This was conspicuous to the writer of these remarks, on the occasion of the curious, sociable, cheerful public funeral made for him in 1883 by all the countryside, arriving, as for the last honours to the first citizen, in trains in waggons, on foot in multitudes. It was a popular manifestation the most striking I have ever seen provoked by the death of a man of letters.

If a picture of that singular and very illustrative institution, the old American lecture-system, would have constituted a part of the filling-in of the ideal memoir of Emerson, I may further say, returning to the matter for a moment, that such a memoir would also have had a chapter for some of those Concord-haunting figures which are not so much interesting in themselves as interesting because for a season Emerson thought them so. And the pleasure of that would be partly that it would push us to inquire how interesting he did really think them. That is, it would bring up the question of his inner reserves and scepticisms, his secret ennui and ironies, the way he sympathised for courtesy, and then, with his delicacy and generosity, in a world after all given much to the literal, let his courtesy pass for adhesion—a question particularly attractive to those for whom he has, in general, a fascination. Many entertaining problems of that sort present themselves for such readers: there is something indefinable for them in the mixture of which he was made—his fidelity as an interpreter of the so-called transcendental spirit and his freedom from all wish for any personal share in the effect of his ideas. He drops them, sheds them, diffuses them, and we feel as if there would be a grossness in holding him to anything so temporal as a responsibility. He had the advantage, for many years, of having the question of application assumed for him by Thoreau, who took upon him-

self to be, in the concrete, the sort of person that Emerson's "scholar" was in the abstract, and who paid for it by having a shorter life than that fine adumbration. The application, with Thoreau, was violent and limited (it became a matter of prosaic detail, the non-payment of taxes, the non-wearing of a necktie, the preparation of one's food one's self, the practice of a rude sincerity—all things not of the essence), so that, though he wrote some beautiful pages, which read like a translation of Emerson into the sounds of the field and forest, and which no one who has ever loved Nature in New England, or indeed anywhere, can fail to love, he suffers something of the *amoiindrissement* of eccentricity. His master escapes that reduction altogether. I call it an advantage to have had such a pupil as Thoreau; because, for a mind so much made up of reflection as Emerson's, everything comes under that head which prolongs and reanimates the process—produces the return, again and yet again, on one's impressions. Thoreau must have had this moderating, and even chastening, effect. It did not rest, moreover, with him alone: the advantage of which I speak was not confined to Thoreau's case. In 1837 Emerson (in his journal) pronounced Mr. Bronson Alcott the most extraordinary man and the highest genius of his time: the sequence of which was that for more than forty years after that he had the gentleman living but half a mile away. The opportunity for the return, as I have called it, was not wanting.

His detachment is shown in his whole attitude toward the transcendental movement—that remarkable outburst of Romanticism on Puritan ground, as Mr. Cabot very well names it. Nothing can be more ingenious, more sympathetic and charming, than Emerson's account and definition of the matter in his lecture (of 1842) called *The Transcendentalist*; and yet nothing is more apparent from his letters and journals than that he

regarded any such label or banner as a mere tiresome flutter. He liked to taste, but not to drink—least of all to become intoxicated. He liked to explain the Transcendentalists, but did not care at all to be explained by them: a doctrine "whereof you know I am wholly guiltless," he says to his wife in 1842, "and which is spoken of as a known and fixed element, like salt or meal. So that I have to begin with endless disclaimers and explanations: 'I am not the man you take me for.'" He was never the man any one took him for, for the simple reason that no one could possibly take him for the elusive, irreducible, merely gustatory spirit for which he took himself.

"It is a sort of maxim with me never to harp on the omnipotence of limitations. Least of all do we need any suggestion of checks and measures; as if New England were anything else. . . . Of so many fine people it is true that being so much they ought to be a little more, and missing that are naught. It is a sort of King René period; there is no doing, but rare thrilling prophecy from bands of competing minstrels."

That is his private expression about a large part of a ferment in regard to which his public judgment was that,

"That indeed constitutes a new feature in their portrait, that they are the most exacting and extortionate critics. . . . These exacting children advertise us of our wants. There is no compliment, no smooth speech with them; they pay you only this one compliment of insatiable expectation; they aspire, they severely exact, and if they only stand fast in this watch-tower, and stand fast unto the end, and without end, then they are terrible friends, whereof poet and priest cannot but stand in awe; and what if they eat clouds and drink wind, they have not been without service to the race of man."

That was saying the best for them, as he always said it for everything; but it was the sense of their being "bands of competing minstrels" and their camp being only a "measure and check," in a society too sparse for a synthesis, that kept him from wishing to don their uniform. This was after all but a misfitting imitation of his natural wear, and what he would have

liked was to put that off—he did not wish to button it tighter. He said the best for his friends of The Dial, of Fruitlands and Brook Farm, in saying that they were fastidious and critical; but he was conscious in the next breath that what there was around them to be criticised was mainly a negative. Nothing is more perceptible to-day than that their criticism produced no fruit—that it was little else than a very decent and innocent recreation—a kind of Puritan carnival. The New England world was for much the most part very busy, but The Dial and Fruitlands and Brook Farm were the amusement of the leisure-class. Extremes meet, and as in older societies that class is known principally by its connection with castles and carriages, so at Concord it came, with Thoreau and Mr. W. H. Channing, out of the cabin and the wood-lot.

Emerson was not moved to believe in their fastidiousness as a productive principle even when they directed it upon abuses which he abundantly recognised. Mr. Cabot shows that he was by no means one of the professional Abolitionists or philanthropists—never an enrolled “humanitarian.”

“We talk frigidly of Reform until the walls mock us. It is that of which a man should never speak, but if he have cherished it in his bosom he should steal to it in darkness, as an Indian to his bride. . . . Does he not do more to abolish slavery who works all day steadily in his own garden, than he who goes to the abolition meeting and makes a speech? He who does his own work frees a slave.”

I must add that even while I transcribe these words there comes to me the recollection of the great meeting in the Boston Music Hall, on the first day of 1863, to celebrate the signing by Mr. Lincoln of the proclamation freeing the Southern slaves—of the momentousness of the occasion, the vast excited multitude, the crowded platform, and the tall, spare figure of Emerson, in the midst, reading out the stanzas that were published under

the name of the Boston Hymn. They are not the happiest he produced for an occasion—they do not compare with the verses on the “embattled farmers,” read at Concord in 1857, and there is a certain awkwardness in some of them. But I well remember the immense effect with which his beautiful voice pronounced the lines:

“Pay ransom to the owner
And fill the bag to the brim.
Who is the owner? The slave is owner,
And ever was. Pay him!”

And Mr. Cabot chronicles the fact that the *gran' rifiuto*—the great backsliding of Mr. Webster when he cast his vote in Congress for the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850—was the one thing that ever moved him to heated denunciation. He felt Webster's apostasy as strongly as he had admired his genius. “Who has not helped to praise him? Simply he was the one American of our time whom we could produce as a finished work of nature.” There is a passage in his journal (not a rough jotting, but, like most of the entries in it, a finished piece of writing), which is admirably descriptive of the wonderful orator, and is moreover one of the very few portraits, or even personal sketches, yielded by Mr. Cabot's selections. It shows that he could observe the human figure, and “render” it to good purpose.

“His splendid wrath, when his eyes become fire, is good to see, so intellectual it is—the wrath of the fact and the cause he espouses, and not at all personal to himself. . . . These village parties must be dish-water to him, yet he shows himself just good-natured, just nonchalant enough; and he has his own way, without offending any one or losing any ground. . . . His expensiveness seems necessary to him; were he too prudent a Yankee it would be a sad deduction from his magnificence. I only wish he would not truckle [to the slave-holders]. I do not care how much he spends.”

I doubtless appear to have said more than enough, yet I have passed by many of the passages I had marked for transcription from Mr. Cabot's volumes. There is one, in the first,

that makes us stare as we come upon it, to the effect that Emerson "could see nothing in Shelley, Aristophanes, Don Quixote, Miss Austen, Dickens." Mr. Cabot adds that he rarely read a novel, even the famous ones (he has a point of contact here, as well as, strangely enough, on two or three other sides, with that distinguished moralist M. Ernest Renan, who, like Emerson, was originally a dissident priest, and cannot imagine why people should write works of fiction); and thought Dante "a man to put into a museum, but not into your house; another Zerah Colburn; a prodigy of imaginative function, executive rather than contemplative or wise." The confession of an insensibility ranging from Shelley to Dickens and from Dante to Miss Austen, and taking Don Quixote and Aristophanes on the way, is a large allowance to have to make for a man of letters, and may appear to confirm but slightly any claim of intellectual hospitality and general curiosity put forth for him. The truth was that, sparsely constructed as he was, and formed not wastefully, not with material left over, as it were, for a special function, there were certain chords in Emerson that did not vibrate at all. I well remember my impression of this on walking with him, in the autumn of 1872, through the galleries of the Louvre and, later that winter, through those of the Vatican: his perception of the objects contained in these collections was of the most general order. I was struck with the anomaly of a man so refined and intelligent being so little spoken to by works of art. It would be more exact to say that certain chords were wholly absent: the tune was played, the tune of life and literature, altogether on those that remained. They had every wish to be equal to their office, but one feels that the number was short—that some notes could not be given. Mr. Cabot makes use of a singular phrase when he says, in speaking of Hawthorne, for several years our author's neighbour at Concord,

and a little—a very little we gather—his companion, that Emerson was unable to read his novels—he thought them "not worthy of him." This is a judgment odd almost to fascination—we circle round it and turn it over and over: it contains so elusive an ambiguity. How highly he must have esteemed the man of whose genius *The House of The Seven Gables* and *The Scarlet Letter* gave imperfectly the measure, and how strange that he should not have been eager to read almost anything that such a gifted being might have let fall! It was a rare accident that made them live almost side by side so long in the same small New England town, each a fruit of a long Puritan stem, yet with such a difference of taste. Hawthorne's vision was all for the evil and sin of the world: a side of life as to which Emerson's eyes were thickly bandaged. There were points as to which the latter's conception of right could be violated, but he had no great sense of wrong—a strangely limited one, indeed, for a moralist—no sense of the dark, the foul, the base. There were certain complications in life which he never suspected. One asks one's self whether that is why he did not care for Dante and Shelley and Aristophanes and Dickens, their works containing a considerable reflection of human perversity. But that still leaves the indifference to Cervantes and Miss Austen unaccounted for.

It has not, however, been the ambition of these remarks to account for everything, and I have arrived at the end without even pointing to the grounds on which Emerson justifies the honours of biography, discussion and illustration. I have assumed his importance and continuance, and shall probably not be gainsaid by those who read him. Those who do not will hardly rub him out. Such a book as Mr. Cabot's subjects a reputation to a test—leads people to look it over and hold it up to the light, to see whether it is worth keeping in use or even putting away in a cabinet. Such a

revision of Emerson has no relegating consequences: the result of it is once more the impression that he serves and will not wear out, and that indeed we cannot afford to drop him. His instrument makes him precious. He did something better than any one else: he had a particular faculty, which has not been surpassed, for speaking to the soul in a voice of direction and authority. There have been many spiritual voices, appealing, consoling, reassuring, exhorting, or even denouncing and terrifying, but none has had just that firmness and just that purity. It penetrates further, it seems to go back to the roots of our feelings, to where conduct and manhood begin; and moreover, to us to-day, there is something in it that says that it is connected somehow with the virtue of the world, has wrought and achieved, lived in thousands of minds, produced a mass of character and life. And there is this further sign of Emerson's singular power, that he is a striking exception to the general rule that writings live in the last resort by their form; that they owe a large part of their fortune to the art with which they have been composed. It is hardly too much, or too little, to say of Emerson's writings in general that they were not composed at all. Many and many things are beautifully said: he had felicities, inspirations, unforgettable

phrases: he had frequently an exquisite eloquence.

"O my friends, there are resources in us on which we have not yet drawn. There are men who rise refreshed on hearing a threat; men to whom a crisis which intimidates and paralyses the majority—demanding not the faculties of prudence and thrift, but comprehension, immovableness, the readiness of sacrifice, come graceful and beloved as a bride. . . . But these are heights that we can scarce look up to and remember without contrition and shame. Let us thank God that such things exist."

None the less we have the impression that that search for a fashion and manner on which he was always engaged never really came to a conclusion: it draws itself out through his later writings—it drew itself out through his later lectures, like a sort of renunciation of success. It is not on these, however, but on their predecessors, that his reputation will rest. Of course the way he spoke was the way that was on the whole most convenient to him; but he differs from most men of letters of the same degree of credit in failing to strike us as having achieved a style. This achievement is, as I say, usually the bribe or toll-money on the journey to posterity; and if Emerson goes his way, as he clearly appears to be doing, on the strength of his message alone, the case will be rare, the exception striking and the honour great.

HENRY JAMES.

AUTHORS IN COURT.

THERE is always something a little ludicrous about the spectacle of an author in pursuit of his legal remedies. It is hard to say why, but like a sailor on horseback, or a Quaker at the play, it suggests that incongruity which is the soul of things humorous. The courts are of course as much open to authors as to the really deserving members of the community; and, to do the writing fraternity justice, they have seldom shown any indisposition to enter into them—though if they have done so joyfully, it must be attributed to their natural temperament, which (so we read) is easy, rather than to the mirthful character of legal process.

To write a history of the litigations in which great authors have been engaged would indeed be *renovare dolorem*, and is no intention of mine; though the subject is not destitute of human interest—indeed, quite the opposite.

Great books have naturally enough, being longer lived, come into court even more frequently than great authors. *Paradise Lost*, *The Whole Duty of Man*, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, *Thomson's Seasons*, *Rasselas*, all have a legal as well as a literary history. Nay, *Holy Writ* herself has raised some nice points. The King's exclusive prerogative to print the authorised version has been based by some lawyers on the commercial circumstance that King James paid for it out of his own pocket. Hence, argued they, cunningly enough, it became his, and is now his successor's. Others have contended more strikingly that the right of multiplying copies of the Scriptures necessarily belongs to the King as head of the Church. A few have been found to question the right altogether and to call it a job. As her present gracious Majesty has

been pleased to abandon the prerogative, and has left all her subjects free (though at their own charges) to publish the version of her learned predecessor, the Bible does not now come into Court on its own account. But whilst the prerogative was enforced, the King's printers were frequently to be found seeking injunctions to restrain the vending of the Word of God by (to use Carlyle's language) "Mr Thomas Teggs and other extraneous persons." Nor did the judges on proper proof hesitate to grant what was sought. It is perhaps interesting to observe that the King never claimed more than the text. It was always open to anybody to publish even King James' version, if he added notes of his own. But how shamefully was this royal indulgence abused! Knavish booksellers, anxious to turn a dishonest penny out of the very Bible, were known to publish Bibles with so-called notes, which upon examination turned out not to be *bonâ-fide* notes at all, but sometimes mere indications of assent with what was stated in the text, and sometimes simple ejaculations. And as people as a rule preferred to be without notes of this character they used to be thoughtfully printed at the very edge of the sheet, so that the scissors of the binder should cut them off and prevent them annoying the reader. But one can fancy the question, "What is a *bonâ-fide* note?" exercising the legal mind.

Our great lawyers on the bench have always treated literature in the abstract with the utmost respect. They have in many cases felt that they too, but for the grace of God, might have been authors. Like Charles Lamb's solemn Quaker "they had been wits in their youth." Lord Mansfield never

forgot that, according to Mr. Pope, he was a lost Ovid. Before ideas in their divine essence the judges have bowed down. "A literary composition," it has been said by them, "so long as it lies dormant in the author's mind, is absolutely in his own possession." Even Mr. Horatio Sparkins, of whose brilliant table-talk this observation reminds us, could not more willingly have recognised an obvious truth.

But they have gone much further than this. Not only is the repose of the dormant idea left undisturbed, but the manuscript to which it, on ceasing to be dormant, has been communicated is hedged round with divinity. It would be most unfair to the delicacy of the legal mind to attribute this to the fact, no doubt notorious, that whilst it is easy (after, say, three years in a pleader's chambers) to draw an indictment against a man for stealing paper, it is not easy to do so if he has only stolen the ideas and used his own paper. There are some quibbling observations in the second book of Justinian's Institutes, and a few remarks of Lord Coke's, which might lead the thoughtless to suppose that in their protection of an author's manuscripts the courts were thinking more of the paper than of the words put upon it; but that this is not so, clearly appears from our law as it is administered in the Bankruptcy Division of the High Court.

Suppose a popular novelist were to become a bankrupt—a supposition which owing to the immense sums these gentlemen are now known to make is robbed of all painfulness by its impossibility—and his effects were found to consist of the three following items:—first, his wearing apparel; second, a copy of Whitaker's Almanack for the current year; and third, the manuscript of a complete and hitherto unpublished novel, worth in the Row, let us say, one thousand pounds. These are the days of cash payments, so we must not state the author's debts at more than fifteen hundred pounds. It would have been

difficult for him to owe more without incurring the charge of imprudence. Now, how will the law deal with the effects of this bankrupt? Ever averse to exposing any one to criminal proceedings, it will return to him his clothing, provided its cash value does not exceed twenty pounds, which, as authors have left off wearing bloom-coloured garments even as they have left off writing Vicars of Wakefield, it is not likely to do. This humane rule disposes of item number one. As to Whitaker's Almanack, it would probably be found necessary to take the opinion of the court; since, if it be a tool of the author's trade, it will not vest in the official receiver and be divisible amongst the creditors, but, like the first item, will remain the property of the bankrupt—but otherwise, if not such a tool. On a point like this the court would probably wish to hear the evidence of an expert—of some man like Mr. George Augustus Sala, who knows the literary life to the backbone. This point disposed of, or standing over for argument, there remains the manuscript novel, which, as we have said, would, if sold in the Row, produce a sum, not only sufficient to pay the costs of the argument about the Almanack and of all parties properly appearing in the bankruptcy, but also, if judiciously handled, a small dividend to the creditors. But here our law steps in with its chivalrous, almost religious, respect for ideas, and declares that the manuscript shall not be taken from the bankrupt and published without his consent. In ordinary cases everything a bankrupt has, save the clothes for his back and the tools of his trade, is ruthlessly torn from him. Be it in possession, reversion, or remainder, it all goes. His incomes for life, his reversionary hopes, are knocked down to the speculator. In vulgar phrase, he is "cleaned out." But the manuscripts of the bankrupt author, albeit they may be worth thousands, are not recognised as property: they are not yet dedicate to the public. The precious papers,

despite all their writer's misfortunes, remain his—his to croon and to dream over, his to alter and re-transcribe, his to withhold, ay, his to destroy if he should deem them, either in calm judgment or in a despairing hour, unhappy in their expression or unworthy of his name.

There is something positively tender in this view. The Law may be an ass, but it is also a gentleman.

Of course, in my imaginary case, if the bankrupt were to withhold his consent to publication, his creditors, even though it were held that the Almanack was theirs, would get nothing. I can imagine them grumbling, and saying (what will not creditors say?): "We fed this gentleman whilst he was writing this precious manuscript. Our joints sustained him, our bread filled him, our wine made him merry. Without our goods he must have perished. By all legal analogies we ought to have a lien upon that manuscript. We are wholly indifferent to the writer's reputation. It may be blasted for all we care. It was not as an author but as a customer that we supplied his very regular wants. It is now our turn to have wants. We want to be paid."

These amusing, though familiar, cries of distress need not disturb our equanimity or interfere with our admiration for the sublime views as to the sanctity of unpublished ideas entertained by the Court of Bankruptcy.

We have thus found, so far as we have gone, the profoundest respect shown by the Law both for the dormant ideas and the manuscripts of the author. Let us now push boldly on, and inquire what happens when the author withdraws his interdict, takes the world into his confidence, and publishes his book.

Our old Common Law was clear enough. Subject only to laws or customs about licensing and against profane books and the like, the right of publishing and selling any book belonged exclusively to the author and persons claiming through him.

Books were as much the subjects of property-rights as lands in Kent or money in the bank. The term of enjoyment knew no period. Fine fantastic ideas about genius endowing the world and transcending the narrow bounds of property were not countenanced by our Common Law. Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, in the year 1680, belonged to Mr. Ponder: *Paradise Lost*, in the year 1739, was the property of Mr. Jacob Tonson. Mr. Ponder and Mr. Tonson had acquired these works by purchase. Property-rights of this description seem strange to us, even absurd. But that is one of the provoking ways of property-rights. Views vary. Perhaps this time next century it will seem as absurd that Ben Mac Dhui should ever have been private property as it now does that in 1739 Mr. Tonson should have been the owner "of man's first disobedience and the fruit of that forbidden tree." This is not said with any covered meaning, but is thrown out gloomily with the intention of contributing to the general depreciation of property.

If it be asked how came it about that authors and booksellers allowed themselves to be deprived of valuable and well-assured rights—to be in fact disinherited, without so much as an expostulatory ode or a single epigram—it must be answered, strange as it may sound, it happened accidentally and through tampering with the Common Law.

Authors are indeed a luckless race. To be deprived of your property by Act of Parliament is a familiar process, calling for no remarks save of an ob-jurgatory character; but to petition Parliament to take away your property—to get up an agitation against yourself, to promote the passage through both Houses of the Act of spoliation, is unusual; so unusual indeed that I make bold to say that none but authors would do such things. That they did these very things is certain. It is also certain that they did not mean to do them. They did not understand the

effect of their own Act of Parliament. In exchange for a term of either fourteen or twenty-one years, they gave up not only for themselves, but for all before and after them, the whole of time. Oh! miserable men! No enemy did this: no hungry mob clamoured for cheap books: no owner of copyrights so much as weltered in his gore. The rights were unquestioned: no one found fault with them. The authors accomplished their own ruin. Never, surely, since the well-nigh incredible folly of our first parents lost us Eden and put us to the necessity of earning our living, was so fine a property—perpetual copyright—bartered away for so paltry an equivalent.

This is how it happened. Before the Revolution of 1688 printing operations were looked after, first by the Court of Star Chamber, which was not always engaged, as the perusal of constitutional history might lead one to believe, in torturing the unlucky, and afterwards by the Stationers' Company. Both these jurisdictions revelled in what is called summary process, which lawyers sometimes describe as *breve manu*, and suitors as "short shrift." They haled before them the Mr. Thomas Teggs of the period, and fined them heavily and confiscated their stolen editions. Authors and their assignees liked this. But then came Dutch William and the glorious Revolution. The press was left free; and authors and their assignees were reduced to the dull level of unlettered persons; that is to say, if their rights were interfered with, they were compelled to bring an action, of the kind called "trespass on the case," and to employ astute counsel to draw pleadings with a pitfall in each paragraph, and also to incur costs; and in most cases, even when they triumphed over their enemy, it was only to find him a pauper from whom it was impossible to recover a penny. Nor had the Law power to fine the offender or to confiscate the pirated edition; or if it had this last power, it was not accustomed to exercise it, deeming it unfamiliar

and savouring of the Inquisition. Grub Street grew excited. A noise went up "most musical, most melancholy,"

"As of cats that wail in chorus."

It was the Augustan age of literature. Authors were listened to. They petitioned Parliament, and their prayer was heard. In the eighth year of good Queen Anne the first copyright statute was passed which, "for the encouragement of learned men to compose and write useful books," provided that the authors of books already printed who had not transferred their rights, and the booksellers or other persons who had purchased the copy of any books in order to print or reprint the same, should have the sole right of printing them for a term of twenty-one years from the tenth of April, 1710, and no longer; and that authors of books not then printed should have the sole right of printing for fourteen years, and no longer. Then followed, what the authors really wanted the Act for, special penalties for infringement. And there was peace in Grub Street for the space of twenty-one years. But at the expiration of this period the fateful question was stirred—what had happened to the old Common Law right in perpetuity? Did it survive this peddling Act, or had it died, ingloriously smothered by a statute? That fine old book—once on every settle—The Whole Duty of Man, first raised the point. Its date of publication was 1657, so it had had its term of twenty-one years. That term having expired, what then? The proceedings throw no light upon the vexed question of the book's authorship. Sir Joseph Jekyll was content with the evidence before him that, in 1735 at all events, The Whole Duty of Man was, or would have been but for the statute, the property of one Mr. Eyre. He granted an injunction, thus in effect deciding that the old Common Law had survived the statute. Nor did the defendant appeal, but sat down under the affront, and left The Whole Duty of Man alone for the

future. Four years later there came into Lord Hardwicke's court "silver-tongued Murray," afterwards Lord Mansfield, then Solicitor-General, and on behalf of Mr. Jacob Tonson moved for an injunction to restrain the publication of an edition of *Paradise Lost*. Tonson's case was that *Paradise Lost* belonged to him, just as the celebrated ewer by Benvenuto Cellini belonged to the late Mr. Beresford Hope. He proved his title, by divers mesne assignments and other acts in the law, from Mrs. Milton—the poet's third wife, who exhibited such skill in the art of widowhood, surviving her husband as she did for fifty-three years. Lord Hardwicke granted the injunction. It looked well for the Common Law. Thomson's *Seasons* next took up the wondrous tale. This delightful author, now perhaps better remembered by his charming habit of eating peaches off the wall with both hands in his pockets, than by his great work, had sold the book to Andrew Millar, the bookseller whom Johnson respected because, said he, "he has raised the price of literature." If so, it must have been but low before, for he only gave Thomson a hundred guineas for *Summer*, *Autumn*, and *Winter*, and some other pieces. The *Spring* he bought separately, along with the ill-fated tragedy, *Sophonisba*, for one hundred and thirty-seven pounds, ten shillings. A knave called Robert Taylor pirated Millar's Thomson's *Seasons*; and on the morrow of All Souls in Michaelmas, in the seventh year of King George the Third, Andrew Millar brought his plea of trespass on the case against Robert Taylor, and gave pledges of prosecution, to wit John Doe and Richard Roe. The case was recognised to be of great importance, and was argued at becoming length in the King's Bench. Lord Mansfield and Justices Willes and Aston upheld the Common Law. It was, they declared, unaffected by the statute. Mr. Justice Yates dissented, and in the course of a judgment occupying nearly three hours, gave some of his reasons. It was the first time the

court had ever finally differed since Mansfield presided over it. Men felt the matter could not rest there. Nor did it. Millar died, and went to his own place. His executors put up Thomson's *Poems* for sale by public auction, and one Beckett bought them for five hundred and five pounds. When we remember that Millar only gave two hundred and forty-two pounds, ten shillings, for them in 1729, and had therefore enjoyed more than forty years exclusive monopoly, we realise not only that Millar had made a good thing out of his brother Scot, but what great interests were at stake. Thomson's *Seasons*, erst Millar's, now became Beckett's; and when one Donaldson of Edinburgh brought out an edition of the poems, it became the duty of Beckett to take proceedings, which he did by filing a bill in the Court of Chancery.¹

These proceedings found their way, as all decent proceedings do, to the House of Lords—farther than which you cannot go though ever so minded. It was now high time to settle this question, and their lordships accordingly, as is their proud practice in great cases, summoned the judges of the land before their bar and put to them five carefully-worded questions, all going to the points—what was the old Common Law right and has it survived the statute? Eleven judges attended, heard the questions, bowed and retired to consider their answers. On the fifteenth of February, 1774, they re-appeared, and it being announced that they differed, instead of being locked up without meat, drink, or firing until they agreed, they were requested to deliver their opinions with their reasons, which they straightway proceeded to do. The result may be stated with tolerable accuracy thus: by ten to one they were of opinion

¹ Donaldson was a well-known man in Edinburgh. He was Boswell's first publisher, and on one occasion gave that gentleman a dinner consisting mainly of pig. Johnson's view of his larcenous proceedings is stated in the *Life*. Thurlow was his counsel in this litigation.

that the old Common Law recognised perpetual copyright. By six to five they were of opinion that the statute of Queen Anne had destroyed this right. The House of Lords adopted the opinion of the majority, reversed the decree of the Court below, and thus Thomson's Seasons became your Seasons, my Seasons, anybody's Seasons. But by how slender a majority! To make it even more exciting, it was notorious that the most eminent judge on the Bench (Lord Mansfield) agreed with the minority; but owing to the combined circumstances of his having already, in a case practically between the same parties and relating to the same matter, expressed his opinion, and of his being not merely a judge but a peer, he was prevented (by etiquette) from taking any part, either as a judge or as a peer, in the proceedings. Had he not been prevented (by etiquette), who can say what the result might not have been?

Here ends the story of how authors and their assignees were disinherited by mistake, and forced to content themselves with such beggarly terms of enjoyment as a hostile legislature doles out to them.

As the law now stands, they may enjoy their own during the period of the author's life, *plus* seven years, or the period of forty-two years, whichever may chance to prove the longer.

So strangely and so quickly does the Law colour men's notions of what is inherently decent, that even authors have forgotten how fearfully they have been abused and how cruelly robbed. Their thoughts are turned in quite other directions. I do not suppose they will care for these old-world memories. Their great minds are tossing on the ocean which pants dumbly-passionate with dreams of royalties. If they could only shame the English-reading population of the United States to pay for their literature, all would be well. Whether they ever will, depends upon themselves. If English authors will publish their books cheap, Brother Sam may, and probably will, pay them a penny a copy, or some such sum. If they will not, he will go on stealing. It is wrong, but he will do it. "He says," observes an American writer, "that he was born of poor but honest parents. I say, Bah!"

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.

SOCIAL OXFORD.¹

WHY is it so difficult to write a book on life at the Universities? Apparently because the writer will in each case be describing some one portion only of that which is essentially diverse and many-sided. The reader, if he be a University man, instinctively dissents from the author, probably because another aspect of the common life is brought before him, quite different from that which he knew so well. One who, like the present writer, has returned after some years absence to the Oxford which once was so familiar, feels a certain strangeness, not only in the contemporary phases of its existence, but also in the books which are written to describe them. There have lately appeared two works on the life of the University city. One of these is written by a gentleman who knows the cricket-field perhaps better than any other arena of academic fame: the second is a collection of essays published under the editorship of a Mr. Stedman. Both of these are in the highest degree disappointing. Dr. Pycroft seems to err through a certain failure of the critical faculty: he is what the literary cant of the day calls a Realist, which means only that he has not the sense of proportion, that he does not know what to tell and what to conceal. His book is a marvellous compendium of stories, containing little that is new and much which may fervently be hoped never to have been true,—a hope which casts no slur on the writer's good faith, for truth and

poetry have a sad knack of getting confounded in the mists of memory. Mr. Stedman's book is of another type. He has gathered together in a single volume the contributions of men, the majority of whom have only just ceased to be undergraduates, and who therefore naturally attempt to paint Oxford from the standpoint of the undergraduate. The scheme is large and comprehensive, but the execution much less so. There are some chapters which to a resident in Oxford are doubtless interesting, such as that of Mr. Gent on the religious life, or of Mr. Wells on the Final Classical School. But the book is full of small inaccuracies: the table of requirements at the various colleges is not always up to date, nor is it even consistent in different parts of the work: some of the essays are in deplorably bad taste; while that on the social condition of Oxford, written by the editor, is one of the most astounding productions which has ever yet served to travesty the life it professes to delineate.

But it would be waste of space and time to pursue the lucubrations of Mr. Stedman. His aim, despite his high-sounding title, is in reality a very limited one. It is to give a passing picture of some of the phases of the young barbarian life, without any regard for, or knowledge of, that general social life from which proceed some of the most striking characteristics of contemporary Oxford.

An interesting essay might perhaps be written with the title of "Oxford at half-past seven in the evening." The fashionable hour for dinner transports us to the inner side of the life of that married tutor whom Mr. Stedman suffers with such contemptuous condescension. No phrase is more common

¹ 1. *Oxford Memories: a Retrospect after Fifty Years*; by Rev. J. Pycroft. Two volumes: London, 1886.

2. *Oxford: its Life and Schools*. Edited by A. M. Stedman, M.A., assisted by Members of the University. London, 1887.

in our day than that Oxford is in a transitional stage. Used in the majority of instances of the intellectual life of the University, it is no less true of the social life. The Fellows of colleges who meet round their social board in the college halls cannot, even in their moments of relaxation, shake themselves entirely free of the interests of their morning's work. Nor yet can the dinner-parties, which are so plentiful during term time, keep themselves unspotted from some of the colours and hues of the academic life from which they spring. Still, Oxford is making great struggles in this respect, and though the result is sometimes incongruous, the intention is clearly to transport itself into an atmosphere more worldly, more cosmopolitan, more urbane. Thus if the intellectual life be represented as traversing a transitional stage from the older classical and theological studies to the newer interests of science and literature, so too the social life may be represented as passing from the old academic provincialism to the tone and manners of a fashionable metropolitan existence. Naturally then the Oxford dinner-party will represent nearly every phase between the two extremes. If, for instance, one were to visit the Parks at half-past seven, one might easily find a small dinner-party of eight or ten, consisting mainly of tutors and their wives. The subjects of conversation would be, in the case of the males, the success of their pupils in examinations, or the last measures of Convocation: in the case of the females, it would be an interesting discussion of the faults and failings of their servants. But let our imaginary visitor pass from the suburbs more to the interior. He might then find himself partaking of a banquet of many courses, graced with the presence of some more or less distinguished strangers, who are famous, or said to be famous, in their comparatively unknown lines. If the conversation tends here and there to be academic, the author of such guilty provincialism feels that he

has made a social blunder. He should talk rather of the latest production of the London theatre, or of the picture galleries, neither of which he has probably visited, and the last thing that he should reveal to the lady to whom he has given his arm is the fact that he is a Don and a teacher of undergraduates. Or possibly our visitor may find his way to some fashionable dinner table, where he sits between a very worldly lady of the metropolis, and a titled fledgling who has recently come up to the University. His eye will wander round costumes which bear the marks of Parisian manufacture, and he will see but rarely those appalling vestments which represent the æsthetic yearnings of the Parks. There is every grade in this era of social transition. Now our visitor will feel that the Thames between its London bridges has poured its turbid waters into the primitive and archaic simplicity of the Isis: anon he will be reminded of the fact that it is only within recent years that a sudden plague of married tutors has rendered the evening parties so constant and so irritating a tax on strictly limited incomes.

The married Fellow is not only an important factor of Oxford society, but in a sense he actually dominates it and indeed gives the reason for its existence. Before his appearance, there was here and there a professorial household, or the domestic hearth of some College Head. But such elements were kept strictly in academic subordination, and wore an apologetic air, as though they knew they were out of place. There might be, for instance, sitting in state in a sparsely-furnished drawing-room, an old gentleman with two elderly sisters and some chance visitor, whose united conversation was limited to a visit which they had once paid in long distant ages to Yorkshire. Such was the type of old University society. It has now had to yield to roof-trees and olive branches innumerable northward of St. Giles, so that the Parks,

in which their perambulators roam in the morning hours, are converted into one gigantic nursery. And other families have in consequence migrated into Oxford, drawn thither by the schools which the married Fellow has rendered inevitable: families belonging to retired civilians or officers of the Army, loosely connected with the barracks on Bullingdon: families in which the father, having no settled occupation, is forced to busy himself with city-politics or with sighing after an honorary degree: families barely tolerated by the stricter academicians, and, in retaliation, courting the county families who despise the dinner-tables of the tutor.

The agent in all this social change has also had a notable influence on the life of the colleges. The married tutor has broken up much of the conviviality of Common-room; for where some ten or fifteen used to meet together, there now can be seen, gloomily hurrying over their daily dishes, a miserable handful of deserted bachelors. He has rendered the discipline of the colleges a somewhat perfunctory affair, there being so few officers left within the gates. Above all, he has transformed the conception of tutorial and collegiate work. It used to be more or less of a personal intercourse with pupils; the tutor living amongst those whom he had to teach, always at hand to be consulted, if necessary, or to punish, should that prove to be his duty. Doubtless there used to be some shirking of these possibly disagreeable tasks; still, such was the conception universally entertained, and the ideal set before men's eyes. It was inevitable, when tutors went to live in the Parks, that such a notion of their responsibilities should be discarded. Their work is now a business; and they go down to it in the morning, just as city men go down to theirs, returning to their homes as the evening shadows begin to gather (or sooner), after the fashion of their metropolitan prototypes. The mode of conveyance is indeed different, for instead

of hansoms and omnibuses, they use their own legs, or even, in a few cases, the shameless tricycle. But the spirit is the same. As one meets them in the morning, somewhere about nine o'clock, hurrying beneath the mutilated elms which now fail to hide the erubescence of Keble, one might interrogate them on their mission, and be told that they were going down to "their office."

Meanwhile the married tutor is undoubtedly living in a sort of fool's paradise. What is eventually to become of him, no one knows or thinks it worth while to reflect. As he surveys his increasing progeny, does he never count the grey hairs which are showing themselves on his temples, and wonder what will be done with him when he is past his work? Or does he console himself with the chance of getting a professorship, or even the headship of a house, *spectatus satis et donatus jam rade*? But the problem is even more formidable for the colleges; for the success of a college is largely dependent on the possibility of constant replenishment by new blood, and the married tutor must inevitably block the way. Either with Spartan severity the college must bid him resign, or else weakly comply with his appeal to be left alone for this year also. The colleges are indeed trying to establish retiring pensions; but such things do not grow rapidly, and if a sudden edict were now to compel all married Fellows to retire, too many of them would have to face the interesting question of how to support their families on some fifteen or twenty pounds a year.

The advantages which are supposed to compensate for all drawbacks in the married tutors' scheme are generally reckoned under two heads. In the old state of things, clever young men drifted away to London after obtaining their Fellowships, because it was not worth their while to remain under conditions which were monastic, and therefore celibate. By allowing Fellows to marry a direct

encouragement is given to the desire to remain in the University, to do work for the college to which a man may be attached, and to have, in short, the prospect of a career. Unfortunately a career is exactly that which is not given by the scheme, for it is of no use to encourage a man to marry unless the hope is held out to him of a steady increase of income. But the married Fellow will earn no more at fifty years of age than he does at twenty-five; while the chances are that the expenses of his household will be exactly doubled during the interval, and his Fellowship, owing to agricultural depression, be probably represented by a steadily diminishing quantity. The other advantage remains, although it is one of which it is difficult to estimate the precise value. It is, of course, the social value of the tutorial household, the value of feminine culture, both to bachelor Fellows and to undergraduates. Bachelor Fellows, however, do not appear to estimate such adornments of their collegiate existence so highly as they doubtless should: at all events, bachelor Fellows are just those whom one most rarely meets at dinner-parties, unless they good-naturedly consent to fill a vacant chair at the last moment. The advantage to undergraduates is probably greater; but then it requires nothing less than genius on the part of the lady of the house to entertain them well. The young men themselves do not always look happy at an evening party, for indeed it is no light matter to stand in a crowd, to balance a tea-cup, and to make one's self agreeable to a lady in a chair some feet below the level of one's face. Some undergraduates are fond of feminine attentions, over a cup of tea or after dinner; but the majority seem to prefer masculine society, either at their clubs, at the Union, or in their own rooms. The person to be admired and praised on such occasions is the hostess, and there are one or two in Oxford who shine in the apparently simple

but really difficult task of putting their guests at their ease. The task is just as difficult when the hostess has to welcome youthful Fellows of Colleges, for the young Don sometimes has a supreme contempt for the wives of his married colleagues. Hardest of all perhaps to deal with are the young ladies who come from the Somerville and Lady Margaret Halls. Oxford is now getting accustomed to these damsels of the higher education, for they are to be found alike in the lecture-room and the drawing-room. And very charming doubtless they are; still, a bachelor may perhaps be pardoned if he finds them somewhat irrepressible, and, if possible, more socially difficult than the average undergraduate.

And what of the undergraduate himself? Has he changed from the more ancient type? Has he degenerated, or has he improved? If any tradesman in Oxford were asked these questions, there can be no doubt about his reply. He would be eager to tell his interlocutor that the present race of students are not by any means the same sort of "gentlemen" as they used to be ten or fifteen years ago. But the feeling of the tradesman has reference rather to the scarcity of money than to any essential change in feelings or habits. These are the days of ready money and its prices, where used to be the days of long credit and extravagant charges. The shopkeeper has to content himself with quick returns, and knows that his customer will be sure to ask him for a discount for cash. It is a commonplace to assert that every age appears degenerate to its contemporaries: the halo of the golden era crowns only the memories of the past. In all probability the young academician of the present day is quite as good as his predecessor. Yet certainly there has been some change in external characteristics. Time was when from Merton College and University College, and the Canterbury gate of Christchurch, there issued a stream of zealous Nim-

rods, many dressed in orthodox scarlet. At the present day the number of hunting men can be counted on the fingers of both hands. The livery stables could probably tell a sad tale of the change in this respect, and Charlie Symonds and Joe Tollit have both had to deplore the evanescent character of their fortunes. Again, it is, of course, a democratic age, and one can scarcely expect that the same attention should be paid to the externals of dress as heretofore. But it is only within recent times that the costumes of the cricket-ground and the river have been thought sufficient for the High Street. Not very long ago a Proctor would have thought himself justified in arresting and fining an undergraduate so dressed at five o'clock in the afternoon. Now youths in unseemly arrangements of dirty flannels and bare legs will not only elbow their unconcerned way through the most crowded parts of the town, but will recline cheek by jowl with academic dignitaries on the sofas of the Union. Men are more careless in these matters than they used to be, as might be expected from an era which has built the hideous lodgings of King Edward Street and has tolerated a tramway in the most beautiful thoroughfare in Europe. Apart from such purely external characteristics, it would appear that the average undergraduate has grown more practical, more unimaginative, more calculating, more shrewd. It is a constant complaint amongst tutors that candidates for honours in the Schools will only busy themselves with such lectures and essays as are likely to be immediately helpful for their future examination. Perhaps the value set on prizes and on classes, the unfortunate rivalry between colleges in these matters, and the encouragement given to such a commercial spirit by the publication of statistics in the daily press, have had much to do with this result. If so, there is hardly any institution more culpable than

Balliol. It has set the example of estimating success by first classes. It has preached to the undergraduate a lesson of "getting on" as the highest goal for his ambition, and its definition of "getting on" has steadily been the acquisition of material honours. Other colleges have had to follow suit, mainly because the presence or absence of undergraduates within their walls is vital to their existence at a time when landed property has so fallen in value. From an educational point of view, however, it is an ignoble race, and he who wins is in many respects the chief loser. Rare, indeed, is the undergraduate who has sufficient warmth of heart or generosity of temperament to let himself dream. One would think that if there was any place in the world in which it would be right to dream, it would be here, among the inexhaustible memories inspired by the noblest and most romantic of English cities. But it does not pay to dream; and the fierce eagerness of the specialists has rendered impossible the old Platonic culture, where beautiful sights and beautiful sounds could win the soul of the student to that beauty which is but another name for the true and the good.

Perhaps these are only the reflections of one who is unhappy enough to be a reactionary, and who seeks to shelter himself beneath Dr. Newman's plea that "it is Oxford's very place to be old-fashioned." Certainly, to be old-fashioned is the last thing a young academic reformer would aim at in the present day: in him the chief effort is to be abreast of all the quickly-changing phases of modern society, to live up, as it is said, to the times. But it would be foolish to ignore the many good elements which can be found in the composition of the present undergraduate. Never perhaps in the whole course of his history did he do so much hard work: of all the charges brought against him by his pastors and masters, nothing is so unfair as to reproach him with idleness. He is too

practical to be idle; and the same spirit which makes him demand ready-money prices of his bootmaker or his tailor, makes him also very keen to secure the best teaching and the most "paying" method of getting up his work. He does not much believe in his teachers, it is true, and perhaps he is not far wrong. But he expects everything to be done for him by the authorities: he desires lectures on every portion of his work, just as he requires all his wine to be furnished at cost price out of college stores. And he is a very fair judge of both the intellectual and the material article. Even in his clubs he is not going to pay a shilling more for his dinner than he ought to pay; and the result is that his clubs are extremely well-managed, and on the whole economical. So, too, he rates his college according to the same standard as his own institutions. If they serve his interests (as he understands them), well and good; if not, he will go elsewhere. He is thoroughly independent, thoroughly practical, and perhaps it may be added, thoroughly narrow in both his judgments and his manner of life. It is not for nothing that Science has established her hideous palaces in the Parks.

Like the general society of Oxford, society among the undergraduates tends also to become more cosmopolitan, or rather more metropolitan. If the married Fellow has now to unlearn his usual talk about his pupils and the schools, and to learn how to smoke a cigarette at dessert, so too the undergraduate must have his theatre and see the fashionable plays, without the necessity of running up to town. Mr. Stedman and his contributors have many allusions to the theatre, which they rightly assume to have been one of the most notable contributions of the Master of Balliol to the distractions of modern Oxford. In some respects the influence of the theatre has been undoubtedly good. It has given men something better than the doubtful attractions of the billiard-room and the certain vulgarities of the music-hall. But

it is early as yet to estimate all the results, and only those who know most about this department of University life ought to venture upon an opinion. The possible dangers are obvious, not as some College authorities have declared, the waste of time, but rather the growth of a juvenile Bohemianism. The story was prevalent in Oxford a short time ago that a prominent writer on the Bohemian press of London was entertained in one of the colleges, and given the privilege of witnessing a Greek play. So easy is it to combine classical tastes with the instincts of the Strand. And perhaps when undergraduates recite on a public stage and talk of their acquaintance with green-rooms, it is not unreasonable to feel uneasy. Still, such rumours may be only the inventions of those who for whatever cause dislike the stage; and at all events there is a wide difference between the institution of a theatre and the existence of an amateur dramatic club. Oxford has both, and such evils as may exist are apparently more connected with the latter than with the former. The subject is not an easy one to discuss for any one who is imperfectly acquainted with the details of the theatrical movement. It is sufficient for an observer to note how striking is the general tendency to enlarge the borders, as it were, of the University, and to make Oxford a suburb of London.

For this is the most general tendency, which serves to explain alike the intellectual and the social changes which Oxford has undergone and is undergoing. It springs from an honourable and well-intentioned desire to make the University national, to make it popular, "to make it go down," according to the conventional phrase, with every section and interest in England. Thus science is encouraged and dissent is welcomed, and there is an endless multiplication of schools and examiners to keep pace with the endless multiplicity of contemporary

studies. Oxford strains her ears to catch the echoes of the outside world—and for her the outside world is London. There is much in such a centripetal tendency which has borne good fruit. It has relieved Oxford of some of its priggishness and pedagogism: that which used to be called donnishness is now wellnigh a tradition of the past. But for the same reason, the peculiar essence of the old Oxford life has evaporated. There is no special Oxford spirit: it has vanished into thin air. The newer atmosphere has certain bracing qualities: it breathes a larger tolerance and freedom from routine; but it has also filled the lungs with

something of the metropolitan fog. It is well sometimes to reflect that there was a time when Oxford did not boast of being emancipated and worldly. Then others might talk of her provincialism, but for herself, she did not desire to compete with the commercial centres, with London, and Birmingham, and Liverpool. She hugged her own chains, and dreamt her own dream. A foolish dream it may be, if judged by worldly canons, but not an ignoble one; for the visions which passed before her slumbering eyes were those of classical refinement and cloistered peace.

JUANA ALVAREZ.

(A SOUTH AMERICAN SKETCH.)

As one journeys in a south-westerly direction from Buenos Ayres towards the Andes, leaving behind the railways of advancing civilization and the flat, far-stretching pastures, here and there divided by wire fences and dotted with *estancia* houses, whose white walls can scarce be seen through the surrounding clumps of trees, one comes by slow stages and painful travelling to a country equally flat and far more desolate, where the soft grasses, meet for sheep and cattle, give way to the hard and unprofitable pampas that stretches its feathered heads on all sides to the horizon. Not a tree is in sight, and hardly a habitation, save an occasional squatter's hut with its mud-built walls and grass-thatched roof, around which stray, half-hidden in the tall grass, a few horses or cows, or a flock of ragged sheep. Only a few years ago and not even they would have been seen; for not far distant lay the great lake, the *Laguna de los Indios*, and near it were the *toldos* of Waikeleofu and his tribe. Poor Waikeleofu! he led a pleasant life as *cacique* with some two hundred lances behind him. Fine it was to scour the plain, chasing the fleet deer or fleeter ostrich; or better still to sweep off in some night raid the cattle of a too-confiding settler. What if they did murder and pillage—were they not the true sons of the country, and who had a better right than they? But evil times and an ambitious *commandante* fell upon Waikeleofu. His *toldos* were surrounded and burnt, his men were massacred or taken prisoners, and he, with many others, was brought bound to Buenos Ayres, where he was exhibited to the curious at so much a head. It is not necessary to

relate here how the *commandante* found promotion and a rich wife in consequence, or how Waikeleofu shortly died, partly from rum, partly from a general disinclination to live in his altered surroundings. His faithful followers who survived him buried him with all due rites, and slaughtered a horse over his grave, that he might have something to ride when he arrived at his new destination.

Waikeleofu was gone, and his place knew him no more. Settlers came there and built their *ranchos*, and profited by his absence. The land had probably been sold in large tracts by the government to capitalists who considered it yet too distant to yield any immediate profit. The country still had its drawbacks: it was terribly far from any market, and although good pasture was fairly abundant, pumas were also abundant, and well pleased to carry off a sheep now and then, much preferring a diet of mutton to one of venison. Nevertheless, when one pays no rent it is not good to grumble over much (unless, of course, one is an Irish farmer); and the settlers in general, and Anselmo Alvarez in particular, were well content with the locality.

Like the others, Anselmo Alvarez was a mere squatter, settling on land which belonged to some city merchant who was probably ignorant even of the whereabouts of his property; but unlike the others, he had been possessed of a considerable amount of stock before bad years and heavy losses had driven him with the scanty remnant of his flocks to take refuge in what was practically no man's land. An old man he was, of a short but wiry build, with keen, greedy eyes, that seemed out of

place in his otherwise heavy and stupid-looking features. His neighbours disliked and rather feared him : his wife, Maria Mercedes, feared and worshipped him ; and his niece, Juana Alvarez, knew not whether she hated or feared him most. He had a passion for trying to outwit his neighbours which had done much towards ruining him in his old neighbourhood : he had a passion for horse-racing, cards and rum, which had helped not a little to the same end ; and he bore a passionate resentment against a certain Juan Romano, a former neighbour, who had had the bad taste to prosper where Anselmo had almost starved, and who had actually bought the land upon which he had originally settled.

News came that Juan Romano had been made *alcalde* of the old district. "Don Juan !" sneered Anselmo. "Look you, how rotten eggs come to the top of the water. *Qué tipo !*" and he spat on the floor. "I knew his father before him, a man without shame, a robber, and this is the son of his father. What more would you have?" And then he would glare at his niece, who had her reason for liking the Romano family, and who would put on an air of very ill-feigned indifference as she moved about her household duties.

When a girl is eighteen, and has a pretty face, it is good to have a lover ; but it is better to choose one who is acceptable to her family, and Juana had been singularly unfortunate in the choice of hers. Pedro Romano was everything that could be desired in the point of outward appearance, and a very good fellow to boot ; but then he was a Romano, and, as the old Anselmo would have added, the son of his father. It was not wonderful, then, that his visits to their old home had been hardly tolerated, and had finally ended in an explosion ; after which Pedro was forbidden the house, and poor Juana had sobbed herself to sleep for many a night, having lost a lover and received a good beating in exchange.

Pedro was not to be shaken off so easily. When the Alvarez family that year moved out westwards to the new territory, he also left the home of his father and, following them, took service with an Englishman who had bought and stocked a large tract of land in their neighbourhood. He was very young, Pedro, and had fallen in love with Juana with all the fervour of a first passion. He was proud of his conquest too, for she was the prettiest girl in all the country round. How could he forget her? Could he forget that evening when he first met her in the shearer's dance, a slight girl of sixteen in a fresh white frock with a red flower in her dark hair, so slight and fragile that he could scarce feel her weight as she clung to him, slowly turning in the never-ending *habañeras*? All that night he had danced with her alone, heedless of the grins and innuendoes of the others, mindful only of those downcast eyes, veiled with their long lashes, and the soft cheeks that flushed in answer to his whispered words. When the morning came, and *el viejo*, who had been gambling all night, had ridden off too drunk to remember that he was leaving his niece behind, Pedro saddled her horse and put her on it. And then—while he arranged the heavy folds of the *poncho*, to guard her against the chill morning air, was it she who bent down her head? He knew not how it happened, his arms had found their way round that slender waist, and hers around his neck : their lips had met in a long, lingering kiss, and his eyes had seen in those dark eyes of hers a fire they had never seen before. How could he give her up? Could he forget those stolen interviews—alas ! so short and far between? No, he would get good wages from the Englishman, save his money and become rich ; or perhaps the Englishman would give him a flock to take care of and a house on the land ; and then—and then Pedro swore by all the saints in the calendar, and by some that were not saints at all, that he would have Juana Alvarez to be his wife.

For nearly two years Anselmo Alvarez had been settled in his new home. His business had been prospering fairly, both his cattle and his sheep had increased, and he had still a little money left from the sale of his last wool. In truth, his house was not much to look at: a mud-hut divided into two rooms, each with a door and a square hole in the wall, that with the help of a wooden shutter served as a window. There was no chimney. In one room slept Mercedes with her niece Juana and her little daughter Carmen: the other served as a kitchen and sleeping-place for a boy that helped Anselmo in his work. The furniture was simple: a couple of wooden bedsteads for the women, covered with that coarse white lace that it delights the heart of native women to make: three rickety chairs, an old wooden press in which were stowed away many treasures, their holiday dresses, all wrapped in paper, a book which no one could read, the certificates for the cattle-brand and sheep-marks, a broken rosary and Carmen's discarded doll. A coloured print of the Virgin hung over one bed; and, as a pendant to it, over the other was fixed a coloured plate of a lady in full ball-dress. In the other room, which served as kitchen and dining-room, the walls, blackened with smoke, were hung with bridles and lassoes, and the floor littered with the countless odds and ends of camp-life: a few rough wooden settles and an inverted ox-skull served as seats, while two or three iron pots, a strip of iron, called an *asador*, on which to roast their meat, and a few metal spoons, cups and platters, completed the household belongings. In Arcadia, the houses as a rule are not sumptuously furnished, but at least they are kept fairly clean, and the well-swept mud floors and spotless lace on the beds said much for Doña Mercedes' care for cleanliness.

It was a hot summer day, the last day of the year, and Anselmo was sleeping the *siesta* of a just man, who has a family to work for him. Mer-

cedes was engaged in mending some of the family clothes, while she racked her brains, thinking how she might account to her husband for the balance of the money he had given her to buy stores with. Perhaps he would not ask for it. If he did, surely he would not grudge the children the new stockings she had bought with it. Mercedes doubted and stitched, stitched and doubted, trying to account for the deficit by the high price of sugar. Outside the *ranch* the sun beat down fiercely on the brown arid plain: the tall heads of the pampas-grass drooped in the swimming haze of the still noonday heat without a breath of air to stir them. No sign of life or motion save the incessant hum of grasshoppers and winged creatures innumerable that seem to be busiest when all nature is resting. In a *cavendon*, or slight hollow in the ground, the sheep had gathered together, close crowded, head to head, panting with the heat and patiently waiting the cool of the evening to resume their feeding: not far from them Juana and Carmen alternately slept and watched under the improvised shade of a large piece of sacking which had served as a saddle for the old horse they had tethered beside them.

"Carmen, don't go to sleep; you promised to tell me whom you saw yesterday when you went to the town. Wake up, lazy one! You said you would tell me when we were alone."

Carmen, a sturdy child of twelve, deliberately stretched herself and sat up, tucking her bare feet and brown legs under her. A gleam of mischief lit up her sleepy brown eyes as she shook her shaggy hair back from her face.

"Whom I saw when I went to the *pueblo*? Guess then, Juanita *mía*, if you would know. Stay—think of some one who knows you well and would send you a message—some one whom you like?"

"Doña Elvira, who gave me the looking-glass!"

"No, it was not a woman," said Carmen scornfully. "Think again

think of a man whom you like, *querida mia*, whom you like very, very much."

"I don't like any man very much."

"What! not old Geronimo the one-eyed, who plays the guitar?"

"Oh, yes, I like him," said Juana indifferently. "Well, what had Geronimo to say?"

"It was not Geronimo, although I did see him too. Tell me, Juanita, dost thou not like Pedro Romano?"

The blood rushed to Juana's face: for a minute she had not breath to speak. "Pedro Romano! it is impossible. It is not true. It is impossible that thou hast seen him! Ah! tell me, *niña*, do not tease me."

"It was Pedro Romano then," cried Carmen, delighted to unburden herself of a secret that she had kept with difficulty for twenty-four hours. "Listen, and I will tell thee all. Yesterday when I rode with the mother to the *pueblo*—we rode slowly, for it is very far, quite six leagues, and it was nearly eleven when we got there. It is a wretched place, only two stores in all, and no church or *plaza* like our old town at San José; but you know it, you saw it when you went with father—ah! Juana, dost thou not wish that thou hadst gone this time instead of me? Well, we stopped outside the store that has a guitar and a cow painted on the wall, the *almacen* which the Spaniard keeps, and we went in, and mother bought all the things—oh, Juana, do you know, she has bought us each a new pair of white stockings to wear on *fiestas*!"

"I know, I know!" cried Juana impatiently. "Never mind the stockings. Was it there that you saw Pedro?"

"*Qué impaciencia!* No, I did not see Pedro then. We went away to see old Domingo Lanar, who gave us dinner and new-baked *tortas*, and then we came back to fetch the things, and while they were bargaining about the rice—or was it the matches? I forget—well, at any rate, I went outside to see if I could see any one in the wine-shop opposite. There were four horses

tied there: one a chestnut, with white legs and a heavy head, just like the horse Pedro used to ride, and I thought—can that be Pedro's chestnut? And then I saw the silver stirrups, and I was almost sure it was Pedro's horse. And then Pedro came out himself. I was so surprised, you might have offered me ever so many sweets and I shouldn't have seen them. Well, he did not notice me, and was getting on his horse to ride away. Oh, I thought, he will go without seeing me! What shall I do? And then I called out loud, '*Buenas tardes, Don Pedro!*'"

"Ah! Carmen, my heart, my darling!" and Juana smothered her with kisses.

"I thought thou wouldst like me to speak to him," said Carmen demurely. "Well, he turned round and saw me, and cried out, 'What, Carmen!—the little one—what art thou doing here?' and then we began to talk, and I told him that I was with the mother, and that she must not see him, and where we lived, and that the little puppy he had given me was dead, and that you were well and had grown so beautiful, and that the old black horse was lame, and that I should like to be back in the old home—"

"But what did Pedro say?" interrupted poor Juana. "What was his message!"

"Well, while we were talking the mother came out, and he had to slip away; but he told me what was it now?—I know. I was to tell thee that he lived at the Estancia Aguila, that he was shepherd to the *Inglés*, Don Tomaso Donovan; that he loved thee always—always, and by all the saints that I should tell it to no one else; that he would come some day when *el viejo* was away, and that—listen, there is some one passing."

The sound of a bell and the beat of horses' feet came faintly through the heavy air. At some distance off a man was riding towards the *rancho*, driving before him four horses with their *madrina*, or bell-mare. With his

broad hat slouched over his eyes, he looked neither to right nor left, but passed straight on, lazily brushing through the tall grass.

"Who is it?" said Juana, cautiously peering out from their shelter.

"Ramon Perez," answered Carmen, "he always looks half asleep. I hate him; and he is going to the house. What does he want? He is always passing this way. I wanted to go to the house, too: it is so hot here."

"No, no: not while that man is there. Let us wait a little longer." And Juana pulled Carmen down beside her on the ground. "Tell me, how did Pedro look? What more did he say?" and the conversation about Pedro was once more resumed.

Meanwhile, Ramon Perez rode on to the *ranchito*. He was a thorough *gaucho*, in the worst sense of the word. Too idle, or too proud to work regularly, he wandered about, picking up a little money here and there, sometimes by doing a day's work, more often by cards or racing. His face, deeply scarred by small-pox, showed signs of his Indian blood in its copper colour and restless, bloodshot eyes. At present he was on his way to the house of his mother, who lived at no great distance from Anselmo Alvarez—an old woman, reputed to be rich, also the wise woman of the neighbourhood, skilled to charm away disease both from man and beast, and to wheedle money from her neighbours' pockets. Like the rest of the world, Ramon stood in considerable awe of her, and it was rare that he sought shelter in her house. "If you would only marry and bring a wife here to help me," his mother would grumble. "Now that I am growing old I need some younger limbs to help me. But who would marry such a worthless one?"

Marry a wife! Ramon shuddered at the idea, yet to that he must come. For the last two months things had gone badly with him. When one does not pay one's losses at cards or races it is difficult to get credit. "How am

I to pay?" Ramon indignantly explained. "When I do not win I have no money to pay." The argument was undoubtedly excellent; but the explanation was not considered satisfactory. No one would race with him: no one would play cards with him; and no wine-shop would give him credit. Even the last resource of honest work had failed him. Why not marry? His mother was old, and they said she was rich. Even supposing she did not die, and he grew weary of his life with her, he could leave his wife there and go back to his old companions. If he was to marry, it would be good to marry Juana Alvarez. The old man hated his niece, and would be glad to get rid of her, and Ramon knew there were not many families who would be proud of an alliance with him. Besides, Juana was just the useful girl that his mother would approve of. He had determined to arrange the matter with old Anselmo at once, and he was now waiting outside the door, wondering how he should begin the negotiations.

There was no one moving. "*Ave Maria!*" he called out.

No one came out but a savage-looking mastiff, who, after barking furiously and finding that it made no impression, tried to bite the horse's tail, and received a kick in the jaws for his pains that rolled him several yards off.

"Dog of the devil!" muttered Ramon. "*Ave Maria,*" he cried again.

Presently Doña Mercedes made her appearance in the doorway, shading her eyes from the glare.

"Who is it? What, Don Ramon! *caramba!* is it you? Get off your horse, man, and come in: you are welcome. Ah, evil dog! wilt thou not get away? Hit him with your whip, Don Ramon. Tie up your horse and enter." Ramon swaggered into the house after his hostess, while the mastiff slunk away growling and meditating reprisals.

"Where is your husband, Doña Mercedes?"

"He is here," called out Anselmo, as he came into the room rubbing his

eyes. "How goes it, Ramon? What news have you? I have been sleeping late. Wife, serve us a *maté*: Ramon will take a *maté*, will you not? Well, what news?"

"None: to-morrow is New Year's Day."

"It is hot enough to-day," grumbled Anselmo. "If the new year would bring us rain, it would be welcome: the camp is as dry as a monk's throat."

Mercedes busily raked together the hot ashes on the hearth, that she might boil the kettle and serve the *maté*, or in other words a curiously graven gourd, filled with a kind of tea upon which hot water is poured, and the infusion then sucked out through a tube, called a *bombilla*. Mercedes kept refilling it, and presenting it to one and the other as they smoked their cigarettes, carrying on a desultory conversation.

"Where are the girls?" asked Ramon at last.

"They are out with the sheep," said Mercedes. "I do not know why they have not come in for the *siesta*, it is too hot there in the camp. But girls are wilful and foolish."

"The foal takes after the mare," said Anselmo disagreeably. "Why does the *bombilla* always get choked? Will you never make *maté* properly? No, I will take no more," he added, as his wife submissively tried to clear the *bombilla* by blowing down it. "Go and see what meat there is. Ramon will eat and sleep here to-night, will you not, Ramon? Come with me now and I will show you the cattle. Ah, if only there were some one to buy a few fat bullocks from me; but no buyer ever passes in this cursed neighbourhood!" And the two men went out, leaving Mercedes to her household duties.

"You have not sold your roan, then?" said Anselmo, as he passed a critical eye over his friend's horses.

"The Rosillo? no, I would never sell him. I would not part from him for a league of land. The officers at the little

fort offered me any money for him; but no,—a good horse is not found every day, and so good a horse as this there is not in the whole *partido*. He brings me money, too: for a race of half-a-mile—two miles—four miles—there is no horse can touch him. Why, the other day at the Esquina of Santa Paula—" and Ramon, who could be eloquent on one subject, poured forth a most untruthful but energetic account of his horse's triumphs, and the more incredulous Anselmo looked, the more violent the oaths he used to confirm them.

"Nevertheless, you would have sold him to me the other day," objected Anselmo; "and I believe you would sell him now."

"To you I might," said Ramon, wishing to ingratiate himself with his host. "You understand him. What money you might make with him! But no—I could not sell him."

"As it pleases you," said Anselmo, sulkily. "After all, I don't know what use I could make of him." And the two men went on riding in silence, each considering how he might best re-open the subject without appearing too eager.

Dolt as Ramon was, he sometimes had an original idea of his own; and there now occurred to him a really brilliant one. He was willing enough to sell his horse at a good price, but that price he knew by sad experience was hard to get. Anselmo had long been anxious to buy the horse; but Anselmo was not good for any transaction in ready money. He thought over all his friend's possessions with a view to an exchange, and among them he thought of his niece:—"Let him give me Juana, and he shall have the horse." After all, there was no doubt about that strain in the horse's shoulder: he came home a little lame after that last race: no one had noticed it, but Ramon felt that the horse's best days were over. Of course no one in their senses would value such a horse and a wife at the same price, but then the horse was not quite sound, and

Ramon knew it. He looked at his companion and considered how he should begin.

"*Si, señor,*" he said presently, and then sighed heavily. That is the approved way of beginning a conversation: it is polite, affirmative, and does not compromise one.

"Listen, Anselmo," he began, after another long pause, "I would not sell the horse; but to you—my friend—I might give it. Yes, give it away, but under certain conditions." For then he had another idea more brilliant even than the first—why not have Juana and a dowry as well?

"Conditions!" retorted the other, "a gift with conditions! That is like the cake of Gomez: he gave it to the wedding-feast and ate it all himself."

"No, I am serious," protested Ramon. "Listen, and I will explain to you. You know my mother, she is old and rich. I too will be rich some day," he added complacently, feeling that such a prospect would improve his case. "Well, I want a wife, and my mother wants some one to live with her. Many a time has she said to me, 'Ramon, marry thyself, and bring me a daughter-in-law to help me; but marry a woman who can bring a dowry, or if she can only bring a small dowry—a few milch cows or a small flock of sheep—let her come from a decent house. There is Anselmo Alvarez, he could give a good dowry with his niece.' Ramon stole a look at his companion who stared at him blankly. "That is what my mother says, Anselmo: you know my mother, she is old and very rich. But what I say is this. I would marry Juana gladly with very little—say ten milch cows—and the day that I marry Juana I will make you a present of the horse."

"It is impossible!" said Anselmo shortly; but he had wavered before he said it, and Ramon mentally added five cows to his price.

It was late and already growing dark by the time that the two men returned to the *ranch*o, but the bargain had been completed. Anselmo was not averse

to getting rid of his niece, a loss which only entailed a little more work on his wife's shoulders, and he considered that a connection with the old woman would probably be not unprofitable; but in the matter of the cows he held out gallantly. So that it had been finally agreed that Juana should accompany Ramon the next day to his mother's house, and live with them until the wedding; and that on the day they were married he, Anselmo, should receive the roan horse in exchange for five cows.

The girls were still out, driving in the sheep to shut them in their pens for the night. Juana's clear voice and Carmen's childish treble could be heard shrill above the loud bleating of the flock, that rushed here and there in wild confusion, having no wish to be shut up at an hour when the air was cool and the grass sweet. Ramon set to work to collect his horses and hobble the mare, making preparations for an early start on the morrow. Inside the house Mercedes tearfully protested against the proposition that Anselmo had brought home with him, passing from indignation to entreaty as she found her husband obdurate. It was monstrous: it was absurd: it was so inconvenient. "She is so useful here. How can I do all the work without her? If I am ill, who is to cook and wash? And Carmen so young too! No, no: let us wait till Carmen is older, and then she may go. She will not wish it. Remember, she is an orphan and your brother's child. Yes, yes, I know that you have been as good as a father to her—I do not say that you have not. But he is a good-for-nothing, that Ramon. While his mother lives, it is well; but when she dies you will see that he will spend everything; and then his wife will return here with children probably, and without even her clothes."

"Enough!" shouted Anselmo. "Get that girl ready to go to-morrow. To argue with a woman is to shear a pig. One gets nothing by it but noise. Hold thy tongue, I tell thee," as his wife

raised her voice in fresh entreaty. "The girl goes, would that some one would take thee also!" And Anselmo hastily made his escape as the girls came in, leaving to his wife the task of explaining his wishes.

Supper was late that night at the *ranchito*, and, as Ramon would have said, the company was *algo triste*. Poor Juana sat silent with pale cheeks and red eyes: the flood of tears and vehement anger that had accompanied her first refusal were all over. She knew too well the uselessness of contending with her uncle. For two hours she had struggled against her fate, and now she sat there, sullenly resigned, gulping down an occasional sob, or answering in monosyllables to the clumsy compliments that Ramon tried to pay her. Carmen, who was more demonstrative in her grief, having roared for a whole hour, had finally cried herself to sleep, refusing to eat her supper or in any way be comforted; while among the elders of the party there was a certain air of embarrassment, although in truth it interfered little with their appetite,—but then the stew was really excellent.

Supper over, the two women retired to their room, while the men spread out the many rugs of which their saddles were composed, to serve them as beds on the floor. Ramon lighted a final cigarette and set himself to review his day's work. It was a good idea that, to carry the girl home with him. The old woman would see that he was in earnest. The girl had been crying. Ramon wondered whether she really disliked having to marry him. All girls were like that: they really wanted to be married, and pretended that they did not. Then he remembered the roan horse and sighed. *Qué lastima!* he could hardly bear to lose him—all for a woman, too! There were many women in the world, but there was no horse like that roan. How good that stew was!—did Juana make it? After all, the horse might go lame again; and there were not many girls like Juana. It would be

pleasant to have some one in the house whom he could order about and who would obey him. When he asked the old woman for his dinner she abused him: "Canst thou not wait, idle one? Thou art always more ready to eat than to work." Juana would not say that: she would not dare to. She was pretty—not so pretty as the woman at the wine-shop, but still she was pretty. After all, he must have sold the horse sooner or later; and, as it was, Anselmo had not got it yet. Ramon threw away the end of the cigarette, and a serene content fell on him as he composed himself to sleep. On the whole he was well satisfied.

Unfortunately to every question there are two sides, and Juana viewed the matter in a very different light. Sleepless and miserable she lay still, choking down the convulsive sobs that almost suffocated her. Around her, tight clasped, were the arms of little Carmen, who slept the deep sleep of a tired child—too tired to be disturbed by grief or tormenting thoughts of the coming morrow. That wretched morrow! Juana thought—could she but die and it might never come. The dreary hours, how slow they pass when sorrow has robbed us of sleep! She knew not whether she most longed for or dreaded the morning light. The passion of rage and indignation had died away, giving place to the misery of helplessness and intense self-pity. Now and then wild thoughts of flight or revenge would pass through her mind. She remembered the story of a girl who had hidden a knife in her bodice. Should she do that too? Could she not run away? Pedro was so close—only seven leagues off—and yet so powerless to help her. She tried hard to think of some way to escape, and clenched her hands in despair,—not one—no, not one!

All things come to an end, even a sleepless night. Next morning, by the time that Juana had got up, much later than usual, Ramon Perez had been gone for several hours: he had ridden off

to take his horses to his mother's house and prepare her for her coming guest. He was to return that afternoon, and in the meantime Juana was free to array herself in her best dress and pack up her scanty wardrobe in a cotton handkerchief. All the preparations, such as they were, were left to Mercedes. Carmen and Juana sat together in the corner, idly waiting and whispering to each other.

"But how will you run away when you are there?" asked Carmen. "Supposing they watch you?"

"I don't know, but I will not live with them long. Oh, they will give me an opportunity sooner or later. At any rate, I will never marry him,—never!"

"But if you run away," continued Carmen, "will you run away to Pedro?"

"*Quién sabe!*" said Juana, with a blush. "I will run away somewhere."

"But if you should," persisted Carmen, "will you have me to live with you? It would be so good, and I cannot live without you."

"Of course we will, *hija mía*, thou shalt live with us always."

It is very well to make plans for the future, but neither Carmen nor Juana had the least idea how they were to be carried out; and when Ramon made his appearance late in the afternoon, riding his famous roan and leading another horse for his lady-love, their spirits fell again to zero, and they could hardly bring themselves to say good-bye.

"*Adios, mi tia*," Juana said to Doña Mercedes. "May not Carmen come with me?"

"No, not now," said Mercedes. "She shall go and see thee soon. We shall all come to the wedding," she added with melancholy satisfaction. "Till then, *adios*, my child, mayst thou go with God!"

"*Adios*, Carmen, my heart," and Juana with difficulty freed herself from the frantic embraces of her little cousin. "Will you take my bundle, Don Ramon? Is that your roan horse?"

"Yes, this is the roan," said Ramon, pleased that she should at last vouchsafe to address him.

"Is he quiet to ride?"

"Quiet? He is as gentle as a girl!" (Alas, poor ignorant Ramon!) "Would you like to ride him? I can change the saddles."

Anselmo had again gone back to the house, or Ramon could not have made the proposition. "He has a beautiful gallop, so smooth, so fast."

"Yes, I would like to ride him," said Juana quietly, a curious look stealing into her face.

In a few minutes the exchange was made, and Juana, who seemed to be trembling, was seated in the saddle. Ramon vaulted quickly on to the other horse.

"Oh, my saddle is all wrong!" she cried. "No, you cannot do it, Carmen, let Don Ramon arrange it: you can hold his horse for him."

Ramon slipped off his horse, and giving his *rebenque*, a whip made of a flat leather thong, into Juana's hands, began to fumble about the saddle with one hand on the bridle.

"No, it is the other side—the left side!" cried Juana impatiently.

Ramon went round to the other side, keeping his right hand still on the reins. Juana's eyes flashed, and then with all her force she brought down the *rebenque* across his face. Ramon staggered back, both hands to his eyes, with a furious execration. The roan plunging wildly forward started off at full gallop, the reins loose on his neck. Ramon rushed at the other horse, but Carmen had been too quick for him. It had flashed across her mind that there was no other horse tied there except her father's, and that was unsaddled. With the agility of a true child of the camp she had thrown herself on to Ramon's horse before he could stop her, and was galloping wildly after her cousin, with no hope of overtaking her, but exulting in the knowledge that she had considerably delayed the pursuit.

Juana dared not turn her horse to

right or left, but galloped straight on, every now and then looking back to see if she were pursued. She saw Carmen already far behind her, but behind Carmen she could see two rapidly increasing black spots, and knew that the chase was well started. If only she could get out of their sight and turn her horse to the left, in the direction of Pedro Romano's home, she might yet escape them. Juana gazed with aching eyes, then gave a cry of joy as she saw straight in front of her the thick rolling smoke of a pampas fire. It looked so close and yet it was so far: at least five miles lay between her and the friendly smoke, and there could be hardly two between her and the enemy. "Ah, good little horse! Good Rosillo!" she called to him again and again, and the roan gallantly sped on, settling down to the long stride that had served him well in many a race. Her horse's speed and her light weight soon began to tell; and by the time that she reached the belt of flame that encircled for many a mile the burnt camp, both her pursuers were far out of sight. Nevertheless, she did not hesitate on that account, but, turning her horse's head to a place where the grass was shorter and the flame less fierce, she forced him through the line of fire and thick blinding smoke, and found herself on the burnt and blackened ground beyond. Then, turning round to the left, she galloped swiftly on over the still smouldering ashes, and was soon lost to sight in the drift of white smoke.

An hour later Anselmo and Ramon, whose horses were exhausted long before they arrived at the fire, gave up the pursuit, and rode homewards as well as their tired steeds could carry them. They rode in silence, save for an occasional ejaculation of a forcible nature intended to express annoyance.

"Ah, fit daughter of the mother that bore thee!" broke out Anselmo at last. "If I could but catch thee!"

"She will founder that horse!" cried Ramon, whose face was not improved by the swollen red mark that stretched

across it. "Where can she be going to? You must know, Anselmo: she must be going somewhere. Tell me how I am to recover my horse? May the devil take the girl, but I will not lose a horse like that!"

"What a fool's trick it was of yours to put her on it," retorted the other, glad to have some one to quarrel with. "How should I know where the girl is gone? If you want your horse go and look for it. *Qué m'importa?* The girl is gone: I will not trouble to fetch her back."

So the two wrangled until they parted company; and by the time that Anselmo had reached his house he had persuaded himself that he was a much-wronged man, whose beloved niece had been stolen through the fault of a blundering fool. Carmen, who had slipped off to bed in fear and trembling, was pleasantly surprised to find that her father's return did not mean a whipping for herself.

The night fell fast and Juana still rode on, her horse's hoofs breaking the black burnt ground into fiery sparks. Brave little roan! not in vain had he been called *el guapo*—the long-enduring. But now his bolt was shot. Poor Juana, tired and frightened, tried to urge him on to fresh efforts, but without success. Now that the excitement had died out, and she realized that she had lost her way, Juana was thoroughly scared at her situation. She would have cried, but she knew it would be no use; besides, she had cried so much the night before that there were no tears left. "*Maria sanctissima! Maria purissima!*" she murmured. "See to what straits I am come! Ah, *vulgame Dios!*" she cried, as her tired horse stumbled heavily and almost threw her. On they plodded slowly until they were clear of the burnt camp, and the rising moon lighted them on their way; but where they were going Juana did not know.

* * * * *

At one end of the land that belonged to the Englishman, there was an

esquina, a polite name for a wine-store, and here at midnight there were congregated many of the Englishman's *peons*. Inside the shop Doña Tomasa, the fat, good-natured wife of the proprietor, was busy distributing drinks, or exchanging rough-and-ready jests with her customers, until a gifted member of the company tuned his guitar and began to improvise a song, which he had sung them a dozen times before. However, originality in improvisation is the least important thing; and the others gathered round with the same simple delight and wonder that they had always shown on similar occasions. All except Pedro Romano, who sat outside in the clear moonlight listening to the music within, and wondering how he should ever accomplish the great aim of his life. The

song went on and on, interspersed with bursts of laughter from the audience. Suddenly Pedro started to his feet: a woman on a horse was standing outside the building; and he went towards her to see what she wanted.

Some ten minutes later the song had just ended, when Pedro entered the room leading Juana by the hand. "Doña Tomasa, here is my sister. Will you take care of her to-night? To-morrow we go home to my father's house."

So Juana found a refuge from her troubles. And the Rosillo, turned loose in the open camp, wandered off on his own account, and is probably now living a life of ease and freedom, if no one has caught him in the interval.

MOULTRIE'S POEMS.¹

"And what shall I say of Moultrie, the humorous Moultrie, and the pathetic Moultrie, the Moultrie of Godiva, and the Moultrie of My Brother's Grave? Truly I should say nothing of him, for his genius is so incomprehensible, and his capabilities so varied, that if I were to attempt to draw his character or define his powers, it would be ten to one that the next effort of his pen would prove my every word a lie. I am safe at least in predicting that he will be great, whatever he attempts, and that whether he chooses to laugh or weep, he will laugh and weep to some purpose."

So wrote Praed in 1821, in the concluding number of *The Etonian*, when, in his character of Peregrine Courtenay, he was dealing with the subject of Etonian poets. But Moultrie, the poetic Colleger, who had already left Eton and preceded his friend Praed to Cambridge, was not destined quite to fulfil his school-fellow's prediction. Indeed, it is a noticeable fact that none of those three clever young poets, Praed, Moultrie, and William Sydney Walker, who between them wrote nearly all the best pieces in *The Etonian*—and that is no slight praise—realised the brilliant promise of early youth. In Moultrie's case it was not the proverbial fate of poets, an early death, that blighted a rising genius, for he long outlived his two gifted schoolfellows and died in 1874 in his seventy-fifth year. But, for some reason or other, the subtler grace of his poetic power had faded away with the approach of maturer years and more serious thought; and the productions of his manhood, excellent though they are in force and clearness of expression, are certainly inferior to those of his boyhood in the more peculiar and

essential qualities of poetry. Had he died, like Chatterton or Kirke White, at an early age, speculation might have been busy as to the great poems which English literature had lost through his death. As it is, we have a significant indication that such surmises as to what might have been are not always trustworthy; for if Moultrie be remembered as a poet, it will undoubtedly be for his juvenile, and not his maturer productions: he will be remembered not as the author of *The Dream of Life*, but as the Moultrie of Godiva, and of My Brother's Grave.

Moultrie was born on the last day of the last century, his father being Rector of Cleobury Mortimer in Shropshire. He was sent to Eton on the Foundation in 1811, and here he soon distinguished himself as a cricketer, as an actor, and above all as a poet. Like Shelley, who was his senior by seven years in Etonian chronology, he wrote Latin verses with astonishing ease and rapidity; but his greatest fame was won by his poetical contributions to *Hore Otiosæ* and *The College Magazine*, two school journals, which preceded the more famous *Etonian*. But though, as he tells us in his *Dream of Life*, he enjoyed "a scholar's reputation," his severer studies suffered from his lack of industry and determined effort—defects which also marked his career at the University. He went to Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1819, and here the best of his early poems were written, some being published in the *Etonian*, 1820-1821, and others in *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*, which was started at Cambridge after *The Etonian* had come to an end. To *Knight's Quarterly*, Macaulay was

¹ Poems; by John Moultrie. Two volumes: London, 1876.

also a contributor, and thus arose the error, long current among booksellers, that Macaulay was one of the staff of *The Etonian*.

The strongest characteristic of Moultrie's early poems is perhaps their ideality. They are full of passionate appeals to the spirit of ideal beauty, youthful dreams of poetry and love, and an eager, though modest and hesitating anticipation of literary fame. One can see that they are the creations of a young genius whose poetic temperament had been fostered and quickened, as is the way, and the natural way, with most young geniuses, at the expense of the philosophic faculty. There is no lack of wit, fancy, versatility, and power of expression; yet one feels the want of some more solid basis of thought and greater earnestness of purpose. It can scarcely be doubted that Moultrie to some extent furnished the original of the character of Gerard Montgomery, one of the imaginary members of the staff of *The Etonian*. "His genius," so we read in that magazine,

"is a brilliant of the first water, but his talents have been suffered to run wild owing to their very luxuriance. I believe he had reached the perfection of human happiness, when having locked himself in his room this poetical enthusiast indulged in sentimental tears over some favourite poem which he was reading aloud with energy and feeling. This sensibility often led Gerard into many other extravagances, and he was looked upon as a romantic visionary by those of the common mould."

Opinions will probably differ as to the comparative excellence of the grave and the gay among Moultrie's early writings. It seems to me that, in spite of the deserved fame of *My Brother's Grave*, "the humorous Moultrie" is distinctly superior to the pathetic; and he appears himself to have felt a natural inclination to write in the humorous vein during this period, whereas in the later poems the serious style is found to predominate. The four longest and best of the early humorous pieces are

written in that Bernesque style of *ottava rima* which was first introduced into English literature by John Hookham Frere and then made popular by Byron. The Byronic influence is naturally strong in Moultrie's juvenile poems; and he himself was well aware of this, as we see from an allusion in one of his later works:

"My mind spell-bound beneath the strength
Of Byron's genius in its prime."

He was also an attentive reader of Shelley, as we shall presently see, and this at a time when Shelley's admirers were few. *Godiva* and *Maimune*, published in *The Etonian* in 1820 and 1821 respectively, are wonderful productions for an author who had only just ceased to be a schoolboy. In spite of the many digressions and personal allusions, which are too numerous to be justified even by the license of the Bernesque style, a tendency which from the first was very marked in Moultrie's writings, they have a singular gracefulness of fancy and harmony of versification, which by no means lose their charm even by the side of Byron's masterpieces in this metre. *Godiva* is so delightful a poem that we can well believe it found favour even with readers of such diverse tastes as the critic Gifford and the poet Wordsworth. The former is said to have chuckled with pleasure over some of its stanzas, and to have remarked, "There can now be no doubt of Moultrie's powers." Wordsworth expressed the opinion that *Godiva* was superior to *Beppo*; and though we may have a shrewd suspicion that the author of *The Excursion* was scarcely qualified to be a good critic of Bernesque humour, yet it is possible that in this instance he was not far from the truth. There are many passages of remarkable beauty in *Godiva*, none perhaps better than the following description of *Godiva's* unrobing, which may bear comparison even with the corresponding passage in Lord Tennyson's poem, than which it is rather more diffuse.

The youthful Etonian must at least be credited with having anticipated a Poet Laureate in the simile of "a summer moon half-dipt in cloud."

"The lady rose from prayer, with cheek o'er-
flush'd,
And eyes all radiant with celestial fire,
The anguish'd beatings of her heart were
hush'd,
So calmly heavenward did her thoughts
aspire.
A moment's pause—and then she deeply
blush'd.
As, trembling, she unclasp'd her rich
attire, -
And, shrinking from the sunlight, shone
confest
The ripe and dazzling beauties of her breast.

"And when her white and radiant limbs lay
bare,
The fillet from her brow the dame un-
bound,
And let the traces of her raven hair
Flow down in wavy lightness to the
ground,
Till half they veil'd her limbs and bosom
fair,
In dark and shadowy beauty floating
round,
As clouds, in the still firmament of June,
Shade the pale splendours of the midnight
moon."

Maimune, though considerably longer than Godiva and still more discursive, is scarcely less delightful. The tale is partly drawn from the story of Aladdin in *The Arabian Nights*; while Maimune, the fairy who gives her name to the poem, is a kind of Mab, a spiritual patroness and benefactress of the human race, a character which seems to have been a favourite one with Moultrie, as it appears again in *The Witch of The North* and *Sir Launfal*. The manner in which the freakish fancy of this benignant spirit planned and effected the union of a certain prince and princess, as in the case of Aladdin and the Sultan's daughter, is told with keen yet delicate humour, and in language of real melody and beauty. The *Witch of The North*, dated November, 1824, is another poem in *ottava rima*. In spite of the ideal treatment, and the halo of allegorical and imaginative phantasy in which the subject is shrouded, the poem is in fact a piece of autobiography, the *Witch*

being none other than Miss Fergusson, the young lady of Scotch family who afterwards became the poet's wife, while the "Genius from a fair western land," who was subdued by the magic of the witch, is evidently meant for the young Salopian poet himself. The poem is chiefly remarkable, from a literary point of view, for its extraordinary resemblance in some parts to Shelley's *Witch of Atlas*, first published among his *Posthumous Poems* in 1824, which Moultrie had evidently studied. Shelley has himself been so often caught tripping, however unconsciously, in the way of plagiarism, that it is interesting sometimes to see the reverse side of the medal, and to find another poet appropriating title, ideas, cadences, and even words, from him. This Moultrie has done in a very marked manner in his *Witch of The North*, especially in the general tone of the opening stanzas, describing the birth of the "lady-witch," and the account of her magic dwelling. In such lines as,

"The deep recesses of her inmost cell
Were garnished with strange treasures —,"

when compared with Shelley's,

"The deep recesses of her odorous dwelling
Were stored with magic treasures——,"

we recognise something more than the frequent indebtedness of one poet to another; while the last stanza of the poem is almost a reproduction, or rather an inversion, of Shelley's conclusion. Shelley declares that his is

"A tale more fit for the weird winter nights
Than for these garish summer days, when we
Scarcely believe much more than we can see;"

while Moultrie says of his that

"Such a strain
Is fitter far for some calm summer eve,
Than for these merry winter nights, when we
Begin to dream of Christmas revelry."

A resemblance so close as this can hardly have been unconscious; yet it is noticeable that in Maimune Moultrie had already described a similar subject in very similar, and equally beautiful, verse at a date prior not

only to the publication, but even the writing, of Shelley's *Witch of Atlas*. The last of Moultrie's Bernesque poems was *Sir Launfal*, a metrical romance, written when the author was still very young, and first published in *Knight's Quarterly Magazine* under the title of *La Belle Tryamour*. It is a combination of fairy lore and Arthurian legend, derived partly from a Spenserian source. As a whole it is less successful than the poems already mentioned, the narrative being loose and unequal, unduly spun out in some parts, and left unfinished at the close. Yet there are many very striking passages and not a few interesting allusions, notably those to Shelley and his *Achates*, Leigh Hunt, who is twitted with descending from the friendship of "a vast though erring spirit" to that of Byron, the "misanthropic peer." The following clever burlesque on the ideal philosophy of Berkeley seems to indicate that Moultrie's views were becoming more matter-of-fact and practical at the time when *Sir Launfal* was written.

"Oh, 'tis most soothing, when all objects seem
Wrapt in a sevenfold cloud of fear and
sorrow,
To know they're nothing but a hideous
dream,
From which no doubt we shall awake
to-morrow
To sober certainty of bliss supreme.
Hence consolation from all ills I borrow
By disbelieving with my whole ability
All things that wear a shade of probability.
' I don't believe in matter—nor in spirit ;
I don't believe that I exist, not I,
Nor you, Sir, neither—if you choose to
swear it,
I tell you, very fairly, that you lie ;
If you think fit to thresh me, I can bear it,
Knowing the thumps in fact are all my
eye,
And that all sorts of fractures, hurts, and
bruises
Are as unreal—as the patient chooses."

The early reputation of "the pathetic Moultrie" rested chiefly on *My Brother's Grave*, a short poem somewhat in the style of Byron's *Prisoner of Chillon*, first published in *The College Magazine* and then in the first number of *The Etonian*. It

appeared again in the collected editions of Moultrie's works, and having been often reprinted in anthologies and books of extracts has probably been read more widely than any of his other writings. That so beautiful and genuine a poem should have been written by a boy at Eton, strikes one as scarcely less than amazing ; and it is doubtful if the annals of English literature could produce any stranger instance of precocious genius. But none of Moultrie's other pieces on grave and pathetic subjects ever quite reached this high standard : certainly *The Hall of My Fathers*, the companion piece in *The Etonian* and written in a similar style, is far inferior in power and originality. Among the other poems written before 1828 there are many pleasing lyrics, songs, and sonnets, of which the best, and the best-known, lines are those headed "Forget Thee," which are said to have won Moultrie his bride and are full of passion and intense feeling. But with this exception, there is little that can claim to approach the excellence of first-rate poetry ; and there are many signs that Moultrie's poetic genius was already on the wane, and that while still retaining his old power of melodious versification and vigorous expression, he had lost much of the characteristic grace and fantastic beauty of his youthful style. Even as early as 1820 he himself had misgivings on this point, for we find him writing in *Godiva*, in invocation of the Muse,

"Spirit which art within me, if in truth
Thou dost exist in my soul's depths, and I
Have not mistaken the hot pulse of youth
And wandering thoughts for dreams of
poesy ;"

while in *Sir Launfal* the youthful ambition is spoken of as already fled.

"And that fond dream which lured me on
for ever
Through a long boyhood, saying I might
earn
The poet's laurel with serene endeavour,
And write my name on an enduring urn,
Hath now departed."

Yet as late as 1835 Macaulay wrote to Moultrie from India : " You might have done, and if you choose may still do great things, but I cannot blame you if you despise greatness and are content with happiness." And again, in 1837, the *Quarterly Review* referred to the first collected edition of Moultrie's poems, as " A small volume of such decided excellence as to give the author at once a distinguished place amongst the younger poets of the day." But Moultrie, however much he may have been gratified by the encouragement of an old college friend and the praise of a critic not usually over-indulgent to rising poets, was too sensible and modest not to perceive that the full height of his youthful ambition would never be realised. In the concluding stanzas which he added about this time to the fragment of *Sir Launfal* he speaks of his " fancy's frozen stream " as having ceased to flow thirteen years before. Much had happened in those years ; and time had added to Moultrie's character that gravity and earnestness of purpose which had been lacking in youth ; but with the gain in moral dignity and self-control, there had been (such was the perversity of fate !) a corresponding loss in the imaginative and poetic faculty.

In 1822 Moultrie had taken his degree, and again found himself at Eton as private tutor to Lord Craven, who three years later presented him with the living of Rugby. He was married in 1825, but did not enter on his duties at Rugby until 1828, the year in which Arnold was appointed to the headmastership of Rugby School. Henceforth the tone of his writings underwent a great change. The brilliant and extravagant fancy of the early poems is not only succeeded by a more sober and homely style, but is referred to in an apologetic manner as a youthful levity to be condoned and forgotten by the indulgent reader, in consideration of the " calm and serious thought " of the maturer writings, a large pro-

portion of which are on religious subjects. The pastor-poet would fain forget the wayward flights and dreamy speculations of the boyish idealist. Yet it must be confessed that the general reader of Moultrie's works, to whom the poet is of more interest than the pastor, often sighs for the Gerard Montgomery of *The Etonian*, scapegrace though he was, and would willingly exchange the equable tenor of the *Lays of The English Church* for the rapid and sparkling stanzas of *Maimune* or *Godiva*. Another blemish in the later writings is their increased subjectivity. It has been already said that this tendency to dwell on personal matters was from the first a marked feature in Moultrie's style, and it was now carried to excess, his family, friends, health, joys, sorrows, and domestic life being his too frequent themes. In some few of the domestic pieces, notably in *The Three Sons*, a poem which is said to have affected Arnold deeply, Moultrie succeeded in striking a chord of feeling common to many hearts ; but in the majority of cases the result is less successful. Yet it is apparent that he retained to the last much of his characteristic vigour and clear, perspicuous style ; and this is especially true of his sonnets, the most noteworthy of which are those to *Praed*, *Arnold*, *Macaulay*, *Dr. Chalmers*, and *Baptist Noel*. One addressed to *Augustus Swift*, a young American, was written as late as 1870, yet is remarkable for its conciseness and force.

In 1843 Moultrie published a volume entitled *The Dream of Life, Lays of The English Church, and other poems*. The first of these is an autobiography in four books of blank verse, valuable less for its actual poetic merits, though it has many fine descriptive passages, than for its very interesting allusions to the author's life at Eton, Cambridge, and Rugby, and the personal friends made by him at each period. There is a graphic account of the Eton of Moultrie's school-days, to us the Eton of seventy years ago, with its

Long Chamber and theatricals, and much else that has now passed away, though the fagging, and the Fourth of June, and the cricket-matches, remain almost as Moultrie has pictured them. In the book devoted to life at Cambridge we meet with still more interesting reminiscences. After an affectionate tribute to the memory of Praed, that "nature of the purest mould," who had died two years before *The Dream of Life* was written, the poet proceeds to describe the manner of his college career, his intimate friendship with Derwent Coleridge, and their daily strolls to Grandchester, Cherry Hinton, Trumpington, and Madingley, "sole village from the plague of ugliness in that drear land exempt." To this strolling propensity, by the by, indulged in to the detriment of mathematical studies, Moultrie attributes his own loss of diligence and self-discipline; but one is inclined to think that in this retrospect he confused consequence with cause; for the Moultrie described in *The Dream of Life* as forgetful of the claims "of curves and squares and parallelograms" is obviously only a later picture of the Gerard Montgomery of *The Etonian*, who "skimmed with volatile eagerness along the gayer and more pleasing paths of literature." Very animated is Moultrie's account of the debates at the Cambridge Union, and the subsequent oyster-suppers in his rooms in Petty Cury, whither "the leaders of the war on either side" would often adjourn for further informal discussion. Those were indeed suppers of the gods, when the company included Praed, the youth "fresh from Etonian discipline" (words which have sometimes been wrongly understood as applying to the late Lord Derby); Macaulay, the "one of ampler brow and ruder frame"; Henry Malden, afterwards Greek Professor at London University, "grave and prone to silence"; Henry Nelson Coleridge, one of the staff of *The Etonian*, and still "a comely youth, though prematurely grey";

Charles Austin, the "pale spare man of high and massive brow"; Chauncey Hare Townshend, another Etonian poet, and his friend Charles Taylor; and last, the brilliant but ill-fated William Sydney Walker, whose mind was clouded in early manhood by insanity. Moultrie's estimate of Macaulay's genius, in its weakness as well as its strength, is particularly clear-sighted.

"He was in truth
The king of Understanding, unapproach'd,
Unrivall'd in his own particular range
Of thought; and if that range was not the first,
If there were regions into which his gaze
Pierced not—an intuition more profound
Than he affected—such deficiency
Found ample compensation in the strength
And full perfection of his actual powers
And the quick tact which wielded them."

The final book of *The Dream of Life* is devoted to the subject of Moultrie's marriage and his entry on his ministerial duties at Rugby. The description of Rugby, the "little town, of various brick, irregularly built," with its surrounding tract of "hedgerow upon hedgerow," possessing no charms for the poet but those of "verdure and fertility," is not calculated to give entire satisfaction to patriotic Rugbeians, who may perhaps set it down to Moultrie's Etonian predilections. Full justice, however, is done to the character of Arnold, the "first of Christian teachers," with whom Moultrie was on terms of cordial friendship, although they were men of very different character. Here, too, it is recorded how Wordsworth, the "mighty poet of the Lakes," once visited Moultrie at Rugby, and conversed with him "on themes of loftiest import."

The Lays of The English Church are a portion of an unfinished work, which was originally meant to be a succession of poems founded on the epistles and gospels of the Anglican liturgy; a kind of popular Christian Year, appealing to simpler and less cultivated readers than those of Keble. More noteworthy than these are the two *Lays of The Parish*, reminiscences respectively of the cares

and recreations incidental to parish labours. The first, *Euthanasia*, a tale of pain and suffering endured and vanquished by faith and patience, is written in something of the homely tone of Crabbe's poetical narratives; while the second, *The Song of The Kettle*, is a "wild strain" in Spenserian metre, celebrating the delights of temperance and tea-drinking in verses almost as vigorous as those in which Gerard Montgomery used to sing the glories of the famous punch-bowl in the club-room of The Etonian.

The *Black Fence*, which by an amusing blunder appears as *The Black Prince* in some catalogues, was published at Rugby as a pamphlet in 1850. It is entitled *A Lay of Modern Rome*, and is a vigorous denunciation of the inroads of Papistry, written in the metre of Macaulay's *Armada*: the *Black Fence*, the garden-boundary of a recent convert to the Romish Church, being regarded as typical of the pale of Rome. The last volume published by Moultrie was *Altars, Hearths, and Graves*, 1854, which contains many domestic pieces, and a few of wider interest. The two most striking of his later poems are perhaps *The Three Minstrels*, in which he gives an account of his meetings, on different occasions, with Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Tennyson; and *Musæ Etonenses*, some fine stanzas written as an introduction to an edition of Gray, in which he pays a tribute of affection to Eton, with allusions to the Marquis Wellesley, to the poet Gray, distinguished "with many a graceful fold of learned thought," and lastly, to Shelley, the

"stripling pale and lustrous-eyed," the charm of whose character, no less than the beauty of his verse, seems to have always had an attraction for Moultrie in spite of their wide difference of opinion. During his later life at Rugby, Moultrie was known as an excellent reader of Shakespeare,—as he wrote in his *Dream of Life*,

"Here, in this study, cramm'd
With strangest piles of heterogeneous lore,
O'er Shakespeare's magic pages we have laugh'd
And wept by turns."

He died on the twenty-sixth of December, 1874, of a fever caught while visiting in his parish.

Moultrie's character is faithfully reflected in his writings. Though his actual accomplishments do not entitle him to be classed among the foremost poets of his age, a position which his early efforts seemed to promise him, yet he certainly possessed a large share of the poetic temperament: he had the poet's vision, and the poet's yearning after ideal truth and beauty. The leading points of his very lovable character, a mixture of humour and pathos, of ruggedness and gentleness, of energy and repose, may be traced throughout all his poems, which at their best reach a high standard of excellence, and at their worst never fail to be harmonious and clear. He deserves to be read and remembered among the *minora sidera* of the times in which he lived, both for the merits of his own writings, and as one of a brilliant circle of friends and contemporaries.

H. S. SALT.

UNCERTAINTIES.

PINK linen bonnet,
 Pink cotton gown,
 Roses printed on it,
 Hands burnt brown.

Oh! blithe were all the piping birds, and the golden-belted bees,
 And blithe sang she on the doorstep, with her apron full of peas.

Sound of scythe and mowing,
 Where buttercups grew tall;
 Sound of red kine lowing,
 And early milkmaid's call.

Sweet she sang on the doorstep, with the young peas in her lap,
 And he came whistling up the lane, with the ribbons in his cap.

"You called me a bad penny
 That wouldn't be sent away—
 But here's goodbye to you, Jenny,
 For many and many a day.
 There's talk of cannon and killing—
 Nay, never turn so white!
 And I've taken the king's shilling—
 I took it last night."

Oh! merry, merry piped the thrushes up in the cherry tree,
 But dumb she sat on the doorstep, and out through the gate went he.

Scent of hay and summer;
 Red evening sky;
 Noise of life and drummer;
 Men marching by.

The hay will be carried presently, and the cherries gathered all,
 And the corn stand yellow in the shocks, and the leaves begin to fall.

Perhaps some evening after,
 With no more song of thrush,
 The lads will cease their laughter,
 And the maids their chatter hush;
 And word of blood and battle
 Will mix with the sound of the flail,
 And lowing of the cattle,
 And clink of the milking pail;
 And one will read half fearful
 A list of names aloud;
 And a few will stagger tearful
 Out of the little crowd;
 And she, perhaps, half doubting,
 Half knowing why she came,
 Will stand among them, pouting,
 And hear, perhaps, his name—

Will weep, perhaps, a little, as she wanders up the lane,
 And wish one summer morning were all to do again.

FERGUSON, THE PLOTTER.¹

THE sources of this curious and interesting *Apologia* are to be found partly in the State Paper Office, and partly, if we read aright a sentence in the preface, in some family papers in the possession of its author. It would not, therefore, be unreasonable to assume him, though he nowhere directly says so, to be of the same stock as the extraordinary man whose true story he has undertaken to tell. And this will help to explain some things which might otherwise be found puzzling. It is not, for instance, easy at first to understand the motive which prompted the volume. Most readers of history will need some stronger assurance than that of the author of Lothair to believe that men like Wildman and Ferguson could at any moment of their lives have been justly called the soul of English politics. The executioner who cut off the head of Charles the First, the pilot who steered the Brill into the harbour of Torbay, made a deeper mark on the page of English history; yet their very names are unknown. Ferguson was indeed often concerned in matters of the most momentous interest to this kingdom; but he was never, in the estimation of any but himself, concerned in them as a principal, and the course of events would neither have been changed nor checked had he been suffered to spend his life in his parsonage at Godmersham, or made to lose it with Walcot and Rumbold on the scaffold. It is perhaps less difficult to understand Mr. Ferguson's inability, or at least disinclination, to draw the conclusions to which this extremely full and coherent statement of his case must inevitably lead less partial readers. This disinclination would in other circumstances have been surprising in a member of Mr. Ferguson's learned profession. In his circumstances it is natural, and,

though we propose to combat it to the best of our ability, has something even of the effect of a grace.

The first of these sources was disclosed about fourteen years ago in a novel called *For Liberty's Sake*, written by Mr. J. B. Marsh. Mr. Marsh, searching the State Papers for some other purpose, came upon a bundle of letters, all in the same peculiar handwriting, for the most part unsigned, but occasionally subscribed with the initials R. ff., and three times with the full name, R. or Rob. Ferguson. Some were written from Holland, some from various hiding-places in London, the earliest in 1668, the latest in 1683, and all were addressed to the writer's wife, Hannah Ferguson. Not all had reached her. Before the discovery of the Rye House Plot Ferguson had become a marked man for his seditious writings; and even if there be any truth in the suspicion that his person was often designedly overlooked by the agents of the Government, it is certain that his correspondence would have received no such favour. He may sometimes have told secrets enough to keep his own neck safe; but no Minister was fool enough to believe that he told one tenth part of what he knew. Many of his letters, therefore, mis-carried through the treachery of his friends (for then, as always, luckily for honest men, when plots are a-foot, there were as many rogues as rebels) or the vigilance of his enemies. Some were probably seized by the officers of the law in their raids upon the various houses where the Plotter's family was known to be lodging: some were doubtless confiscated, with other papers, when he turned Jacobite after the Revolution; and thus, after a perusal which must have often sadly disappointed the eyes for which they were never meant, these letters were consigned to the dust and silence of the

¹ Robert Ferguson, the Plotter; by James Ferguson, Advocate. Edinburgh, 1887.

official shelf. But, barren as they may have been to his Majesty's Secretary of State, to Mr. Marsh they seemed to throw such an amiable and unexpected light on the character of a man for whom no one had yet been found to say a good word, that he determined to make them the basis of an apology for their writer; and, doubtless that he might more easily persuade people to read it, he threw this apology into the form of a novel. How far his charitable design may have succeeded we know not; but it is not easy to believe that the large class of readers who prefer their literature light can have been much attracted by *For Liberty's Sake*. Our purpose, however, is not now with Mr. Marsh's book: it is enough for us to know that among its readers was Mr. Ferguson.

To Mr. Ferguson the novel seemed a right-minded but not quite adequate attempt to do justice to a much injured man. Mr. Marsh did not, he thought, know enough, and indeed could not have known enough of Robert Ferguson. The novel only exhibited him in "a half light"; and moreover the novelist had broken the story of his hero's life off with the Revolution, instead of carrying it down to an end which less thorough-going advocates than Mr. Ferguson will certainly think well served with the conventional epithet of bitter. In so doing Mr. Marsh showed, as we conceive, a most sound discretion; but Mr. Ferguson thought otherwise. He determined to supply the missing links, and to turn, after two centuries of darkness, misrepresentation and obloquy, the full light of truth upon a man of genuine piety, sincere convictions, and high political genius; on one whom, associated as he was with the most desperate characters and the darkest intrigues of his time, no stain of personal dishonour or political perfidy has ever rested. Such is the real Robert Ferguson to the eyes of his generous and single-hearted namesake, and as such he has essayed to picture him in this volume.

- It is very certain that he did not bear this character in his own time; nor from that to our own has any voice been found to question the unanimous verdict of history. Mr. Ferguson, with a frankness which says much at any rate for his own honesty and for his belief in his client's, has shrunk from no clause of this tremendous indictment. He refers to them again and again, and he has printed them all, word by word, in one of the appendixes which form not the least interesting part of his volume. We are reminded that his hero was the Judas of Dryden's great satire: that Bishop Sprat, in his *True Account of the Rye House Plot*, declared him to be the life and soul of the scheme for the assassination of the King and Duke of York, for which his poisonous tongue, virulent pen, and hellish malice especially marked him: that Bishop Burnet called him, on his own knowledge, a profligate knave and swindler: that Oldmixon branded him as an arch-traitor and villain, a spy upon Monmouth and a secret agent for the King: that Calamy, the historian of the Nonconformists, found that his character was as bad in Holland as in England. To come to our own times, Burton, in the studies for his history of Scotland, could find nothing to make him doubt that Sprat was right, and that Ferguson was really the demon of the Assassination Plot, and, so long as the breath was in his body, the demon of all plots against the established form of government; while Macaulay has bitten his portrait in deep with that terrible acid he alone knew the secret of. On the other side two names only can be called: the late Mr. Christie, in his edition of Dryden, maintains the Judas of the satirist to have been, though restless and vehement, at least an honest man; and Walter Scott, ever anxious to find some good in things evil, has noted that in all his difficulties the Plotter was never charged with betraying his associates,—high praise, certainly, for such an inveterate conspirator; but, besides disregarding a

very general, though possibly unjust, suspicion, it is not, as Mr. Ferguson seems occasionally to have forgotten, exactly the same thing as saying that he never did betray an associate.

But the head and front of the offence is, of course, Macaulay. Sprat, Burnet, Oldmixon, Burton, even Walter Scott on his historical side, all retire into the back-ground before the "long resounding march and energy divine" of the great historian of the Revolution. Mr. Ferguson, being a just man and unhampered by party politics, being also too well-mannered to permit himself any impertinences against the illustrious dead, does not call Macaulay "a gross and notorious historical malefactor." He writes more in sorrow than in anger, but it is clear that he writes in deep sorrow. Only in one instance does he suffer his feelings to hurry him into foolishness. After the discovery of the Rye House Plot, a large reward was offered for Ferguson's apprehension and a description of his person sent to the English envoys at all the Continental courts. The description was to the following effect :

"A tall, lean man, Dark brown hair, a great Roman nose, Thin-jawed, Heat in his face, speaks in the Scotch Tone, a sharp Piercing Eye, Stoops a little in the Shoulders ; He hath a shuffling gait that differs from all men, wears his Perriwig down almost over his eyes."

Macaulay, as his admirable custom invariably was, did not quote this proclamation, but wove its substance into his own narrative. There, in his fifth chapter, appears this passage :

"Nor was it easy for him to escape notice ; for his broad Scotch accent, his tall and lean figure, his lantern jaws, the gleam of his sharp eyes, which were always overhung by his wig, his cheeks inflamed by an eruption, his shoulders deformed by a stoop, and his gait distinguished from that of other men by a peculiar shuffle, made him remarkable wherever he appeared."

Mr. Ferguson prints these two descriptions side by side, and adds this comment :

"Could there be a better instance of verbal caricature ? Many would admit 'stooping a little,' who would not like to be called deformed, and 'cheeks inflamed by an eruption' suggests a great deal more than 'heat in the face.' Was it an oversight that, while every bad feature is exaggerated, the Roman nose, which often redeems an otherwise plain face, is wholly ignored ? The historian's description gives the impression of a very ugly personage ; that in the proclamation is consistent with the reverse, and a picture of Ferguson's brother, who served under Marlborough, shows a face of the same cast, yet represents a strikingly handsome man."

It is indisputable that many people are dissatisfied with their portraits : we are perfectly willing to allow that Ferguson's brother may have been a strikingly handsome man ; but so long as the words of our language bear their present meaning, so long we submit will the proclamation of the English Government suggest the picture of a man very much the reverse of handsome ; and why Macaulay should be blamed, on the strength of a portrait of another man that he had never seen or heard of, for accepting a portrait of this man drawn by contemporaries to whom the original was only too well known, surpasses our comprehension. "'She said on the jar,' said the little judge with a cunning look" ; and really this is the best comment on such a piece of quibbling as this objection of Mr. Ferguson.

This particular matter is obviously one of the very slightest importance. But it is a characteristic, though an extreme, example of Mr. Ferguson's style of argument. We do not believe for a moment that he has done so wittingly, or with any disingenuous intention, but all through his book he shows an almost childish inability to see that he is often basing his case upon distinctions which are no differences ; while his more serious arguments at their best rarely, if ever, amount to more than a verdict of not proven, and often practically substantiate that already passed.

As most people whose ideas of literature travel beyond novels and newspapers have read Macaulay's History, we may assume it to be generally known

who Ferguson was, and how he earned his nickname of the Plotter. He was a native of Aberdeenshire, born probably about 1630. After studying at the University of Aberdeen, he entered the Church, and at the time of the Restoration held the living of Godmersham in Kent, from which he was ejected by the Act of Uniformity. He then seems to have been master of a Dissenting school at Islington, a preacher at Moorfields, and assistant to the Nonconformist theologian, Dr. John Owen. But he soon began to earn his name. Within less than six months after his ejection from his living, he was lodged in the Gatehouse prison for treasonable practices, which however do not seem at that time to have then gone beyond dangerous or, to use his own phrase, "lavish" talking. After nearly four months' imprisonment he was released on bail, and for the next sixteen years seems to have contented himself with composing theological treatises, of which the curious will find a sufficient account in this volume. But in 1679 he definitely abandoned theology for politics; and from that year till 1682 he had a hand in the ablest and most seditious of the pamphlets which gathered round the fabled contents of the notorious Black Box, and by means of which Shaftesbury and his party strove to set up the Protestant Duke of Monmouth, as heir apparent to the Crown, against the Popish Duke of York. In 1680 the genius of Halifax moved the House of Lords to reject the Exclusion Bill by a large majority; and the hasty dissolution of the new parliament which met at Oxford in the following spring stopped the Bill again and for ever. Then the triumph of the Court party received a check. It was determined to try Shaftesbury for high treason, but it was necessary to try him in London, and a grand jury, carefully packed by the Whig sheriffs, threw out the bill. Through all this time Ferguson's busy intriguing spirit knew no rest.

"He was the keeper of a secret purse from which agents too vile to be acknowledged

received hire, and the director of a secret press from which pamphlets, bearing no name, were daily issued. He boasted that he had contrived to scatter lampoons about the terrace of Windsor, and even to lay them under the royal pillow. In this way of life he was put to many shifts, was forced to assume many names, and at one time had four different lodgings in four different corners of London."

These are Macaulay's words, and though Mr. Ferguson has included them in a passage which he instances as a specimen of moral caricature, only to be paralleled by the afore-quoted personal caricature, they receive full corroboration in his own text.

But now affairs began to take a darker complexion. From seditious talking and writing the disaffected Whigs turned to insurrection and murder. What is known in history as the Rye House Plot consisted really of two separate schemes, one for a general rising in England and Scotland, and another, growing out of the first, for the assassination of the King and the Duke of York. How many of the promoters of the first scheme approved of the latter never has been, and probably never will be, ascertained. That they were most of them aware of it is almost certain, and that many of them disapproved of it may well be believed. Men like Russell and Sidney, Argyll and Baillie of Jerviswood, were no assassins. Monmouth was not a scrupulous man, and had little affection for his uncle, but he would never have consented to the murder of his father. Shaftesbury's complicity must remain more doubtful. But it is with Ferguson that we are directly concerned. That he was at a very early stage in the confidence of the more desperate plotters his biographer admits; but he claims to prove that his hero used his knowledge to thwart the scheme, and that its miscarriage was solely due to his courage and ingenuity. He has undoubtedly shown cause for reconsidering the unanimous verdict which has for more than two centuries named Ferguson as the prime mover and guider of these murderous designs; but that he has conclusively established his case is not so certain.

Together with the letters to his wife there was discovered in the same office a manuscript in Ferguson's handwriting, endorsed by him, "Concerning the Rye House business"; and the whole question turns upon the amount of credence that, in the face of all evidence to the contrary, can be given to the writer's vindication of his own character. Mr. Ferguson of course claims for it implicit credence, but not all the arguments by which he supports his claim move us equally. The pious and kindly language of those letters to the wife, on which he so triumphantly relies, seem to us of little real value. The history of human nature has long ago proved that the domestic affections can co-exist with the blackest crimes. That one of them at any rate tends to contradict Burnet's statement that Ferguson was a common swindler we cordially admit; but, because he, when in hiding for his life on a charge of treason, sent his wife a recipe for her gout and expressed his sorrow at being separated from her and her children, to maintain that he was incapable of countenancing assassination to further his political designs, seems to us, we frankly own, absurd. Ferguson was a fanatic, and a religious fanatic, the most dangerous of the breed: "half maniac and half knave," Macaulay calls him, and his biographer, though he is clearly unaware of it, practically leads his readers to the conclusion that these stern epithets were not undeserved. The history of those times shows very plainly what religious fanatics were capable of. The assassins of Sharp professed to believe their deed directly inspired and sanctioned by God, and rode to their bloody work with His name upon their lips. Are we compelled to believe that a man, who manifestly had in his own composition much of the qualities which make such men as Burley and Hamilton, was incapable of assenting to the murder of two enemies whom he called tyrants and heretics, because he could pray God to bless his wife?

The evidence outside Ferguson's own testimony is pretty equally divided. Rumsey and West, two of the conspirators who turned King's evidence, laid the chief blame on him. Another of them, Bourne, with whom Ferguson had often lodged in London and who seems to have been much in his confidence, said that he had learned from him that the design had been prevented—which, however, is not, as his biographer seems to think, the same thing as saying that Ferguson had prevented it. Moreover, this witness owned on another occasion to a certain speech of Ferguson, directly incompatible with any hesitation to take life. Holloway, who was executed, acquitted Ferguson, and declared West and Rumsey to be the guilty parties. It is more pleasant to believe that the man who suffers for his fault is speaking truth, than to believe the man who saves his own life by betraying his comrades: on the other hand must be remembered the natural inclination of a man, brought to death by treachery, to give his last breath to the confusion of the traitor. Still, it may be fairly argued that so far the evidence makes more for Ferguson than against him. On the other side is Monmouth, who, on Sprat's authority, told the King that Ferguson "was always for cutting of throats, saying it was the most compendious way." Lord Howard of Escrick spoke also to certain dark hints; and Carstares, not the ally of the villain Oates, but the brave clergyman who had kept his faith under torture, and who was loved and trusted by William as much as any man after Bentinck, owned that Ferguson had declared it would be necessary to "cut off a few." The evidence of neither Monmouth nor Howard goes for much: both were men who in moments of extreme peril would hesitate at nothing to save themselves. But Carstares was an honest as well as a brave man, and his testimony it seems impossible to explain away by interpreting the words spoken to him as referring only to the insurrection.

This, we think, fairly represents the

sum of the evidence for and against the Plotter, and it will thus be seen that the verdict must go by the measure of belief due to his own story. Briefly told that story is to this effect. As soon as the scheme for the assassination of the two brothers was revealed to him, he carried the news at once to Monmouth, who swore he would not have it, and charged him to stop it at his peril. This he did; but, as the Duke had strictly enjoined that his knowledge of the plot should never be revealed, his lips were closed while Monmouth lived. This is all clear and reasonable enough. Monmouth, when confessing to his father his share in the plan of the insurrection, had denied all knowledge of the intended murder; and Ferguson therefore could not exculpate himself without giving his best patron the lie. His biographer, however, rather discounts his own belief in this story by the suggestion that his hero's mysterious and inexplicable escape might be due to the Government's consent to favour a man who, as they had learned from Monmouth, had managed at great personal risk to save the King's life. But not to press this point, what is not clear or reasonable is Ferguson's silence after Monmouth's death had unsealed his lips. It seems probable that his manuscript was seized, with the writer's other papers, in 1696, after the discovery of the Assassination Plot. During ten years therefore Ferguson had ample opportunity for clearing himself from an odious charge which he knew to be universally believed against him. Yet he made no sign.

On reviewing the whole case we cannot think that Mr. Ferguson has made good his claim. We are willing to own that he has shown cause for an appeal. We are even willing to allow that there may be grounds for granting him a verdict of Not Proven. But to allow him to have established his plea of Not Guilty is, we must frankly say, in the face of even his own witnesses, impossible.

We can only touch on two out of the many other points on which we

find ourselves at issue with Mr. Ferguson; and on them we must be brief. Macaulay has branded the declaration which was read at the market cross of Lyme on the fourth of June, 1685, as a libel of the lowest class both in sentiment and language. This declaration was confessedly the work of Ferguson, and his biographer has therefore to defend it. "It was," he says, "viewed very differently by those to whom it was addressed." No doubt; and the speeches made by certain lawless ruffians both in England and Ireland to-day are no doubt viewed very differently by those to whom they are addressed, without changing the views of all decent members of the community, Irish and English alike, who may be at the pains to read them. "It contained," says Macaulay,

"undoubtedly many just charges against the Government. But these charges were set forth in the prolix and inflated style of a bad pamphlet; and the paper contained other charges, of which the whole disgrace falls on those who made them. The Duke of York, it was positively affirmed, had burned down London, had strangled Godfrey, had cut the throat of Essex, and had poisoned the late King."

These charges, says Mr. Ferguson, were "but the ordinary missiles of factious politics." The "missiles of factious politics" are no doubt, as Macaulay says, and as certain persons who call themselves statesmen are now proving to their unalloyed satisfaction, extremely useful in "stimulating the passions of the vulgar." But they are not, we submit, well placed in the mouth of one professing to call his lawful subjects to aid him in recovering his birthright from a usurper, and in restoring the religion and liberty of his kingdom. As for the manner of this declaration, Mr. Ferguson considers it far superior as a specimen of literary style to the declaration drawn up by James Stewart for Argyll. To decide the literary claims of two such masterpieces would tax the skill of the critic who argued on the superiority of his own fooling over that of his friend, Sir Toby Belch. But as Mr. Ferguson,

with his rare, but surely somewhat puzzling candour, has printed large extracts from the English declaration, the curious have ample opportunity for judging its quality. This, however, is more to the purpose : his biographer has based his apology on the ground that Ferguson, even when most mistaken and when most misled by religious and political zeal, was at bottom a man of genuine and sincere conviction, was, in short, a good and honest man. Is it, we would ask, the part of a good and honest man, a professing minister of the Christian religion, to bring against another for any purpose charges of the gravest and most odious nature which he knows to be absolutely false ?

The last of Mr. Ferguson's claims that we propose to traverse is perhaps the most remarkable of all. It does not involve matters of such grave moment as the others, but it is even more singular. When William had brought his great enterprise to a settled conclusion, he did not overlook even the meanest of those who had been associated with it. Wildman was made Postmaster-General : Ferguson was rewarded with a sinecure in the Excise worth five hundred pounds a year. He had scarcely been settled in his new office when he turned to his old game. He could no longer conspire against the Stuarts : he therefore turned Jacobite and conspired for them. He was in the Scotch plot of Sir James Montgomery : he was in the plot which Russell crushed in the bay of La Hogue : he was in the Lancashire plot : he was in the plot of Charnock and Fenwick, which, like the old affair of the Rye House, included an assassination scheme fomented by the notorious "Scum" Goodman. For his share in this last business he was locked up in Newgate for nearly a year. He was next heard of in connection with those mysterious intrigues of Lovat, popularly known as the Scots, or Queensberry, Plot. This gave him an opportunity of at once advertising his new principles and paying off an old grudge. He

congratulated the country on being once more ruled by "one of the serene family of Stuarts" ; and he denounced Carstares, who had been lately elected Principal of the University of Edinburgh, as one who had been deepest in the designs of the Rye House conspirators. Nevertheless, despite his declarations, and his assurance under examination, he was again lodged in Newgate. His prosecution, however, came to nothing, and after some months' imprisonment he was set free. From this time he seems to have plotted no more. But his pen was as busy as ever ; and to this period belongs the most remarkable of all his writings, a history of the Revolution, designed to show that it was in reality a Popish device, and William no more than the unscrupulous agent of the Jesuits. At length the end came, as the end of such a life was fated to come, in poverty and sadness. In 1710 he lost his faithful and affectionate wife : the children of his dead brother were taken from him by their guardian : and in 1714 his dark and wayward spirit knew rest at last.

His biographer has been at great pains to show that this sudden and startling change from the extreme of Whiggery to the extreme of Jacobitism was, like all the actions of his life, based on sincere convictions. The results of the Revolution were not, we are told, such as he had hoped for : the toleration extended by William to the Roman Catholics was naturally resented by one whose whole life had been a struggle against the tyranny of the Papists. Surely this is a strange way of accounting for this champion of the Protestant faith throwing himself into the arms of its bitterest enemy. But from arguments Mr. Ferguson soon passes into excuses.

"Is it so improbable that an honest but hot-tempered man, finding himself disappointed in those from whom he had expected something very different from what he saw, and also a little piqued at glaring neglect of his own past exertions, learning that much he had believed was groundless, should reconsider the past, reverse the engine, and retrace his

career? Sir Robert Peel was converted to Free Trade after the triumph of Protection in 1841; his most prominent disciple executed a sharper political curve in the closing months of 1885."

Few who care to acquaint themselves with the nature of Ferguson's exertions, as shown, for example, in the Presbyterian meeting-house at Exeter, and to consider how far they were likely to have furthered the success of the Revolution, will probably consider them to have been glaringly neglected by a sinecure of five hundred pounds a year. Nor is it a happier use of words to describe him as retracing his career. He did no such thing. He had hitherto been a Presbyterian and Non-conformist of the strictest sect. He was now to become a High Churchman; and indeed, when he did not hesitate to declare that, if James were restored, he would put a rope round his neck and ask pardon of him on his knees, the current report that he had turned Papist was, to say the least, not unreasonable. But the last excuse is the strangest of all, and most strange indeed to come from a member of Mr. Ferguson's profession. In what court of law has it been ever held good that the offence of one man is condoned by the same offence having been previously committed by another? Nor is the political parallel more happily drawn. Mr. Gladstone's soul may lack the star-like properties of Milton's, but it certainly dwells apart: he is not made as others are. Those changes of political front which so sorely puzzle feeble heads, to him are evolutions as natural and inevitable as those by which men grew out of monkeys. He reposes secure in the belief of his own reasonableness. For our part we can only say, with Falstaff's tailor, that we like not the security.

But, urges Mr. Ferguson, if the Plotter's last state be inexplicable, at least it was the state of an honest man: we must not doubt the sincerity of a man who, when he changes, changes to the losing side. Again we cannot accept the excuse. Not for many

years after William was settled on the throne, not for many years after he was in his grave, was it clear to the men of those days that the cause of the Stuarts was a lost cause. If any faith is to be put in the Plotter's own language it was certainly not clear to him, when he told James that if he landed in England with fifteen thousand men he would be joined by more than he brought, and, with God's assistance, would march peaceably to Whitehall; or again, when he offered to give himself up for punishment in France, if that enterprise should miscarry whose utter and irretrievable failure James himself saw accomplished from the ramparts of Saint Vaast. And finally we must beg to remind Mr. Ferguson that this honest man did not scruple to take the money of the king he was betraying till his treachery became too gross for that king's forbearance. "He was free," says his biographer triumphantly, "from the inexpiable baseness of Marlborough and Sunderland." It strikes us that to live on the bounty of the man you are betraying bears a very strong affinity indeed to the inexpiable baseness which has been laid to the charge of Marlborough.

But though we can accept neither Mr. Ferguson's arguments nor his excuses, we cordially agree with him that there is nothing improbable in his hero's conduct. Nor do we find anything in it inexplicable. It seems to us, on the contrary, of a piece with all the actions of his life, and with his own explanation of those actions. And it is Mr. Ferguson himself who has made this clear to us. He has told us how, when the Rye House bubble was blown, and the conspirators were met for the last time, the confident Plotter laughed at their fears. "Gentlemen," he said, "you are strangers to this kind of exercise; I have been used to fly, I will never leave off as long as I live." In these words lies the simple solution of the whole problem. In one of the most amusing of his *Idlers* Johnson has illustrated a class of

writers, not indeed confined to his day, by the example of Hudibras, who told the clock by algebra, or of the lady in Young's Satires, who drank tea by stratagem. The mind of Ferguson was of the same cast; but instead of contenting himself with the follies ridiculed by the satirists, he took for his playthings the fortunes of kingdoms and the lives of men. The dark and tortuous ways of a conspirator, the excitement and the danger, were to him as the very breath of his nostrils. We have not the smallest doubt that if William had rewarded him with a sinecure worth five thousand instead of five hundred pounds a year, he would have begun to plot for the Stuarts before he had drawn six months' pay; and we have no more doubt that, if the Stuarts had been restored, the first plot formed against them would have been formed by Ferguson. It is possible that in the first instance his action may have been undertaken for conscience's sake, aggravated by a sense of personal injustice; but it must be clear to every one who reads this book that all other feelings soon became lost in the sheer love of plotting for plotting's sake, aggravated by that lust of notoriety which in all ages and in every country has been the main-spring of half the political follies of mankind. As Monmouth's army marched out of Taunton for Bridgewater, he swaggered among the spectators brandishing a drawn sword and shouting, "I am Ferguson! That famous Ferguson for whose head so many hundred pounds have been offered! I am that man, I am that man!" And this is the man to whose exertions we are to believe the happy consummation of the Revolution of 1688 was mainly due, and who was glaringly neglected by the gift of a sinecure worth five hundred pounds a year! In truth Macaulay, to whose confusion this volume has been written, is its hero's best apologist when he dubs him a brainsick and half-witted fanatic. In the belief that for the most part of his life he may not have been really

responsible for his actions lies his only claim to be called an honest man. He proudly proclaimed himself to have been a great rebel but never a traitor. But this claim his biographer has himself helped to demolish. "To know and not reveal was treason in any," he writes about the necessity for concealing Monmouth's knowledge of the Rye House plot, "but something more in the son of a king." If to know and not reveal be treason, if to commit treason makes a traitor, what, in the name of the English language, was Robert Ferguson?

Much as we have been forced to disagree with the Plotter's biographer, we owe him our thanks for an extremely interesting book. He is not indeed a very close or acute reasoner: he does not seem always to clearly understand the true force of his arguments or even of his words. But he writes often with spirit, and sometimes with eloquence: he is never violent, or rude, or disingenuous, as is so frequently the way with those who essay to set historians right; and his candour is beyond all praise. And his book is interesting for yet another reason. It is, as one may say, a *reductio ad absurdum* of that passion for rewriting history which animates so many able men in these days. This passion is in itself most laudable, has often produced the happiest results, and will no doubt produce many still happier as time and place bring fresh rewards to man's patience and ingenuity. Yet it is a passion which, like all human emotions, needs a strong curb. The followers of Cortez "stared at each other with a wild surmise" when their captain first showed them the waters of the Pacific; but at least they stood silent. Our bold travellers into the dusty regions of State Paper offices and family archives are full of yet wilder surmises; and they do not keep silence. They rush into print, and too late lament, as Mr. Ferguson is no doubt now lamenting, their neglect of Jonathan Oldbuck's warning to all antiquaries, to publish

no pamphlet till they have got to the bottom of the matter. The discovery of a bundle of letters and a manuscript inspired Mr. Ferguson with the design of repairing the reputation of a man who had been grossly slandered by a famous historian. The result of his pious labour has been to establish the historian whom he wished to confound, and to confound the reputation which he wished to establish.

Even if these papers had materially altered or even destroyed Macaulay's portrait of the Plotter, it would be absurd to charge him with wilful perversion of the truth, or to call him a gross and notorious historical malefactor, because he was ignorant of documents which were not known to be in existence till a quarter of a century after he wrote. Every authority which it was possible for him to consult told him the same story. It may be said that these papers were in the State Paper Office, which was as open to him as to Mr. Marsh or Mr. Ferguson. But it is common knowledge that till within recent years the vast majority of the contents of that treasure-house of history were as inaccessible to mortal eyes as the lost decades of Livy are, and as the letters of Keats to Fanny Brawne ought to be.

Macaulay, of course, needs no guardian of his fame. He was but a human being, even as his critics will some day prove to be: he was a man of strong political feelings,—as the author of *Obiter Dicta* humorously observes, when we take up his history “we know it is going to be a bad time for the Tories”: he had a wonderful command of language and a style of extraordinary brilliancy and force,—“his marvellous power of style,” says Sir James Stephen, “blinded him to the effect which his language produced.” Yet the discoveries made since his death, though

they have sometimes proved him to be wrong in his conjectures, have very rarely indeed proved him to be wrong in his facts. No historian who has been so often indicted has come so well out of court; and the frequent efforts made to discredit him have, by the delightful irony of fate, but served to increase the general admiration for his prodigious talents. The failure of these attacks, even when there has been some appearance of reason for them, has often been aggravated by the clumsiness and bad temper of the assailant. But more often they have failed for the simple reason that, blinded by the false triumph of a discovery, the assailant has been unable to see that what he takes for errors of fact are in reality differences of opinion.

But though Macaulay needs no champion, the spirit which raises a howl of delight whenever a man of higher stature than his fellows is discovered to have blundered needs checking. It is both foolish and disquieting. It is foolish when turned against the dead, because it forgets that every day almost increases the stock of human knowledge, and that the sum of the knowledge of one generation is but a part of the knowledge of the next. It is disquieting when turned against the living, because it suggests an ignoble pleasure in defacing the greatness it cannot emulate. It is well that mistakes should be corrected and pretensions rebuked. It has even been said that it is not the critic's business to be thankful. In a certain sense this is so; and he who said it knew well in what sense. But at least it is not the critic's business to be unthankful, or to give all his ingenuity to prove that the greatest have their moments of weakness even as the least. It is only the front of brass that is always bent upon the feet of clay.

AN EPISODE OF THE LONG VACATION.

CHANCE had thrown them together in a little inn on the Moselle, the briefless Barrister, wandering melancholy and alone, and these charming English girls with their brothers, the Artist and the young Oxonian. And now on a glorious August day they were dining like old friends together in the leafy verandah overlooking the river, amid a litter of home newspapers ten days old, paint-boxes, camp-stools, half-finished sketches and cigars. "Are we going, or are we not, to the *fest* at Pünderich to-morrow?" said the Wanderer to his fair neighbour, the talented Titania. "Of course we are," replied Titania. "Who ever dreamt of anything else?" chimed in Speranza, darting a fiery glance at their guardians, the head and under-keepers, the Student and the Artist, the brothers! The Artist shook his head and looked solemnly at the canvas by his side; but the Student said nothing, for he quailed under Speranza's glance.

So it was arranged, and the two horses of the village with its ancient waggonette bespoken. Next day at two they start, leaving the Artist to his labours, but taking with them for sponsors the daughters of their host, the stalwart Henriette and Augusta, and their cousin Mathilde with the blue revolving eyes. On rumbles the ancient waggonette through the fruit-tree avenues which line the river, flowing swift between climbing, rock-crowned vineyards, past old-world villages and tall, white gabled houses adorned with wonderful carvings, past countless wayside shrines decked with fresh flowers.

Pünderich is reached by four. The little village is gay with flags and gar-

lands of leaves and flowers stretched across the streets: every little inn, and there are many of them, hums and throbs with music and dancing. The *gastwirthschaft-schneiders*, where the "better people" congregate, is already crammed. The long benches indoors and out of doors are packed with bronzed festive faces: on every woman's lips is a smile: in each male mouth a heavy porcelain pipe: the tables are brilliant with tall glasses of bright yellow wine. From the *tanz-saal* overhead come the inspiring strains of waltz and polka, and the measured thump of heavy feet. A space is cleared for the new comers at the end of the garden, chairs and table set down, the wine ordered,—the choicest at one shilling the bottle!—and preparations made instantly for the fray. The etiquette is simple but severe—the young man selects his partner, approaches her without introduction, makes a ceremonious bow, offers his arm, and away! Only, when once his arm has been taken by the young lady, she must not let it go until he brings her back flushed and breathless to her friends, acknowledging his happiness with a second ceremonious bow.

Henriette, Augusta, and Mathilde are soon snapped up by old friends. Nothing daunted, the Wanderer, having with due ceremony invited Titania, threads a way through the crowded garden alleys, up the twisting ramshackle staircase, and emerging finally through a cloud of tobacco smoke, which rises from the tables encroaching upon the *tanz-saal*, bursts upon the admiring gaze of the dancers. The youth of Pünderich is troubled by Titania's entry.

It is something strange to them, this creature so sylph-like and delicate, this beauty weighing wonderfully less than eleven stone. In Rome you must do as Rome does. Here, therefore, you must not hold your partner with outstretched arm in teapot fashion: nay, she must hold you as if she would lift a heavy sack, and your left arm instead of being outstretched must be tucked behind your back. The step is fast and furious—the hop-waltz, in fact, affected by illustrious personages at home. No guidance is attempted, nor indeed is possible: the method of holding partners being designed to make each couple as like a ball as possible, so as to profit by the frequent canons.

But if the dance is fast and furious it stops suddenly: the “half-dance,” as they call it, is over. From his narrow gallery in the corner, the *chef d'orchestre* steps down and walks slowly round the room collecting from each gentleman one penny for himself and his partner, the price of the dance.

During the interval the young men's eyes are fixed upon Titania, reverentially, but not without a glad expectancy. However, the money has been collected. The music strikes up again, and the dance proceeds merrily to its close. Then the couples come pouring into the garden, and ere Titania is seated, a dozen claimants for her hand present themselves. Speranza has already been borne off by some impetuous youth. The Wanderer meantime is not idle, and his roving eye soon encounters the *belle* of Pünderich. She is embarrassed between numerous suitors: the Wanderer steps up to make another, and with a smile she cuts the Gordian knot by walking off with the Englishman. How pretty she is in her dress of simple grey, her soft brown hair lying in glossy coils upon her head, her brown eyes brimming with truth, the touch of the sun on her firm cheeks, straight little nose, and the backs of her dimpled hands

—for no gloves are worn! And how sweetly serious her smile! No wonder that the Wanderer feels proud, and bears himself with haughty assurance as he fights his way up stairs.

There, in the *tanz-saal*, Titania and Speranza are working havoc among honest German hearts, and the Student, standing grim in a corner, murmurs,

“Are things what they seem,
Or are visions about?”

as he watches the pride of London drawing-rooms tearing round in the clutches of these horny-handed sons of toil, these sunburnt vine-growers in their heavy boots. Mark Hermann's face as he bobs round with Titania clasped to his heart, what a smile illuminates its capacious contours! But, alas, in the interval for the collection of the orchestral pence, his expression suddenly clouds over, and a cold perspiration bathes his forehead. And why? Titania's arm is pricked by the great pin which fastens the rose in his coat! German is too rough a tongue for her lips—at least she does not speak it—and he takes her gesture to mean that she would like the rose. Poor fellow! Dorothea is watching him with jealous eyes—Dorothea, who pinned in the rose that afternoon! Was there ever a more poignant situation? He has torn the rose desperately from his buttonhole, and handed it over with trembling hand and averted eyes. But instantly he feels Titania's deft fingers pinning it in again: his relief is too heartfelt to be concealed: the budding tragedy is nipped, and the wide smile settles once more on his face. The dance over, he seeks Dorothea, still smiling, but less widely, and somewhat guiltily. She has no answering smile for him, and the hold she lays on his arm is not relaxed until the evening is done.

So waltz follows polka, and polka waltz, with the occasional interlude of a Rhinelander, just to try the visitors' prowess by its awkward hitch, until ten o'clock is reached. Then carriages,

or rather carts, for the ox-cart is the native equivalent for the brougham, begin to be announced. The Wanderer is seen descending the staircase with the *belle* of Pünderich upon his arm, but the vine-embowered porch discreetly shields the tender parting as he hands her into the straw-laden ox-cart. He watches the slow jolting vehicle out of sight, and then turns sadly into the house, thinking of Nau-sicaa. Titania and Speranza have been danced off their feet by insatiable partners, and even now can scarcely

be torn from their grasp. Henriette, Augusta, and Mathilde, each appeals in vain for one more last dance with the favoured swain: the ancient waggonette stops the way, the Student with an expression of absolute determination has already taken his seat, and off they must go. Warm farewells all round, a parting cheer, and home they drive in the starlight, waking on the way the thousand and one echoes of the winding valley.

ROLAND GRAHAM.

CHRIS.

CHAPTER I.

CHRISTINA COMPTON sat upon the low garden wall of the villa which her father had taken at Cannes for the winter, and dangled her legs contentedly in the sunshine. Behind her was the garden, which was but a modest garden, and the villa, which, though modest enough in point of size, commanded anything but a modest rent; for the great world has long since marked Cannes for its own, and modesty of any kind would be out of place under such distinguished patronage.

Some disagreeable people might even assert that a certain lack of modesty was displayed by a young lady of seventeen, who chose to perch herself upon a wall overlooking the high road; but Chris as yet knew nothing of disagreeable people, or the disagreeable things that they are wont to say to and of one another. The world to her was a pleasant place, and its inhabitants a friendly and joyous set of beings, most of whom, so far as her faculties of observation (which were considerable) had enabled her to judge, had little to do but to amuse themselves, and who seemed to do that pretty successfully, upon the whole. For her own part, she had always amused herself very well indeed, and now that her education was considered to be completed and she was emancipated from the control of schoolmistresses and music-masters, she had nothing left to wish for, except the not far-distant day when, as she supposed, she would be presented to her Sovereign, and would take an active part in those London gaieties of which she had heard so much from her friends.

Meanwhile, she was very well satisfied to remain a child for a few months

longer, and to enjoy the privileges of childhood, chief among which was that of doing exactly what she pleased at all times and in all circumstances. Young ladies who have been presented at Court and introduced to London society are not, she had been given to understand, quite so free as that. For the moment it was her good pleasure to seat herself upon the wall aforesaid, and bask in the sunshine, and survey the glittering blue bay beneath her and the red-roofed houses of the old town, huddled together on their promontory, and the sharp, jagged outlines of the mountains beyond. Beside her sat her little Yorkshire terrier, Peter, who did not personally care much about sitting upon a wall, except in so far as it gave him an opportunity of desecrating any cat who might dare to show her face in the vicinity, but who knew his place better than to raise objections to any method of passing the time selected by his mistress.

It was only half-past ten o'clock in the morning, so that Cannes, in the fashionable sense of the word, was hardly awake yet. Fashionable Cannes had been to a ball the night before, and would not show its nose out of doors for another hour and a half at least; but Chris had many friends who did not belong to the fashionable class, and presently one after another of these came tramping along the dusty road and stopped to speak to her. The first to arrive was José, the Spanish pedlar, in his velvet jacket, with that striped rug flung over his shoulder, which Chris always wished that somebody would buy, if only to relieve him of the nuisance of carrying it. Indeed, this was such a hot morning that when he came to a standstill beside her, and

showed his white teeth and raised his hand to his round cap, as usual, she declared that she would buy it herself, only she hadn't got any money left.

José said that was of no consequence at all: the *señorita* could pay him some day—any day. At the same time, he really could not recommend the rug. Such things were all very well for mere tourists, but for persons who really knew the value of beautiful work, like the *señorita*, they were scarcely suitable. He had some lace, now, which was truly exquisite. And forthwith he placed his oblong box upon the wall and began to display his treasures.

But Chris did not want any lace. She had plenty of it, packed away, "which used to belong to my mother," she explained, "and which I suppose I shall begin to wear next year." What she really would like would be one of the enormous clasp-knives, which formed a portion of José's stock-in-trade.

José, however, shook his head decisively. Knives, said he, were not for young ladies, who would only cut their fingers with them. For men they were useful—and he proceeded to point out how a man might be called upon to make use of them—but it must not be said that he had provided the *señorita* with the means of inflicting an ugly wound upon herself.

"Very well," answered Chris, drawing her feet on to the top of the wall, clasping her hands round her legs and resting her chin upon her knees, "then we won't buy or sell to-day. Tell me about the bull-fights at Seville."

So José quickly rolled up a cigarette between his brown fingers, lighted it, and embarked in his broken French upon a descriptive narration which he had made many times before, and which never failed to excite both him and his hearer as it went on. Chris, who loved all animals, was never quite sure that she ought not to feel sorry for the poor bull; but then, as José pointed

out to her, the bull had a noble fight for it, which he could not help enjoying, and which he probably did not expect to terminate in his death: added to which, his death, when it came, was a swift one, while it occasionally happened that he killed or maimed his most formidable antagonist. As for the part which the horses played in the show, José passed lightly over that. It was not pretty, he admitted, but it was necessary. Nobody, not even Frascuelo himself, could fight a perfectly fresh and untired bull. Besides, it was the custom of the country, just as it was the custom in the *señorita's* country, he had been told, to let a whole pack of hounds tear a fox to pieces.

After a time, José shouldered his rug and his box of rubbish, and strolled off on his daily round to the villas of those opulent foreigners with whom it was alike his business and his pleasure to haggle; but he was soon replaced by other wayfarers. The company of Italian minstrels and singers, who troll out the same songs in every city of the peninsula from Naples to Venice, and who turn aside in the winter season to reap their share of the golden harvest of the Riviera: the beggars who managed to pick up a livelihood by soliciting alms even in a department where mendicity is prohibited: the slouching *sergent de ville*, who pretended not to see their illegal proceedings: the man who sold hot chestnuts—as though any human being could want to eat hot chestnuts on such a morning!—these and many others passed the spot where Miss Compton had taken up her station, and halted to wish her good-day and answer the quick questions that she put to them about themselves and their belongings. She knew each of them by name: she had a few *sous* for the beggars and a kindly word for everybody. In return, she received plenty of those direct and unequivocal compliments which fall naturally from the lips of Southern people, and which

were probably as sincere as they were, outspoken.

Whether Chris Compton was a pretty girl or not was a moot point among women, most of whom, to tell the truth, were inclined to decide that she was not. Her features, to be sure, were not regular: her nose was too short: her eyes, though bright, were not particularly large: when you had said that she had a neat figure, a good complexion, and that her dark hair, with bronze lights in it here and there, was well enough in its way, you had said about all that there was to be said for her. But these were feminine criticisms. No masculine mind had ever doubted the obvious fact of her beauty, though the masculine intellect might not be equal to the task of defining in what it consisted. And so her humble friends did not hesitate to tell her that she was as beautiful as the morning, which statement was listened to without any embarrassment upon her part. Some of them snapped their fingers amiably at Peter, who, however, only responded by a sort of snort, and by gazing over their heads; for Peter was a good deal more exclusive than his mistress, and tolerated no familiarities from social inferiors.

But at length a pedestrian hove in sight whom this haughty terrier deemed worthy of more cordial demonstrations of regard. He cocked his little brown ears, he wagged his stump of a tail excitedly: finally he leapt down from the wall, and scurried along the road to greet the new comer, whirling past him and approaching him by a series of narrowing circles, as his habit was when under the sway of pleasurable emotion. He was a dog of immense discrimination; but the most discriminating of dogs and men make mistakes sometimes, and a keen observer might have fancied that Peter was making a little mistake in this instance. Because, somehow or other, the very handsome young man upon whose trousers he was leaving the imprints of his dusty paws did not

look quite like a gentleman. It was not that the young man was badly dressed—he was, if anything, rather too well dressed: it was not that there was anything particular in his gait or bearing that could be said to denote vulgarity; but there was a subdued suggestion of swagger about him, an air of assurance which only those assume who are not sure of themselves; and when he opened his lips there was no longer any doubt about the matter, for his voice was not a gentleman's voice.

But these details, which did not attract everybody's notice, are merely mentioned here for the guidance of the reader. Mr. Valentine Richardson was admitted into the society of gentlemen, and was to most intents and purposes one of them. He was, moreover, extremely good-looking, tall, dark, well put together, and using his limbs with the easy grace of an athlete. His age might be two-and-twenty or thereabouts. Such natural advantages cannot but help a man on the road towards popularity; and as for Peter, he was in a manner bound to do homage to Mr. Richardson. Some acknowledgment, surely, is due to the benefactor who has bought you out of the thralldom of a dog-dealer's restricted premises and presented you to the kindest mistress in the world. After all, Peter may have had mental reservations which he was too loyal to reveal.

"Well, Chris," said Mr. Richardson, taking off his hat—and though he took his hat off, he did so with an exaggerated flourish which robbed the action of its courtesy—"up early, as usual, I see."

Chris had imitated Peter and had slid off the wall. She now stood with her back against it, resting her elbows on the coping.

"Early!" she exclaimed scornfully. "Why, it is close upon the middle of the day! I have been up for the last five hours."

"After having been in bed for the previous nine, eh? I have had to

make the best of four hours' sleep, and yet here I am, as fresh as a daisy. So if you come to that, I think I have about as good a right to brag as you have."

"Were you dancing last night, then?"

"I grieve to say that I was less healthily employed. Went over to Monte Carlo with some fellows and won a hundred louis. Came back by the last train, and proceeded to lose them, together with another hundred odd to keep them company. Such is life!"

"Such is the life which certain people choose to lead. I call it very silly of them," observed Chris severely.

"Hear, hear! I am quite of your opinion, my dear Chris — especially when I lose. Only I haven't the courage of my convictions, as you have. You are a good girl, you see, whereas I am a very bad boy."

"If you go on in this way you will be ruined," continued Chris. "I have heard more than one person say so lately."

"How kind of more than one person to take such an interest in poor me! But so great is my ingratitude that I don't care a little bit what more than one person in Cannes may think or say about me; and I do hope that that one person isn't going to be so unkind as to scold me on a nice fine morning like this — after I have risen with the lark on purpose to see her too!"

"Oh, I am not scolding you, Mr. Richardson: of course, if you like to ruin yourself, you can."

"And 'Mr. Richardson,' if you please! This is becoming serious."

"I am not going to call you 'Val' any more," Chris announced, with a very slight increase of colour. "Lady Barnstaple says it doesn't sound nice."

"Lady Barnstaple be hanged! Is she one of the amiable creatures who foretell my ruin? Anyhow, I don't see why she should be an infallible judge of what sounds nice. 'Val' may not sound nice to her, but it does

to me; and as I'm the person principally concerned——"

"But I quite agree with her," interrupted Chris: "I am getting too old now to call men by their christian names."

"I don't want you to call any other man by his christian name; only if you address me as 'Mr. Richardson' again, I shall go away."

"Mr. Richardson," returned Chris with great promptitude.

However, the young man did not carry out his dreadful threat. He perched himself upon the wall instead, and allowed the question of nomenclature to fall into abeyance, and chattered away volubly and rather amusingly for a quarter of an hour. His talk was chiefly of himself and his various exploits and experiences, which seemed to have been of a striking nature.

To one of his own sex such a style of conversation would very soon have become intolerable; but it is to be feared that Miss Compton did not find it so. The man was really something of a hero in a physical sense. He was a fair rider, a first-rate swimmer, and the best lawn-tennis player in Cannes, which advantages, added to his youth and beauty, were perhaps sufficient to excuse the admiration of a girl of seventeen. Nor were even his vices, so far as she was acquainted with them, of the kind which young people are prone to condemn unsparingly.

He went away at last, remarking that he would be late for a breakfast-party at which he had promised to be present; and before he was out of sight, a small, delicate-looking man, very thin, very pale, with large, bright brown eyes and a carefully-trimmed beard and moustache, in which a few grey hairs were visible, emerged from the villa and stepped slowly across the garden. Chris, who had been standing in the road, scrambled over the wall and ran to meet this new arrival, whom she kissed on both cheeks.

"How are you this morning, father?" she asked. "Still tired?"

"I am still tired," replied Mr.

Compton, with a slight smile. "I am always tired: I presume that I always shall be tired to the end of the chapter. It is a sensation to which one grows accustomed in the long run." He paused for a moment, and then asked: "Was that young Richardson whom you were talking to?"

Chris nodded.

"Oh! Well, do you know, Chris, I think you had better not talk any more to young Richardson. Not in private, I mean. He is—well, rather a young cad."

"Oh, I don't think he is that!" cried Chris, with a touch of indignation.

"No: you wouldn't. Otherwise, you would hardly care to talk to him. But he appears to me to be a cad. Disreputable too, or on the verge of it. And nobody knows anything about him. We had perhaps better let him drop. Not with a thump, you know, but just let him drop gently."

Mr. Compton had a slow, languid method of enunciation. He spoke in short sentences, with a pause and something like a gasp for breath between each. Evidently he was not much interested in Mr. Richardson, perhaps not very much in his daughter either, for he did not seem even to hear a murmured protest on her part. Presently he asked, "Will you be seeing the Laverignes to-day?"

"Yes," answered Chris. "I thought of breakfasting with them, if you were going out. I suppose you *are* going out?"

"Oh, of course," returned her father, with a short laugh. "When don't I go out!—and when don't I wish to goodness that I could stay at home! I have to lunch at the Duchess of Islay's, which is an unspeakable bore. One always meets a host of people in that house, and one is lucky if one gets away by four o'clock. I was going to say that if you see Laverigne, you might ask him to look in upon me when he has nothing else to do. To-morrow morning, perhaps. Tell him I have one or two more things to

say to him about the—the subject we were talking of the other day."

At this moment one of the small open carriages which ply for hire at Cannes turned in at the gates of the villa, and Mr. Compton, with a farewell wave of his hand to his daughter, stepped into it and was driven away to the ducal festivity. There had been a time when lunching or dining with duchesses had been delightful to him; but that time had gone by. Who cares for what he can always get? Now that he was upon the farther side of middle age, Percival Compton was well known to, and even sought after by those duchesses, marchionesses, and other inferior luminaries who, with their friends and belongings, may perhaps be called the pleasantest people in England, and who (making allowance for variety of individual taste) are, at all events, generally considered to lead English society. This distinction he owed no doubt primarily to his being a poet, a musician, and a novelist, but also in no small degree to his charming manners. He was not, as he was very well aware, a great poet, or a great musician, or a great novelist; but the combination of the three gifts is not exactly common, and, as he had contrived to take the taste of his generation, he earned without much exertion a considerable annual income—which he spent. Left a widower in early life, he had only one daughter, so that he might be said to enjoy the advantages of domesticity without paying the customary high price for them; and indeed he was spoken of with envy by most of his artistic superiors and equals as an example of a perfectly successful and happy man. However, he had bad health; and that spoilt all. There are no earthly compensations for bad health; and perhaps Mr. Compton had not troubled his head very much about compensations with which this world has nothing to do. It was not his habit to trouble his head about anything more than he could help. But how can you possibly

help worrying yourself a little when you are quite sure that you have got heart-disease, when your entire invested fortune does not bring you in more than three hundred pounds a year, and when you have a daughter who has been accustomed to live at the rate of something like three thousand?

The thought of his daughter and her future was beginning to be a serious worry to Mr. Compton. Like everybody else's daughters, she had grown up with amazing rapidity: yesterday she had been a child, to-day she was a young woman, or close upon it. He realised what many people have a difficulty in realising, that the present belongs to the young: he perceived that this little girl was a personage, a more important personage, possibly, than himself—and she would only have three hundred a year, and his heart was certainly all wrong. His heart, in a metaphorical sense, was not very far wrong. He was a kindly, selfish, easy-going mortal who had never willingly injured any one, if he had never exerted himself very much to do any one a service. As for his daughter, he really knew remarkably little about her. He had gone his way—a pleasant, busy way, what with his literary avocations, and his social engagements and his wanderings from one continental watering-place to another—and she had gone hers. He had taken care that she should be furnished with the best of French masters, music-masters, riding-masters, and so forth: the duchesses and the other great ladies had been very kind: she had associated freely with their children, and he had noted with satisfaction that she had caught the tone and ways of good society. Thus he had discharged his parental duties, or had left them to discharge themselves; and now, as it seemed, the day of reckoning was in sight. Had it been altogether prudent to throw his daughter so much with great people and to let her suppose, as she evidently did, that her lot was likely

to be identical with theirs? Really he was not sure. No one knew better than he the value of such friendships as she had made: no one knew better that, in all ranks of society, out of sight is apt to be synonymous with out of mind. When Lady Barnstaple asked who was going to present Chris next year, and hinted that she would be willing to bring her out with her own daughter, he understood that half promises of that kind were not to be counted upon. Yet the girl must have made friends of one description or another, and it was surely better that her friends should be ladies than not. He did not feel that he had done so badly for her in that respect. Undoubtedly, however, he ought to have saved more money.

These things he reflected on while sitting at the Duchess of Islay's luncheon table, and saying the neat and clever things which he was expected to say, and which (being in an unwontedly bitter mood) he represented to himself as the price that he was paying for his food.

Chris, meanwhile, whose friends, as we have already seen, were not all of an aristocratic order, strolled across the garden and scrambled through an intervening hedge, with the intention of sharing the midday meal of her neighbours, Dr. and Madame Lavergne, who were by no means aristocratic, but on the contrary, severe and convinced Republicans. That is to say, that Dr. Lavergne was a convinced Republican: his wife's convictions resembled those of the wise and unassuming politician who was content to say ditto to Mr. Burke.

CHAPTER II.

CHRIS was a very small person, so that she could creep through a privet hedge without doing it any serious damage; but if she had not been also a privileged person, her diminutive size would hardly have saved her from the wrath of Dr. Lavergne, who, advanced Republican though he was,

had strict notions with reference to the sacredness of private property.

The property upon which Chris so unceremoniously entered was, indeed, a very different one from that which she had quitted. Mr. Compton's garden was the garden of a hired villa, kept more or less in order by the individual who blacked the boots and cleaned the knives, and boasting little more in the way of flowers than such as had propagated themselves from the seed of former years; whereas Dr. Lavergne's was the chief pride and the chief interest of its owner's life. Dr. Lavergne's roses were famous even in that land of roses: he had succeeded in rearing creepers and flowering shrubs which nobody else could rear, and his small domain was at all seasons a model of exquisite neatness. That, no doubt, was because he was his own gardener; and he was hard at work in his shirt sleeves when Chris came behind him and tapped him familiarly upon the shoulder.

He wheeled round quickly, showing a sharp, smooth-shaven face and a pair of bright black eyes, overshadowed by bushy eyebrows. When he took off his broad-brimmed Panama hat he uncovered a thick head of hair, which was snow-white and closely cropped. At the first glance, and at a short distance, he might have passed for a man of fifty; but closer inspection made it evident that he must be a great deal older than that; and in truth he had passed his seventieth birthday, though he was still sound, healthy and active.

"I am all the more enchanted to see you, *mademoiselle*," said he, "because it is breakfast time, and because I have been told that we are to have a *ragoût aux fèves* to-day. Can you resist a *ragoût aux fèves*?"

"I came to beg you for something to eat," answered Chris. "I don't much care what it is; but I detest eating alone, don't you? And my father has gone out to breakfast."

The old man shrugged his shoulders.

"It would be an agreeable change for your father," he remarked, "and a wholesome change too, if he were sometimes to breakfast at home. But it is not for me to complain of his absence, since we benefit by it. Is it a princess, or a duchess, or a countess who has the honour of entertaining him to-day? I will not insult him by suggesting that he would breakfast with a simple commoner—like himself."

Chris, who knew her old friend's prejudices and peculiarities, did not resent the sarcasm. The young are often more ready to make allowances for the old than the old are to do as much for the young. "He has gone to the Duchess of Islay's," she answered; "and I don't think duchesses are any worse than other people. This one has promised to give me a cutting of her *hardenbergia* for you."

Dr. Lavergne's eyes glistened. Duchesses may be ridiculous anachronisms, but in a *hardenbergia* there is solid worth. Besides, as he was something of a philosopher, he reflected that one man has as good a right to his hobby as another. Mr. Compton probably did not know a *hardenbergia* from a weed: he himself was unable to detect any important difference between a duchess and a washerwoman. "Let us live and let live!" he ejaculated aloud, as he put on his alpaca coat and led the way towards the house. Then he became grave and silent on a sudden, for his own words had accidentally suggested a melancholy thought to him; nor did he look any less grave when Chris delivered her father's message.

"I am always at Mr. Compton's orders," he replied a little curtly; "but I do not know that there is anything more to be said about the subject that he mentions."

Madame Lavergne, a little wizened old woman of that dowdy, yet tidy type of French *bourgeoise* which is so fast disappearing, made Chris sit down

beside her on the sofa in the stiffly arranged, uncarpeted *salon*, and held her by the hand while she talked to her. She had a kindly, ugly face, and a high, clear voice, with an occasional quaver in it which may have been the legacy of bygone sorrows. Madame Lavergne had had plenty of sorrows in her life: all her children were now dead: some of them had given her a great deal of trouble and anxiety before dying; and her husband, though she adored him and believed him to be the best as well as the wisest of mankind, was not always in a good humour. He was in a good humour to-day because Chris Compton had come in, and because he had taken a fancy to Chris, who indeed had the gift of making all sorts of people take a fancy to her. Madame Lavergne herself was fond of the motherless girl, and sorry for her, having reasons for being sorry for her with which Chris was not acquainted.

That young lady talked without much intermission during breakfast, saying whatever came into her head, as her habit was; and when the repast was concluded Peter exhibited his tricks, which were varied and ingenious, to the delight of the old couple, who gave him many more lumps of sugar than were good for him.

"Ah, *mademoiselle*," cried Dr. Lavergne, "how wise you are to choose your friends from among the brute creation! They are the only true friends. If a horse or a dog loves you once he loves you always: he asks nothing better than to serve you as long as he lives, and he will forgive you for beating him or even starving him. We men and women have a different rule. We inquire of our friends, 'What can you do for us?'—and supposing that they are compelled to reply 'Nothing,' we bow, if we are polite, or we make a grimace, if we are impolite, and we promptly retire."

Chris observed that her experience had not been so discouraging. Numbers of people had been very kind to

her, and yet it was certain that she could do nothing at all to repay them for their kindness.

But the doctor, who was a pessimist, rejoined: "My child, you do not yet know the race to which you have the honour to belong. For the rest, I am not anxious to enlighten you. Believe in your fellow-creatures as long as you can: you will find out soon enough what they are worth."

Dr. Lavergne had perhaps some excuse for being a pessimist. He had been a Republican, and an injudiciously outspoken one, during the twenty years of the Second Empire: he had been an enthusiast in his profession, and he had met with the fate of most enthusiasts, political and professional. His ideas had triumphed, but he had not triumphed with them, and he was not magnanimous enough or indifferent enough to walk in the triumph of his inferiors. At the age of sixty he had inherited a modest fortune, and had thereupon retired to the south of France to cultivate roses, leaving politics and medicine to get on as best they could without him. Possibly it may have added to his mortification to notice how little he was missed. In any case, he had become a professed sceptic, believing in nothing, least of all in his own calling, which he declared to be a mere survival of barbarism and superstition. "A surgeon can set your leg for you," he was wont to say; "but the utmost that a physician can do is to tell you what is the matter with you, and even in answering that question he is more often wrong than right." Nevertheless, Dr. Lavergne was a kind-hearted old gentleman, and believed, as sceptics generally do, in a great many things which he pretended to deride.

At three o'clock Chris jumped up and ran away, having an engagement to go out riding with some of her friends; and after she was gone Madame Lavergne said, with a sigh, to her husband, "*Mon ami*, my heart aches for the child. What will become of her?"

"Who knows?" returned the doctor, shrugging his shoulders. "Who knows what will become of any of us?"

"Oh, as for you and me, we know very well. Besides, what does it signify? But she is so young and so happy, and she does not think about the future at all. It would be a sad misfortune for her if anything were to happen to her father."

"I do not know," observed Doctor Lavergne, frowning, "why women have such a dislike to putting a direct question. One understands what they want, and one is aware that there will be no peace in the house until they have obtained their answer. Well, I will answer you. He consulted me as a friend, and as a friend I told him that he might live another ten years. It was true: he may live ten years. But it is more likely that he will die next week. What would you have? He is a man who does not take care of himself, and now he is frightened. A frightened man is already half dead."

Madame Lavergne sighed again. "I was afraid of it. And what will become of our poor child when she is left alone in the world?"

"Why, then, my dear, she will learn what human nature and human friendship are worth. It is a lesson which all of us must learn sooner or later; and I say that she will learn it then, because her father gave me to understand that he would only have a small fortune to bequeath to her."

"I hope, at least," said Madame Lavergne, after a pause, "that she will not be disappointed in our friendship." Whereupon the doctor laughed and went back to his roses.

Before condemning human friendship at large as untrustworthy, it would be as well to understand clearly what is meant by the expression; because some injustice would be done towards those who, in the kindness of their hearts, help us over a stile to-day, if they were to be denounced as traitors for failing to be upon the spot in order to

pluck us out of a quicksand to-morrow. Those who are disappointed in their fellow creatures are generally those who expect more than they have any business to expect. As for Chris, she had as yet had no occasion to ask herself whether her fair-weather friends would remain constant to her in adversity or not. She liked them for their own sake, and supposed that they liked her for hers—which, indeed, was the truth. There was Lady Barnstaple, for instance, who had often told her as much in so many words. Lady Barnstaple, being an outspoken woman, avowed that she had no great fancy for Mr. Compton, whom the Duchess of Islay and others found so charming.

"I admit that he is clever," she would say: "he is a useful sort of man to ask to dinner. But he is too artificial for my taste and too fond of himself. Chris is a dear, good little girl, without a particle of humbug about her, and I am only too glad that Gracie and she should be allies."

It was with Lady Grace Severne, a pretty, fair-haired girl of about her own age, that Chris went out riding after she had left Dr. Lavergne's house; and Lady Grace informed her that they were going over to the Nice Carnival on the morrow; also that they would like to take her with them if her father did not object. This latter formula was only an empty courtesy; for it was not Mr. Compton's habit to object to his daughter's doing anything or going anywhere. And so it came to pass that, on the following day, Chris, clad in a domino and a wire mask, was seated at an open window overlooking the broad thoroughfare which of late years has become very much what the Corso at Rome used to be on Shrove Tuesday.

She enjoyed it immensely, being blessed with immense faculties for enjoyment, and certainly the scene was pretty and animated enough. The procession of gaily-adorned carriages which passed to and fro in the street beneath: the huge cars,

crowded with maskers in fantastic costumes, who showered *confetti* at the windows and received a galling fire in return: the music, the banners, the brilliant sunshine, the occasional recognition of an acquaintance among the passers-by—all these combined to provide more than a sufficiency of excitement and entertainment for two girls only just out of the school-room. As for Lady Barnstaple, who was stout and middle-aged, she sat in the background and groaned over the heat and dust with a few sympathetic dowagers.

"This," exclaimed Chris, "is the sort of thing that I should like to do every day for a week! Then perhaps one might have a chance of getting tired of it. As it is, one has just enough to make one long for more. Gracie, do you know what it is to be bored?"

Lady Grace, upon reflection, rather thought that she did.

"I don't," said Chris, "and I don't believe I ever shall. People say that the London season is a bore; but I think that must be affectation, because why should they go through it if they don't like it?"

"It is one of the things that one has to go through," Lady Grace observed.

"But you *will* enjoy it, Gracie, you know you will! You are just as fond of dancing as I am, and you like seeing heaps of new faces, just as I do."

"One doesn't see a great many new faces in London, and the dancing men are getting fewer every year, and some of the best balls are given by people whom one's mother won't know. Taking it altogether, it is very tiring and rather poor fun," said Lady Grace, who had elder sisters, and knew what she was talking about.

"Well, I mean to have plenty of fun at all events," said Chris decisively.

"I dare say you will," answered her neighbour, smiling. "You are sure to have plenty of admirers, which is

another way of saying the same thing."

"Oh, I don't want *them*," Chris declared, with superb disdain. "Give me a few decent partners, and that is all that I ask. I have made up my mind," she continued, "that I shall not marry. That is, unless somebody very exceptionally nice should turn up. Rich too—yes, I think he had better be rich. And of course he must not object to having my father to live with us."

Lady Grace remarked that many an otherwise amiable husband would draw the line at providing permanent quarters for his father-in-law.

"Then," said Chris, "he would have to do without me. My father would be perfectly wretched if he had to live alone. He thinks he wouldn't; but that is because he doesn't know how many odd jobs I do for him. No servant would ever be able to make him comfortable. Besides which, it cheers him up to have somebody in the house whom he can talk to when he is inclined, and lately he has taken to talking a good deal to me."

Lady Grace was proceeding to point out that if Mr. Compton pined for a patient auditor, there was really nothing to prevent him from marrying a second time; but Chris, who would have deeply resented such a suggestion, did not hear it, her attention having been diverted for the moment by the manœuvres of a tall and graceful youth, wearing a mediæval Venetian costume, who had taken up his station upon the pavement opposite, and who, after lightly tossing a few pellets in at the open window, had thrown a bouquet of exquisite hothouse flowers into her lap.

"It seems," observed Lady Grace, raising her eyebrows and laughing, "that admirers are to be had without going so far as London for them. Who is your picturesque friend?"

"I think it must be Val Richardson—Mr. Richardson," answered Chris.

"Oh!" said Lady Grace, who had a slight acquaintance with this gentle-

man ; and as he raised his plumed cap at that moment, she favoured him with a little bow.

Possibly he may have chosen to interpret that as an invitation. At any rate, he stepped quickly across the street, passed through the doorway above which the girls were seated, and presently entered the room, removing his mask as he did so. He walked straight up to Lady Barnstaple, who stared and then said rather coldly, "Oh—Mr. Robertson, isn't it ? How do you do, Mr. Robertson ?"

Val was not easily snubbed. He addressed a few commonplacees to the dowagers, then dragged a chair towards the window, and seated himself between the two younger ladies with the easy air of one who is sure of his welcome. And he was, it must be confessed, very successful in amusing them. He knew or appeared to know every one of note in the crowd : his precision of aim was again and again displayed in a way which was rewarded by the laughter and applause which it merited ; and if his manner was sometimes a little too familiar, that was an offence which the circumstances of the occasion rendered less noticeable and more excusable than it would have been at any other time.

But Lady Barnstaple, who had taken very little notice of him, did not seem to be any the more inclined to excuse him on that account. "It strikes me, my dear," she remarked to Chris an hour or so later, while she and her party were waiting at the station for the train which was to take them back to Cannes, "that your friend Mr. Robertson, or Johnson, or Dickson, or whatever his name may be, wants putting into his proper place."

"His name is Richardson — and what is his proper place, Lady Barnstaple ?" inquired Chris innocently.

"How in the world should I know ?" returned Lady Barnstaple. "Behind a counter, perhaps. Certainly not behind your chair, with his arms stretched over the back of it. And I think," she added, "that

your father would agree with me there."

The speech was, of course, injudicious ; and Lady Barnstaple, who was by no means a stupid woman, would probably have adopted quite a different method of protecting her own daughter from ineligible suitors ; but, after all, she was not Chris Compton's keeper, and what she chiefly desired to express at the moment was irritation at the impertinence of this Mr. Richardson in forcing his way into her hired premises. Chris, who was not at all likely to be set against any of her friends by hearing them unjustly compared to counter-jumpers, thought a good deal more about Val Richardson on her way home than she would have done if nobody had attacked him ; and the unfortunate conclusion at which she arrived was that he was depreciated by certain persons because he did not happen to be rich. Her father, to be sure, had called him a cad ; but that was what her father was very apt to say about any man to whom he did not take a fancy, and he frequently changed his opinion upon closer acquaintance. "I must try and bring them a little more together," Chris thought.

Lady Barnstaple's carriage was waiting at the station at Cannes. She dropped Chris at the corner of the road which led to Mr. Compton's villa, the girl declaring that she could very well run those few yards and refusing the escort of the footman, though it was now dark. "Nobody ever comes our way after nightfall," she said.

Somebody, however, was standing by the gate of the villa now : somebody whom she presently made out to be old Dr. Laverne, and who spread out his arms as if to bar her passage. His arms were trembling a good deal, and so did his voice, as he stammered confusedly : "Stop, *mademoiselle* ! stop, my child ! I have been waiting for you—I have something to tell you."

"What is the matter ?" asked Chris breathlessly. "Has anything happened ?"

"Yes — something has happened. Your father—he—he is very ill." And then, as Chris darted forward, he caught her by the arm and held her back, murmuring, "No, no! you must not go home: it would be no use. Come with me, my child. Madame Lavergne will tell you —"

"Do you mean," asked Chris, speaking in a quiet, steady voice, which sounded to her strangely unlike her own, "that he is dead?"

Dr. Lavergne made no reply, and for a few seconds there was absolute silence.

"What was it?" was Chris's next question, put in the same calm, level tone. "Was it an accident?"

"No: there was no accident, and no suffering: you must remember that. Ah, my dear, we must all die; but not many of us can hope to die without long agony. I found him sitting in his chair as though he were asleep. And it was not unexpected. We were prepared for it: he himself was prepared for it."

"And yet none of you told me!" cried Chris.

Again the doctor made no answer; but now Peter, who, instead of giving his mistress the boisterous welcome to which she was accustomed, had remained unseen in the background, crept forward and licked her hand. It was so unlike him to behave in that way, and his sympathy somehow seemed so much more real than that of the poor doctor, who, like all human beings, had begun to point out mitigating circumstances before his bad news was well spoken, that the girl suddenly broke down. She seated herself on a heap of stones by the wayside, caught the little dog up in her arms, and burst out crying like a child.

"Oh, Peter, Peter!" she sobbed, as she kissed his rough head, "what shall we do? What shall we do?"

Under cover of the darkness, Dr. Lavergne smiled and drew a long breath. For two mortal hours he had been hovering about the gate, knowing

that he had before him one of the most painful tasks which any man can be called upon to perform, and dreading it so intensely, that if he could have escaped by the sacrifice of every flower in his possession, his garden would have been converted into a wilderness then and there. Now it was over, and well over. "From the moment that she can shed tears," the doctor thought, "there is nothing to fear. She will cry a great deal: they always do when they begin like that; and then she will tire herself out, and then she will sleep. *Allons*, if anybody is ill to-morrow, it will be I rather than she, poor child! At my age it is not good to be so upset."

CHAPTER III.

ONE fine hot morning, six weeks after the occurrence of the catastrophe recorded in the last chapter, Chris Compton was sitting in Dr. Lavergne's garden, with an open letter lying upon her crape-covered knees, while she gazed abstractedly and sorrowfully at the sunny prospect beneath her. Her father was dead and buried, as was also her happy, irresponsible childhood. Both events seemed to her to have happened a very long time ago, and which of them saddened her the most one may guess, although she did not. Some people assert that no such thing as natural affection exists, save in the one unquestionable instance of the love of a mother for her offspring; but it is not unlikely that these people may be mistaken. Chris had certainly loved her father, whom it must be owned that she had had little ostensible reason for loving. He had been kind to her in a negative sort of way, giving her plenty of pocket money, allowing her to do as she pleased, and not attempting to make her tastes and habits a reflection of his own, as so many parents insanely do; but he had never been in any true sense of the word her friend. She had, in reality, known nothing at all of the actual man, and

consequently it was quite impossible that his removal should leave her as inconsolable as she believed that it had left her. At the end of six weeks she was obliged to acknowledge to herself, with a good deal of unnecessary shame, that life was still sweet, and the sunshine pleasant, and the friendliness of the great human family at large, with which her sympathies were unusually catholic, a source of deep inward gratification.

From the day of her father's death the Laverignes had insisted upon her taking up her quarters with them, and she had been willing enough to agree to what Mr. James Compton, her father's cousin and lawyer, writing from England, called "a suitable temporary arrangement." Mr. James Compton, on behalf of the family, had gratefully accepted the hospitality offered to his kinswoman by the old couple, who had made her feel so completely at home, that she had often wished, as they declared that they did, that the arrangement might be made permanent, instead of temporary. José, too, had seen and wept with her, making her laugh through her tears by imploring her to accept as a gift the knife which he had refused to sell her a few days before. Lady Barnstaple and Lady Grace had visited her frequently; and as for the Duchess of Islay and the other great ladies, they had written her very pretty little notes. If they had not been to see her, it was because the sight of sorrow which they could do nothing to alleviate was naturally painful to their tender hearts; and because, as they said to one another with the customary formula, it was "so much kinder to leave the poor girl to herself." All things considered, therefore, it did not look as though the orphan would be without friends in the world: and so Madame Lavergne ventured to remark to her sceptical husband, who shrugged his shoulders and drew down the corners of his mouth, and returned, "My dear, you must allow them a little time to forget. Be at ease: they

will not dispute with you for the possession of your orphan, those ladies."

It was not, however, to be thought of that a young Englishwoman, with respectable connections in her own country, should be left under the care of a couple of obscure foreigners in the south of France, and the letter from Mr. James Compton which lay on her lap gave Chris to understand that her sojourn under Dr. Lavergne's roof was about to terminate. It was written in the dry, precise style which had characterized several previous communications which she had received from him, and announced that, as he was now able to absent himself from his avocations for a short time, he was upon the point of starting for Cannes in order that he might escort her to England. The arrangements which had been made for her future would, he said, be more easily made known to her by word of mouth than by letter; and the same remark applied to her "financial position," which there had been some delay and difficulty in ascertaining, and which, he confessed, had come upon him, when ascertained, as a surprise.

Two days later he arrived—a thin, dismal, worried-looking man, who wore a tall hat on the back of his head, and had large hands and feet, and blinking blue eyes, and straggling grey whiskers which met under his chin. Chris had never seen him before. She knew nothing of her relations, of whom, possibly, Mr. Compton may not have been particularly proud. This one, at any rate, did not look as if he would prove much of an acquisition; nor did he seem to mean what he said, when he greeted her with a mournful "How do you do, Christina? I am glad to make your acquaintance at last."

He drove up from his hotel to dinner with the Laverignes; and a very dreary repast this turned out, both for entertainers and entertained. Mr. Compton's command of French was limited: Madame Lavergne was unable to speak a word of any language but

her own ; and the doctor, who could chatter broken English with great fluency and rapidity when he chose, was pleased to stand upon his dignity, and declined to make himself ridiculous. It was therefore a great relief to Chris when her cousin, setting down his coffee-cup and declining Dr. Lavergne's proffered cigarette, requested her to take a turn with him in the garden. He proceeded to business without any prefatory observations.

"It has been decided," said he, "that your home henceforth will be with your mother's only sister, Miss Ramsden, whom I believe you do not know personally. Your poor father was not much in the habit—however, that is of no consequence. She lives in the neighbourhood of Primrose Hill: the address is 25, Balaclava Terrace, N.W. My own acquaintance with the lady is very slight ; but I have seen her, and she has expressed her willingness to receive you upon terms which—which—well, I could not see my way to refusing the terms proposed. I myself have a large family"—here Mr. Compton sighed heavily—"I may say that it would have been simply out of my power to offer you house-room. And, after all, Miss Ramsden is your nearest relation."

"I have heard of Aunt Rebecca," observed Chris reflectively. "I remember that my father said she was odd. What is she like?"

"I don't see how I can be expected to answer such a question," returned Mr. Compton, with a shade of irritability. "If you come to that, she is not particularly like anything or anybody that I ever saw before. She might be called odd, no doubt. At any rate, the sum which will be paid to her annually on your behalf will entitle you to claim comfortable quarters and—or—an ample diet."

"I dare say she will give me enough to eat," said Chris, laughing a little.

"Well, I hope so—I hope so. Should she fail to carry out her part of the contract, you will do well to address a letter to me, stating speci-

cally what are your grounds for complaint. I must now tell you that your poor father's personality is smaller, very much smaller, than I should have supposed it to be. He really appears to have spent every penny that he made by his writings."

"Of course he had a perfect right to do what he pleased with his own," said Chris ; for she had no idea of allowing her father's actions to be criticised by this pedantic lawyer.

"Certainly ; but there are duties as well as rights connected with every position, and it is the duty of every man to provide for his children. I do not mean to say that your father has left you wholly unprovided for ; but I fear that you have been accustomed to a rate of expenditure which would be quite out of keeping with your present circumstances. You will henceforth receive a hundred a year from me until you come of age, when my trust will determine ; and out of this sum you will have to defray the cost of your dress, washing, and travelling expenses."

"It will be quite enough," Chris declared.

"I am glad to hear you say so ; but I must warn you that the sum which I have named cannot by any possibility be exceeded. Does that dog belong to you?"

"He does," answered Chris. "Peter, come and speak to your cousin."

"Little dog," said Mr. Compton, making an effort to unbend, "give me your paw."

"Pooh !" returned Peter, with a scornful snort, and wheeling round, trotted off on tiptoe. Peter had long before this instituted olfactory investigations as to the person of Mr. James Compton, and apparently did not think much of him.

"I suppose," observed that gentleman, "you will leave your dog here."

"Leave him here !" exclaimed Chris. "Certainly not. I shall take him with me."

Mr. Compton shook his head.

"Miss Ramsden will object, I fear," said he.

"Then," returned Chris calmly, "I shall not live with her. Where I go, Peter goes."

"But really, my dear Christina, you must excuse my telling you that that is not a proper way to speak. How can you help living with Miss Ramsden?"

"I won't, that's all," Chris answered without loss of temper.

James Compton, as his wife and children had long ago discovered, was a weak sort of person in private life, though he had the name of being hard and uncompromising as a lawyer. He looked at the girl, who looked fearlessly back at him, and then he sighed and struck his colours, murmuring that he would see what he could do.

"But Miss Ramsden will be sure to ask something extra for his keep," he said. "Ten pounds a year, most likely. I do not for one moment suppose that she would consent to keep a dog for less."

"It will have to come out of my allowance," said Chris.

"Naturally it will: there is no other available fund. I doubt very much, my dear Christina, whether you know how far a hundred a year will go. To many people it would seem quite a large sum: to your mind, I fear, the figure conveys no definite idea at all."

It certainly did not convey much idea, and Chris confessed that it did not; whereupon her cousin read her a solemn lecture. He was a well-meaning and not unkindly creature in his way; but he was scarcely a human being, all his faculties from his youth up having been concentrated upon the legal aspect of life. He prosed away for a quarter of an hour, and Chris listened to as much of his discourse as it was possible to listen to. This, when condensed, amounted to little more than that she would have to live in future with a due regard to economy, that he trusted to her common sense not to make too much of Miss Rams-

den's little eccentricities, and that he hoped that she would be ready to start for England in about thirty-six hours' time. It was evident that he found his present trust a great nuisance; and that he was inclined to grumble (as indeed he had some right to do) at its having been inflicted upon him by a man who had not taken the trouble to speak half-a-dozen times to him in his life, and had left him nothing at all by will.

Chris did not accompany him to the house, whither he returned at length to take leave of his host and hostess. She remained at the end of the garden in the starlight, and meditated upon her future, which did not appear to be a very smiling one, while Peter, who had jumped upon her lap, comforted her to the best of his ability by rubbing his head against her and licking her hands.

"Dear old Peter," she murmured, "you are the best friend I have in the world now."

"I hope not," said a voice close behind her.

"Oh, Mr. Richardson!" she exclaimed, "is that you? I am so glad! Only a minute ago I was wondering whether I should see you to say good-bye. I am going away the day after to-morrow."

The young man groaned. "I thought as much!" said he. "I only heard this evening that your uncle, or guardian, or whatever he is, had arrived, and I came up here at once, because I couldn't bear to let you go without telling you how awfully sorry I was to hear of—of your misfortune, you know. I should have come long before this, only I was afraid of intruding upon you."

"Thank you," answered Chris: "I was sure you would be sorry, and you need not have been afraid of intruding. I should have been very glad to see you."

"I wish I had known! And now you are going away, and I don't know when we shall meet again. You won't quite forget me, will you?"

"Never," Chris declared emphatically. "I shall always remember that it was you who gave me my dear Peter."

Perhaps it was not precisely in that way that Mr. Richardson was desirous of being remembered; for he gave a somewhat dissatisfied grunt. He did not, however, enter any verbal protest, but went on to speak of Chris's fate and fortune, putting some questions with regard to the latter which, to an experienced person, would have sounded significant. Not being an experienced person, Chris did not think them so; but she was unable to answer them satisfactorily. All that she could tell him was that her aunt was to be remunerated for taking charge of her, and that she was to have an allowance of a hundred a year for her personal expenses until she came of age. What was to happen after that important date she did not know.

"Four years hence—it's a long time. Poor little Chris," murmured Mr. Richardson: "have they made you a ward in Chancery?"

Chris could not say, but had received no information to that effect. "What does a ward in Chancery mean?" she inquired.

"It means, among other things, that, supposing your uncle has made you one, I should expose myself to I don't know what pains and penalties if I were to run away with you and marry you to-morrow—which is what I should like to do," replied Mr. Richardson.

Chris was not best pleased with this speech, and she at once expressed her displeasure. "I would rather you did not make jokes of that kind again," she said with dignity.

"But the worst of it is that it isn't a joke at all: it's the soberest of sober earnest," returned the young man. "Chris, dear, I'm an impecunious beggar: I have no right to propose to anybody. But, right or wrong, I can't let you go without telling you that I love you. Is it any use? Will you wait for me, Chris?"

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Chris, snatching away her hand, of which he had suddenly possessed himself. "I like you very much, and you have been very kind to me; but—but— Oh, no: you must not think of that, please!"

"As if I could help thinking of it! Tell me at least this much—do you care for any one else?"

"You know I don't! Didn't you hear me say just now that Peter was my best friend in the world?"

"Well, I am not jealous of Peter. Especially if, as you say, he reminds you of me. Look here, Chris, if you'll give me something to live for, I'll try to reform and give up my naughty habits, and become a respectable member of society. If you won't, I shall go straight to the deuce; and it will be a short enough journey, goodness knows!"

Appeals couched in such terms are often very effective with women, who do not seem to understand that a man who is prepared to go to the deuce if he does not get what he wants, will probably reach that destination in the long run, even if he does. They exaggerate, perhaps, the restraining influence ascribed to them, and do not like to refuse so small a boon as a few words of hope to a despairing fellow-creature. Whether Chris was actuated by pure benevolence, or whether her heart was in some degree touched by the young man's handsome face and the warmth with which he pleaded his cause, certain it is that at the end of another quarter of an hour she found herself after a fashion engaged to Mr. Richardson.

It was only after a fashion. With great generosity, he declared that he could not and would not bind her down to a formal engagement: his prospects were too uncertain, and her own feelings were evidently too undecided for that. All he asked was that she would not engage herself to any other man without letting him know; and he gave her the address of his club in London, receiving in return that of Miss Ramsden's residence, at

the sight of which he could not help drawing down the corners of his mouth. He hoped to see her again, he said, in the course of the summer, and meanwhile their quasi-betrothal had better remain a secret between themselves. Chris did not altogether like this condition, but gave in to it on being assured that it was made for her sake.

"As far as I am concerned," Val said, "I should be only too glad for all the world to know that I am engaged to you; but it wouldn't be fair, because there is no actual engagement. It's a contract which is binding upon me, but not upon you: that's what I want you to understand."

After he had taken his leave—which he did in a very respectful way, and without claiming any of the privileges which lovers are wont to claim—she began to be a little uneasy, and wished that she had had the strength of mind to stick to her refusal; for she was almost sure that she was not, and never would be, in love with Val. Nevertheless, she was grateful to him for loving her, and felt less lonely than she had done earlier in the evening; and she went to sleep with a conviction that the world was not such a dreary and desolate place, after all.

All the next day she was busy packing up and bidding farewell to her friends at Cannes; and on the day after that she had to part with the

good people whose house had been made a second home to her.

"Write to us often, my child," whispered Madame Lavergne, as she embraced her; "and do not forget that your room will always be ready for you here, just as you left it. One never knows what will happen: troubles may always come; and some day you may be glad to think that there is an old woman in France who loves you like her own daughter."

Unfortunately, Dr. Lavergne had been grievously affronted by an ill-advised offer on the part of Mr. James Compton to reimburse him for the expense to which he had been put in respect of Chris's board and lodging. He was extremely cold and dignified up to the last moment; but when the girl threw her arms round his neck and kissed him he suddenly melted and, if the truth must be told, shed a few tears.

"Good-bye, dear *mademoiselle*, good-bye!" he said. "We shall miss you much more than you will miss us—that is only natural. But some day you will come back to us, will you not?"

But by this time Chris herself was crying bitterly, and could not get out a word. She could only nod and pat the old man on the shoulder. It did not seem likely that she would ever see him again, for he was over seventy, and she would not be her own mistress for four long years to come.

(To be continued.)

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1888.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE.¹

IT is so many years since I addressed an audience from this place, that, though once well known to the citizens of Exeter, I speak to you now almost as a stranger. The last time I stood here I was perhaps the oldest, and certainly not the least loyal or least admiring friend of your President, Sir Stafford Northcote: to-day I occupy his place. No man could stand here after what has passed without grave thoughts of the pathos of life and the irony of hope; but what Wordsworth calls "the trite reflections of morality," the inevitable bit of Burke as to "what shadows we are and what shadows we pursue," have already been delivered by a great man to a great assembly; and I will not repeat them.

Yet it will not be, I hope, unfitting that I, his friend, and who, if I may quote a phrase of my own, now occupy the place he once filled, should try to interest you by some few words about the man whom you honoured by electing as your President, and who (let me say) did you honour by accepting your election. I succeed him, and address you for the first time as your President. I will try to tell you something of the President you have lost.

When we know any one very well we are scarcely ever satisfied with the account or the estimate of him given

by another; and perhaps part of the charm of consummate biographies, such as Southey's *Life of Nelson* or Stanley's *Life of Arnold*, arises from the fact that we do not know, except through the artist's work, the subject of his labour. I can believe that those who knew Lord Nelson well might have something to say of Southey's imperfections. I did know Dr. Arnold, though but slightly; and Stanley's *Life*, though no one can recognise its remarkable ability more cordially than I, will not, I think, quite justly and completely convey to posterity the great man I remember. Each small contribution from this side and from that, a speech, an essay, an address, a letter, the recollection of a conversation, each, if a sincere utterance and intended to tell the truth, is valuable to a biographer or historian as a stone or a brick to be used in some part, prominent or obscure, of the edifice he is building. Some such humble contribution it may be possible to make to the story of the life of Sir Stafford Northcote which is certain to be written.

I knew him from a child, but my first intimate association with him was at school at Eton. And it is remarkable, on looking back to those days, how much he remained the same in his main characteristics, moral and intellectual, from the beginning of his life to the end. After a few, a very few,

¹ An Address delivered to the Exeter Literary Society.

light-hearted transgressions of discipline (for they were nothing more, and corrected, as Dr. Keate corrected everything, by the rod) he settled down to a course of steady but not excessive or unhealthy industry. In those days, I speak of the decade between 1830 and 1840, the curriculum of Eton was undoubtedly narrow and defective. But at least, what was taught was well worth teaching, and was taught excellently and thoroughly. The more perfect idea of a great educational seminary had not then taken shape. The masters taught us Latin and Greek, and did not teach us pulling and cricket. The Duke of Newcastle had recently founded and endowed a scholarship for the best scholar the school could annually produce; and the masters had not founded prizes for running and leaping and walking, and other natural or unnatural athletics. The Newcastle Scholar, strange as it may sound to the present generation, was as much thought of in the school, as the Captain of the Boats or the Captain of the Eleven. The answer of a distinguished Devonshire nobleman to a public commission, that it would not be against a boy at Eton to be a Newcastle scholar if he was also a fair proficient in some athletic pursuit, could not then have been given with truth, as no doubt it was when the noble Earl gave it. It seemed in those days to be the idea that the river and the playing-fields presented sufficient attractions of themselves; and that there was no need for the authorities to urge on the boys to games and amusements of which they were tolerably certain, without such encouragement, to be quite fond enough. Yet they pulled, they played cricket, they played hockey and fives and football, not perhaps with the fierce enthusiasm and profound science of the present time, yet well enough to do themselves a great deal of good in the way of manly self-reliance and healthy exercise. They could put a boat through the water at a good pace

against a swift stream: they could knock balls about in what seemed good style: they could beat Westminster (I speak as an Eton man): they could hold their own against Winchester and Harrow.

Into this Eton of 1830 Sir Stafford Northcote entered as a boy, and soon became distinguished both as a scholar and as an adept in the games which scholars then pursued. He was a good oar, a good hockey-player, and a remarkably fast runner. In some other games his short sight stood in his way. Then, as always, he was conspicuous for the singular facility with which everything he did was done. A sound scholar, with a graceful and accurate command of such Greek and Latin as Eton boys were familiar with, he never seemed to be taking trouble or expending labour. Everything was done almost as a matter of course, and he seemed always to have leisure for games, for walks, for talks, for all those things which make life pleasant without making it useless. He had time for everything, and everything was well done. This reputation followed him to Oxford, where, with Arthur Hugh Clough for his fellow-scholar, he won a scholarship at Balliol, a prize as eagerly coveted in those days as in these, and subjecting the Scholar to a discipline in Lecture and out of Lecture which I believe no one who has undergone it but has felt to his great advantage in his whole after-life. There, too, he obtained a Classical first-class and some distinction in Mathematics, without any one being aware that he was reading hard, and with no apparent serious interference with the social and other pleasures of the place.

This was from no affected ostentation of a disregard for the distinctions of the University. Sir Stafford Northcote was not a man who made up for studied negligence in public by keeping himself awake on strong green tea, and reading half the night with a wet towel round his head. The simplicity of his nature would have recoiled from such silly and dangerous

vanity. But, then, as always, the quickness of his apprehension, the clearness and method of his mind, the ease and felicity with which he could reproduce what he had digested and assimilated, enabled him to attain success with an amount of labour which was the admiring despair of his friends and the wonder of those who saw him only as the delight of wine-parties for his humorous stories, his genial playfulness, his hearty enjoyment of the fun, the brightness, and the wisdom of others, which (so far as young men are capable of such things) made college-life a joy in the present, and a rich storehouse of good and happy thoughts in the past.

Such as he was when he left Oxford, such he remained in all the main outlines of his character till the very end of his life; and although, of course, lapse of years told upon him as on other men, ripening his judgment, strengthening his oratory, developing his intellect; still he remained at sixty-eight very much what he was at twenty-eight, except that he was an old man instead of a young. He was a character who exemplified in life the precept of Horace as to fiction :

“*Servetur ad inum*.”

Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constet.”

It follows from what I have already said that with the ordinary and greatest Greek and Latin writers he was familiar. Not that he was ever so learned a scholar as Mr. Gladstone or Lord Lyttelton, Mr. Lowe or, above all, Sir George Cornewall Lewis; but he knew his classics as Mr. Canning or Mr. Pitt or Sir Robert Peel knew them; and they formed the occasion of a pleasant controversy between the young Northcote and the aged Wellesley; in which, as was natural, the larger reading of the old Marquis was able to defend with success the classical authority of a Latin word which the young Oxford man had ventured to question.¹ I cannot speak of his

¹ The word was *lituus*, which Sir Stafford Northcote maintained to be applicable to the

knowledge of German or Italian, but he had an unusually wide acquaintance with French literature; so wide and deep that I should suppose few living Englishmen excelled or even equalled him. His knowledge of English literature, both old and recent, was very great indeed; and if he did not always admire what I do, nor as I do, this is natural in such matters, and though, as every one else does, I think my taste right, he probably thought just the same of his taste, and very likely upon grounds just as good. Having said this, I may add, merely as my own opinion, that I do not think he appreciated fully works of high imagination, and that he hardly felt refinement of style, melody of language, subtlety of expression, as much as many men I have known far his inferiors in intellectual power and general cultivation. I should myself say that it was the same as to art. Perhaps he had not given time to it; perhaps he could not give the time; perhaps it did not seem to him worth the trouble and the study which a real and thorough comprehension of fine art, as of everything really great and profound, requires of a man who wishes fully to comprehend it. He knew much about it, in a general way he admired it; but, to say the very truth, he always seemed to me, as he was somewhat deaf to the highest strains in literature, so to be somewhat blind to the most exquisite and sublimest creations of the painter or sculptor. Remember, that in saying this I feel entirely that he would probably have said something in kindly disparagement of the taste of his critic, if he had lived and thought it worth while to criticise him.

Of his English style you have yourselves had examples and can judge as well as I; and we have to thank Lady

sea-shore alone, whereas Lord Wellesley had used it of a river-bank, for which kind of shore it was contended *ripa* was the proper expression. But Lord Wellesley me and silenced the contention by the authority of Horace and Virgil.

Iddesleigh for a volume of his papers, full of interest, excellent as pieces of literature, handling a variety of topics with that easy mastery difficult to attain, but delightful to those for whose benefit it is exercised: different altogether from the superficial cleverness of the sciolist, and suggesting always that the sources of it are unexhausted, and in every page of them, if I may quote a phrase of Lady Iddesleigh's own, "reflecting his clear judgment and his gentle, unprejudiced mind." The range of the volume is very wide; from Political Economy and the closing of the Exchequer by Charles the Second to Nothing.

"Intervalla vides humani commoda."

Yet all the subjects receive fresh and apposite illustration from his large knowledge, his playful wit and fancy, his serene and impartial understanding; and the papers appear to me to hit the exact and happy medium between learned and exhaustive dissertations, which would have been entirely out of place, and those merely superficial addresses which wile away half an hour more or less agreeably, and then are, as they ought to be, forgotten.

Something akin to these papers were his speeches delivered in Parliament and elsewhere. In oratory, however, he greatly and distinctly improved as years went on. I remember many years ago, when Sir Stafford was a young man, his making a speech from this platform at a meeting presided over by the then Bishop of Exeter, a man of very great qualities, himself in a certain style an orator wellnigh unrivalled, and a critic of other men's performances at once most competent and most severe. His judgment of Sir Stafford's speech was not only very unfavourable, but committed him to the opinion that the speaker never could succeed in public life. How entirely the bishop's forecast was falsified by the event we all know. He became, as I can testify, a speaker perfectly competent to hold his own with the greatest masters of debate in

the House of Commons, one with whom the foremost man of his time always felt that he must deal respectfully, and put forth his whole strength to answer: not perhaps one who could thunder down a Chamber or sweep the House of Commons away in a fierce flood of eloquence; but one who could express clear thought in clear language, could conceive with spirit and express with dignity, and could leave his audience when he sat down not, perhaps, convinced (who ever convinced a political antagonist on the spot by a speech?), yet brought to a pause, if they were his opponents, and supplied, if they were his supporters, with excellent reasons for the vote they were about to give. Above all, he had in large measure that which Aristotle calls the *πίστις ἠθική*, the moral suasion, the influence of character, charming and conciliating even where it did not convince. The great Lord Erskine, as I have heard his son say, was once discussing with Mr. Canning the merits and gifts of Mr. Perceval, whom Lord Erskine thought Mr. Canning underrated as a rival. Lord Erskine said that Mr. Perceval was a much abler man than Mr. Canning was disposed to admit, for various reasons, which he gave, and then he added: "Remember, Canning, that you never speak without making an enemy, Perceval never speaks without making a friend, and this in itself is a great power." I leave the application of the story to those who have heard Sir Stafford Northcote speak.

In this assembly I must pass over his politics *sicco pede*. At one time we thoroughly agreed, but for many years his politics and mine very widely differed. Which of us changed most I really do not know; but of this I am sure, that in every change or modification of opinion he was actuated by the purest principle, and that in no single action of his life did he ever deviate for one instant from the path pointed out to him by unbending integrity and stainless honour. Two remarks, quasi-political in their character, will I permit myself.

First, that Free-trade opinions were almost congenital with him. In his allegiance to them he never wavered. Almost the last public service he rendered his country was to preside with remarkable prudence, fairness, and ability over the Commission on the Depression of Trade, of which one unquestioned and unquestionable result was to show that countries relying on Protection suffered much more heavily from the depression than those which rely upon Free-trade. He once indeed, under strong pressure, admitted Fair-trade to the rank of what he called "a pious opinion"; but every one knew that his own opinion on the subject was not pious, and that whatever he might allow as an opinion, his practice would be rigidly orthodox. Next, that wherever Sir Stafford Northcote was, into whatever office he was put, by whomsoever he was surrounded, his first impulse was to reform; to find out and correct abuses, to curtail useless expenditure, to promote practical efficiency. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say, that every society and every institution, with which he ever was connected, is the better for the connection. Many of the best and most approved reforms made in the last thirty years in our internal administration are due to the suggestion and to the guiding hand of Sir Stafford Northcote. To his reforms no one ever did or could object. It is only to be regretted that being of late years so much necessarily absorbed in the fierce strife of party politics, he had so little time or opportunity for displaying the genius, which he undoubtedly possessed, of a great practical reformer.

One other neutral observation I must be permitted to make; neutral always, thank God, as far as party politics are concerned, but one which it was at one time rather dangerous to make; dangerous I mean to one's personal comfort, if one made it in most social gatherings, whether in London or elsewhere. There was a time when, in the great American civil war, the

sympathies of the English upper classes went with Slavery, and when the North had scant justice and no mercy at their hands. I have myself seen that most distinguished man, Charles Francis Adams, subjected in society to treatment which, if he had resented it, might have seriously imperilled the relations of the two countries; and which nothing but the wonderful self-command of a very strong man, and his resolute determination to stifle all personal feeling, and to consider himself only as the minister of a great country, enabled him to treat, as he did, with mute disdain. But in this critical state of things in and out of Parliament, Mr. Disraeli and Sir Stafford Northcote on one side, and the Duke of Argyll and Sir George Cornwall Lewis on the other, mainly contributed to keep this country neutral, and to save us from the ruinous mistake of taking part with the South. On this matter Sir Stafford Northcote thought with his usual clearness, but spoke with an energy not usual in so kind a man. I well remember his saying to me in this city that he hoped to live long enough to see a particular member of Mr. Jefferson Davis's cabinet hanged for his treason; and he added that he could not understand how any man could look without utter horror and loathing (they were his own words, not mine) at the prospect of a great empire founded upon slavery and committed to the maintenance of slavery as the very principle of its being. His calmness was not coldness or indifference, his gentleness was not weakness. Moral wrong (as he regarded it), oppression, cruelty, roused him to wrath and indignation, the more striking from their contrast to his habitual serenity, the more impressive from the unexpected disclosure of those depths of feeling and emotion, the existence of which was generally concealed under the veil of his quiet self-control. I do not know, but I imagine that it was his strong sympathy with the Federal cause, and his sense of the reparation we owed to America, which led him to place his great abilities at the service

of his country as one of the commissioners of the Treaty of Washington, though the Treaty was negotiated by a Government to which he was politically opposed. And I can never forget the unbroken dignity with which he sustained remarks upon himself, and the spirit with which he repelled attacks upon the provisions of the Treaty, made, I must say, with complete impartiality from both sides of the House of Commons.

Of his powers as a financier it does not become me to speak. Finance is a subject which I most imperfectly understand; and if you have no clear ideas yourself about a subject, you are pretty sure to waste the time of others and your own if you try to speak upon it. But I have heard from those who are competent to judge that he had great financial skill and power, and that where subsequent Chancellors of the Exchequer have departed from his plans, they have departed generally for the worse.

It follows, if I have placed before you even the faintest image of Sir Stafford Northcote, that he lacked one quality of the great Dr. Johnson: he was but a poor hater. I do believe, that either by original creation or in answer to his prayers, God had delivered him from envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. For this reason, though he led his party, as it seems to one not belonging to it, with singular skill and wisdom, he was not perhaps a very good party man. Ben Jonson says that in his day the times were "so wholly partial or malicious, that if a man be a friend all sits well about him, his very vices shall be virtues; if an enemy or of the contrary faction, nothing is good or tolerable in him; inasmuch that we care not to discredit and shame our judgements to soothe our passions." Nothing in this vigorous passage found an echo in Sir Stafford's nature. He thought the best he could of every one: he declined to ascribe bad motives to those at whose hands he had experienced slights and injuries

which many men, which perhaps most men, would have bitterly resented. He felt these things keenly, but with a rare magnanimity he uttered no complaint, he held his peace. I believe that he forgave those who did them: he certainly made excuses for them, and that with no double sense of irony or sarcasm, but honestly, truly, simply. Well, they have their reward, and he has his!

For it follows also from what I have said, that if he was a poor hater he was a fast friend. He was indeed and in truth,

"That faithful friend, best boon of Heaven,
Unto some favoured mortal given,
Though still the same, yet varying still
Our each successive want to fill;
Beneath life's ever fitful hue
To us he bears an aspect new."

So says the author of *The Cathedral*; and those who had the friendship of Sir Stafford Northcote might well thank Heaven for the boon it had bestowed. His friendship once given was never capriciously, was, I may say by *him*, never withdrawn. It outlasted diversities of life, changes of opinion, differences of politics, severance of circumstances. He clung to friends always, in success, in sorrow, nay more, in discredit: he worked actively for friends without regard to politics, till the ties of party became too strong for him to break. In this place I would not if I could, and I could not if I would, say all he was to one who had known him from a child. The lofty eulogy of Virgil,

"Ripheus, justissimus unus
Qui fuit in Teucris et servantissimus aequi,"

was once quoted by Mr. Gladstone of Sir George Cornwall Lewis, and might form the foundation of an eulogy as lofty and as true upon Sir Stafford Northcote; but I take refuge in the noble lines written by Mr. Lyttelton in 1749, describing *his* friend:

"He loved his friends with such a warmth of heart,
So clear of interest, so devoid of art,

Such generous friendship, such unshaken zeal,
No words can speak it, but our tears can tell.

Oh, candid truth! oh, faith without a stain!

Oh, manners gently firm, and nobly plain!"

There is much more I should like to say; as to his services to this county,—which he loved so well, that he once said to me, that of course Devonshire was less beautiful in winter than in summer, but that Devonshire in winter was more beautiful than any other county in summer,—to this neighbourhood, to this city, to this Society. But as to this last matter you know what he was and the value of his services to you as your President; while I can feel at any rate the burden you have imposed on me in electing me as his successor. Time, however, and your patience are alike exhausted. I will end therefore what I have to say with no attempt to sum it up. I have tried to put before you, as I saw him, a person who, taken altogether, was a very definite, a very remarkable, I had almost said an unique, character. Holder of an ancient baronetcy, of good but not large estate, with no particular advantages of connection, with a reputation from school and college high indeed but not extraordinary, he ended by filling some of the greatest offices in the country. He was Secretary of State, Chancellor of the Exchequer, First Lord of the Treasury, Leader of the House of Commons, and when out of office Leader of his party in that House, and lastly an English earl. He has had his bust, his statue, his picture, in his life and after his death, painted and set up by subscriptions, to which men of all classes, of all shades of opinion, religious and political, have most heartily contributed. A rare example of the force of a good and high character. But if, like Agricola, he was happy in the clear light of his life, he

was, like him, happy also in the opportunity of his death. It is not for me to settle the account between Sir Stafford Northcote, his colleagues, and his party; but when one thinks of how he died and what hastened, if it did not cause, his death, two thoughts, one bitter and one consoling, are forced upon the mind. It was said some years ago by a great cynic, with too much truth, that gratitude is a factor of very small importance in English politics. It must also be said that the life of Sir Stafford Northcote demonstrates that English politics do not lower the character or corrupt the heart; and that the Leader of the House of Commons may be a man of simple life and true piety, a steadfast friend, a generous foe, a sincere believer, and a good man.

One closing word and I have done. I have spoken of him throughout as Sir Stafford Northcote, and I have done so on purpose. When Sir Robert Peel offered Robert Southey a baronetcy, he asked him "to adorn the distinction of the baronetcy by consenting to accept the title." In like manner Sir Stafford Northcote might well say, with Lord Thurlow, that the peerage solicited him, not he the peerage. He conferred, not received, honour by changing his old name to a new one. "*Ita fit*," says the well-known passage of Boethius, in the *De Consolatione Philosophiae*, "*ut non virtutibus ex dignitate, sed ex virtute dignitatibus honor accedat*." Great qualities gain nothing from dignities, but dignities increase in honour by the great qualities of those who accept them. In almost the last letter I ever received from him he signed himself, "Ever yours affectionately, S. H. N., *sive tu mavis* IDDESLEIGH." I do not prefer it. I therefore use the freedom permitted me by my friend, and end this poor tribute to his memory with the name of Stafford Northcote.

COLERIDGE.

PICTURES AT SEA.

ONCE in the Bay of Bengal I witnessed from the deck of a ship named the *Hougoumont*, a sight the like of which, had I read a description of it, I should have believed impossible in Nature. The weather had been gloomy and sullen throughout the day: the swell was a jumble of sombre green folds sulkily shouldering one another as they ran, and I noticed that they likewise moved very sluggishly as oil might, or water thick with ooze. A light air slipped from one swinging brow to another, but it had not weight enough to steady the canvas, and the ship rolled dismally, burying her sides with a regular sea-sawing of the channels lifted foaming; whilst the blows of the sails against the masts sent blasts of noise like the explosions of nine pounders vibrating through the dusky air.

The look of the sky was more menacing than the warnings of the glass, low as the mercury stood. That a hurricane was not far off was not to be doubted; but we believed ourselves to be on the southern verge of it, and that we should therefore escape the central rage, though it was more than probable that we should encounter the lighter tempest flying off the black wing of the storm-fiend as he passed. At five o'clock in the afternoon, though the sun then stood many degrees above the horizon, it was so dark that the men had to feel about for the ropes. The ship having been stripped of her canvas, the noises aloft were small and weak; whilst the straining sounds from bulkheads and strong fastenings in the cabins and hold were so muffled by battened hatches and tarpaulined skylights that they scarcely caught the ear. The dismaying influence of the dark still shadow on high showed

strongly in the glimmering faces of the men. I was but a lad at the time, making my second voyage, and so was comparatively unscasoned; and I was awed and alarmed by this sullen gloom, whose preternatural complexion made you think of having floated into some sunless world of waters over which no star ever sparkled, no moon ever rose, and whose atmosphere was to blacken yet as the deeper solitudes were penetrated. One yearned for a flash of lightning, for the growl of distant thunder, for any quality of the familiar to neutralise the superstitious fears inspired by this afternoon darkness, imperturbably tincturing its substance into the raven hue of midnight. We spoke in whispers. The mate receiving his orders from the captain, who delivered them in a low voice, would approach the men close before repeating them, as though he durst not break the stillness by bawling. There was an inconsolable sobbing of water alongside; and at long intervals, audible only at moments when the breathless hang of the ship upon the slope of some liquid brow left the fabric death-like, you heard a sort of moaning noise in the air, vague and indeterminate, echoes no doubt from the field of battle that was yet leagues distant.

At eight o'clock it was pitch dark. The atmosphere was now breathless. Though I had been on deck since six, I had not witnessed once in any quarter of the horizon the faintest glare of lightning. A dim and rusty tinge of red had filtered into the west when the sun set, but the ugly illumination faded quickly. I went below to turn in, but finding that others of the watch I belonged to remained on deck I came back, and leaning over the

poop-rail, stood straining my eyes against the amazing blindness of the night, in vain search of any break of radiance upon the sea-line. The condensed swell rolled to the ship in a huddle of liquid blocks of blackness, amid which large rich clouds of phosphor flashed with the mild play of sheet lightning. On a sudden, a young midshipman who was standing near bade me in a soft voice look right astern. The ship's head lay about west-south-west, and over the taffrail in the ebon void there I witnessed a very delicate hectic, a kind of pinkish tinge, sifting through the blackness. It resembled the slow floating upwards of a prodigious body of red smoke, or of smoke coloured with the flames of a continent on fire immeasurably distant. Its space on the horizon when first viewed might be measured by the breadth of our taffrail; but in a short time it had rolled along past either quarter till it occupied the whole of the sea-line astern, meanwhile continually ascending as though formed of a substance apart from the clouds; and it grew clearer and brighter as its surface enlarged, and presently the whole of the eastern and southern sky was aglow with it. There is no colour or combination of colours that I am acquainted with by which I should be able to define the astonishing complexion of this light. I must speak of it as pink, though a painter would not thus express it. Its westernmost verge did not extend beyond our mastheads; nevertheless the radiance cast a phantasmal illumination upon the black sky down to the confines of the ocean, and the sinuous sea-line was plain the whole horizon round, as though limned with a trembling sweep of a brush dipped in Indian ink.

In my brief eight years of seafaring life I have seen the ships I was in coloured by some strange, many lovely, and a few terrifying lights; but the like of this midnight lustre, crimsoning the sooty heavens without revealing a

single break amid the compacted masses of vapour under which it rolled I had never beheld before, I have never beheld since, and to be plain — comprehending its cyclonic significance—I never wish to behold again. The mysterious magical light was upon the sails, upon the decks, upon the faces and forms of the crew; but the sea lay black as thunder under it. Everything was shadowless in it: nothing cast an image. I extended my arm over the white top of a hencoop, but the limb threw no shadow. The radiance was circumambient, encompassing as mist is, but clear as glass. Looking upwards I could see the vane at the royal-masthead standing like a black streak in the mystic sheen; and to the very flying jibboom end the ship floated as plain to the gaze as ever she could have been submitted by the full moon riding high.

What was the hidden luminary that shed this light? Whence arose this effulgent midnight mist? The illumination might have passed for the setting of the sun, going down on the wrong side of the world. It was an atmospheric effect, beautiful, thrilling, marvellous, and terrifying too. Many, I doubt not, have witnessed the same spectacle under the heights in which that pale strange shining happened. It was enough to make all hands of us suppose that a tempest of cyclonic force would burst upon us soon; and when in about half an hour the lustre, after waning into a tarnished orange, died out into impenetrable blackness, we stood by ready for what we made sure was to follow. It blew indeed, though not with hurricane power. There was so much lightning for fifteen or twenty minutes that the sky seemed filled with yellow and violet darts writhing their burning lengths like serpents as they vanished in the sea that flashed back whole sheets of fire to the lancing of the levin brands. The weather then grew commonplace enough: plenty of wet, a high foaming sea: the ship

hove to under storm-trysail plunging and labouring with screaming rigging : an ashen dawn with sulphur-coloured scud blowing up from the horizon like smoke from the chimneys of a city of factories ; and then at noon a fine day, a roasting sun overhead, and the vessel, under fast-drying canvas, lazily stemming the high swell left by the gale.

So much for one atmospheric effect of a tropical storm. One turns willingly to the gentle oceanic picture. As on shore, so at sea : it is out of moonlight that you obtain the daintiest and most fairy-like effects. What is there tenderer in all nature than the spectacle of moon-rise on the ocean, when the orb, standing hidden a minute or two behind some delicate line of vapour, whose extremities her beams colour to the aspect of lunar rainbows, sheds a silver streak of icy light upon the black line of the sea-board, until it looks like liquid ivory in the act of arching over in a gush of brilliant whiteness, as froth from the head of a breaker ? I think one misses the best of the moonlight effects when on board a steamer. There is little or nothing in the fabric, for ever storming along, for the crystal beam to beautify. The structure, vibrating to the thunder of her engines, rushes onwards too swiftly for glorification by those cold rays. It is from the deck of the sailing-ship that you command in perfection the wonders and splendours of the oceanic amphitheatre. Then you witness in such wise, that your heart receives into it, the whole spirit of the scenic grandeurs of that mighty stage : the glowing galleries of the west : the burning pavilions into which the sun retires : the cloud-pinion smitten into a mild glory by Venus blazing jewel-like in a sphere of light, in which the adjacent stars are hidden as by moonshine : the gathering of the storm-cloud of a glassy and livid brow, with the restless lifting of the waters to its purple shadow : the flight of the falling body of fire bursting into a storm of sparks

as it seems to strike the dark and distant sea-line over which a few stars are peeping like eyes of gigantic shapes, whose shadowy forms the imagination will not find it hard to distinguish.

A sailing-ship moving quietly onwards, or lying restfully in the heart of a calm, offers a surface upon which the magic brushes of the moon will paint a hundred lovely things. The clear, sharp shadows resemble jet inlaid upon the ivory of the planks. The spaces of splendour upon the yards between the black dyes, wrought by the interception of the reflection of the end of a boom or the clew of a sail, are like bands of shining silver. There is nothing fairer than the spectacle of a sleeping ship with her canvas hanging silent from the yards, stealing out to the light of the moon that soars sparkling as if wet from the sea. The white glory gushes veil-like to the trucks high aloft in the clear obscure, and sinks wanly from sail to sail until the fabric, that a little while before was but a deeper shade upon the evening dusk, gleams out into an inexpressible loveliness of phantom form and airy substance. Stars, bright as Coleridge's tiny sun amid the branches, sparkle in brass and glass ; and along the rails there is a diamond twinkling of dew, and the sheen upon the canvas seems to overflow the bolt-ropes and frame the irradiated spaces with a slender atmosphere of light delicate as mist. To the small swaying of the vessel the moonshine on her decks flows like running rivulets of quicksilver : the shadows alternate with the brightness, and the reflected filigree of the rigging crawling to the swing of the structure makes one think of the thin boughs of a leafless tree stirred by the wind against some snow-clad rise.

One moonlight effect I recall with delight. It was a dark, tropical evening : there was a light air blowing, of sufficient weight to keep the sails asleep, and a long troubled swell was heaving from the north. The stars

shone very clearly, but the night lay dark upon the ocean, and you only knew where the sea-line was by observing where the luminaries ceased to shine. On a sudden a pale greenish hue in the east announced the rising of the moon. The rugged horizon ran in ink against that lunar dawn, and as the orb lifted her brilliant disk clear of the ebon welter the outline of a sailing-ship showed to the right of her. Soon she had climbed right over the vessel: her glorious wake ran fan-like in a turbulent surface of silver far along the heaving waters; and in the middle of this radiant river sailed the ship, the wind right astern of her, her yards square, studding sails out on both sides—but all of the deepest dye of blackness. There is nothing in language to convey this picture—to express this vision, rather. I see it now—the stately rolling of the dark pyramids of cloths, an occasional flash of white fire from her side or decks, and the mild glory over her stern showing in arches of silver under the curves of her sails. As she passed out of the moon's reflection she grew pale, mist-like, elusive. It is indeed the atmospheric effects of the sea which make it so rich in symbolism. The deep is eternity materialised, so to speak. I always regard the ocean as a form of infinity rendered compassable to human intelligence by an apparition of confines which yet do not bound it. It is certain that we find in it our most pregnant imagery of life and death. The picture of the ship I have just written about abounded in human significance, the full force of which you would have understood had you watched the stately, spacious-winged fabric drawing out from the throbbing and palpitating river of silver moonlight, passing in spectral pallor, and vanishing among the folds of the liquid dusk astern. It was something to accept as an illustration of that form of unreality which the poet indicates in speaking of life as a dream between a sleep

and a sleep. But enough of such moralizing.

A fine effect is often produced by a conflict of moonlight and lightning. I witnessed a magnificent scene of this kind in the Indian Ocean, the island of Amsterdam in sight on the star-board quarter. There was a full moon in the north, and in the south hung a vast bank of clouds charged with fire and thunder. The early gusts of this electric storm broke away great wings of vapour from the shoulder of the main body, and sent them speeding athwart the moon. The shining of the luminary was ghastly, rendered so by the alternations of her own light, darting wildly over the edge of the driven clouds, with the quick dazzle of the southern flashes. Her beams seemed to be coloured by the electric leapings. It was the eye, of course, that carried the reflection of the blue and sun-bright darts to the northern illumination; but the effect was as though the lightning struck its own hellish quality into the fabric of the silver beams as they fell from the rims of the flying clouds. The combined illumination put a new and monstrous face upon the ocean. It made you think of a dead sea complexioned to a very mockery of vitality by the light of such flames as those from which Milton's Fiend rose to steer his flight to dry land.

The effects of lightning upon the ocean are full of dramatic surprises. Moonlight is all sweetness and softness and blandness; but the revelations of the electric dart are startling, with something of a tragic nature in them. I was once becalmed in highly phosphorescent waters, but the surface was so still that the few gleams visible in the dark profound were faint as the reflection of a star riding upon the heave of the hidden swell. A cloud gathered overhead, and its sooty belly seemed to lean for support upon our scarcely swaying trucks. Suddenly it rained. One should spend some months in Jamaica to understand the

meaning of such a "shower" as this. In a few moments our decks were half full of water, the scuppers sobbing madly: the roaring of the rain and hail smiting the ocean drowned all other sounds. The sea was so phosphorescent that a piece of wood, dropped overboard, chipped out fire as though it had burst into flames. Judge then of the effect of that Niagara-fall of rain and hail! The ocean was flashed up into a plain of fire. It swept sparkling in one vast incandescent sheet to its limits, dimming into sickly sulphur as it approached the horizon. You might suppose that such an illumination as this would have revealed anything afloat upon it; but though I took a long look round, being deeply impressed by this sudden, wonderful burning of the ocean, I saw nothing, till all at once the darkness was split by a flash of lightning that leapt from the clouds away over our fore-yard-arm and shot into the water, as it seemed to me, a league distant on our star-board quarter, and then to this mighty flare there sprang out upon the view a large ship, well within a mile of us, snugged down to her topsails. The sight made me catch my breath for an instant, for the wonder of it lay in her having been invisible until the lightning threw her up, so bright was the water with the lashing of the rain. One waited for a second flash to make sure; and I dare say had she foundered before it came, there would not have been wanting people amongst us to swear that they had seen the Phantom Ship.

Indeed it is quite possible that this grand old legend had its origin in some atmospheric effect due to lightning, moonshine, or fog. I have sometimes at sea, but more often in our narrow waters, watched a ship for a few moments, removed my gaze, and thinking of her presently, looked for her again and found her gone. This is one of those mysterious disappearances with which all seamen are acquainted.

The evanishment however grows more perplexing when, after searching for the vessel and believing her to be gone for good, you look for her again later on and find her almost in the same place. A thing of this kind would have been accepted by the early mariner as a miracle. He would have come home with a yarn about it as long as his arm; and so have fired the first poetically-minded wedding guest he could constrain with his eye with visions and fancies of a spectral ship. Be this as it will, disappearances and reappearances of this kind can be due to nothing but the subtle and imperceptible gathering of haze about the object. Mist will often take its complexion from the atmosphere. I have seen a bank of haze of so sky-like an azure that but for the curvature of the sea-line under it caused by the defective sweep of its base, I should have accepted it as pure blue air. White mists also, of a slightly opaline tincture corresponding to perfection with the hue of the heavens beyond, I have detected only by the apparent depression of the horizon under them. A ship may be in the act of piercing one of these elusive veils with her flying jibboom when you first catch sight of her. She is as plain in your sight as your own vessel; yet when you seek her a minute after she has vanished, and there is nothing in the sombre or sunny texture of the stuff she has entered to persuade you that what you are viewing is not the same brown or cerulean sky that stands over and on either hand of it.

To the mariner the fog is about the most obnoxious of all the conditions of his vocation. He is not likely to understand me then when I speak of its beauties; yet I must assure him, nevertheless, that many lovely atmospheric and other effects are produced on the waters by those luminous, enfolding bodies of vapour, the silence of whose white caverns is violated in these scientific times by the horrible braying of the steam-horn and the

terrified fluttering of the engine-room bell. The kind of fog I have in my mind is the snow-like body of vapour sometimes not very much taller than the Folkestone cliffs, sometimes so low-lying indeed that you may see the lofty spars of a big ship forking out of it into the blue air and bright sunshine, when the rest of the structure is as absolutely hidden as an object rolled up in wool. As a rule very little wind accompanies these appearances. The mass of delicate, smoke-like, sparkling particles slides along softly, and it is therefore slow and tender in its revelations, submitting nothing which the manner of its discovery does not render beautiful. A man standing on the deck of a ship in the heart of a soft and gleaming thickness may not be able to see the mainmast from the distance of the wheel. The silence is peculiar, there is a certain quality of oppressiveness in it; nor is this wholly fanciful for though there be a deep hush on the sea, yet, when you emerge into clear air, the difference between the stillness you have quitted and that which you have entered is instantly perceptible. Presently there is a little flaw, a chasm opens in the luminous body of whiteness: the space of water that glances like steel around the ship enlarges its narrow horizon: there is a general brightening of light, though all the forward part of the ship is still hidden in the smother, and the only mast you can see looks as if it were sawed off a few feet above the deck. If the coast be nigh or ships be at hand, there will happen now a slow stealing out of objects, and the sight is one which I think every man who has seen it will recall with admiration. Off Dover a ship I was aboard of sailed into such a fog as I am describing, and lay without motion for some hours in the midst of it. Any trickle of tide there may have been kept company with the vapour. There was no air, and the water came out of the thickness to the bends with the polish and gleam of oil. There was

nothing to break the quiet but the distant faint thunder of the wash of surf, or sometimes the remote tinkling of a ship's bell, or the rattle of a little winch in some nearer craft trembling upon the ear like the sound of musketry. Presently there was a movement of wind, and, as the soft fingers of the draught of air tenderly drew aside the curtains of the mist, the pictures offered were a series of beautiful surprises. All about us stood the white fog upon the sea in elbows and points, in seams, ravines and defiles, like to the scarred and precipitous front of chalk cliffs; and now there would ooze out a little smack, whose shadow within the vapour held you speculating till the sunshine smote it into the proportions and colour of some cutter or lugger-rigged craft, with reddish mainsail gently swaying and a sou'-wester or two over the rail; and now, as the snow-like thickness was rent afresh, some stout brig with black or chequered sides, and a blue vein of smoke going up straight out of her galley-chimney and then arching over like the curl of a plume, would be unveiled; and no matter how ugly the craft was that would be thus suddenly confessed, the witchery of the shining background of cloud entered her and submitted her as dainty and delightful, full of a grace that owed nothing to form; so that even a wretched little coaster, with boom, foresail and a suit of canvas as many-coloured as Joseph's coat, met the eye clothed with beauty from the buttons of her trucks down to the tremulous silver of the reflection of her sails under her. Then presently glimpses of the land were to be had, the flash of sunward-staring windows ashore, the vivid green of verdure sloping to the edge of the white abrupt, a steamer with raking funnels cautiously coming out, the twinkle of foam upon the margin of grayish shingle.

But you need a mountainous country to obtain the highest and choicest effects of these fog-pictures. The noblest show in this way that I ever beheld was off

Mossel Bay on the South African coast. There the inland mountains tower to an elevation that, though they may be ten or fifteen miles distant, seems to enable them to cast the twilight of their Andean shadows upon the ship. It is like beholding the birth of a world to mark those Titanic peaks growing out of the white envelopment, as though creation were busy in yonder void and shaping a vast territory out of sheer chaotic blindness.

Another lovely effect I have often gazed at with delight,—the vision of a ship hovering on the horizon with an atmosphere of shivering brightness between her and the sea-line. Then with the eye or with the telescope she looks to be floating in the blue air. I have seen an airy space of pearl hanging like a cloud over the sea boundary, and I have watched it lifting and lengthening, one shining outline rising to another out of the ocean, until three stately pyramids of canvas have been hove up: then presently the hull rose to complete the symmetrical fabric, and thus, apparently afloat in the azure, the ship has sailed towards us without appearing to touch the sea, until the line of the horizon behind her was level with her counter. Refraction, or some like quality productive of atmospheric effects, will yield many queer and even startling ocean-pictures. The mate of a vessel once called my attention to a ship about four miles distant right abeam. There was a light wind, and the day was wonderfully fine and clear. The stranger was under all plain sail and her yards braced fore and aft, which enabled us to obtain a good view of her canvas. She was so incredibly distorted by the atmosphere as to be unrecognizable as a ship, in the sense I mean of that term. Her masts were curved like the prongs of a pitchfork: her hull rounded like the back of a hog: her sails ludicrously elongated: her jibbooms twisted into a figure beyond description. I have no doubt we presented the same convulsed

appearance to her. Every man who saw her broke into a loud laugh; yet she was an object to put some queer ideas into the imaginative brain, and I have little doubt that the paternity of many a singular superstition of the sea might be traced to such atmospheric caprices as this.

The effect of a red sunset upon a ship sailing quietly along is a study full of sweetness. The rigging shines like wires of brass, the sails like cloth of gold: there are crimson stars wherever there are windows. Against the soft evening blue she glides glorious as a fabric richly gilt. Sometimes the slow withdrawal of the western splendour from her may be watched; then her hull will be dark with evening shadow, whilst the light, like a golden veil lifted off her by an invisible hand, slides upwards from one rounded stretch of canvas to another, till, burning for a breath like a streak of fire in the dog-vane at the lofty masthead, it vanishes, and the structure floats gray as the ash of tobacco. In this withdrawal of the sun and in the gathering of the shadows of night at sea there is a certain melancholy; but I do not think it can be compared with the spirit of desolation you find in the breaking of the dawn over the ocean. The passage from sunlight to darkness even in the tropics is not so swift but that the mind so to speak has time to accept the change; but there is something in the cold, spiritless gray of dawn that always did and still does affect my spirits at sea. The froth of the running billows steals out ghastly to the faint, cheerless, and forbidding light. Chilly as the night may have been, a new edge of cold seems to have come into the air with the sifting of the melancholy spectral tinge of gray into the east. The light puts a hollow look into the face of the seaman. The aspect of his ship is full of bleakness: the stars are gone, the skies are cold, and the voices of the wind aloft are like a frosty whistling through clenched teeth. A mere fancy of

course which is instantly dissolved by the first level, sparkling beam of the rising sun ; but then it is fancy that makes up the life of the sea, for without it what is the vocation but a dull routine of setting and furling sail, of masticating hard beef and pork, of slushing masts, washing decks, and polishing the brassworks ! The spacious liquid arena is prodigal of inspiration and of delight to any one who shall carry imagination away with him on a voyage. There may be twenty different things to look at at once, and every one richer, sweeter, and more ennobling than the greatest of human poems to the heart that knows how to watch and receive. The shadow of a dark cloud over a ship, with the sunshine streaming white in

the clear blue foaming seas around : the vision of the iceberg at night, colouring the black atmosphere with a radiance of its own : the tropical blue of the horizon, lifting into brassy brightness to the central dazzle of the sun : the airy dyes of the evening over a ship in the far loneliness of the mid-ocean—scores of such sights there are, but what magic is there in human pen to express them ? The majesty of the Creator is nowhere so apparent : the Spirit of the Universe is nowhere else so present. Those who know most dare least in their desire to reproduce. What other response is there for the heart to make to the full recognition of the eye but the silence of adoration !

W. CLARK RUSSELL.

FORESTRY.

THE report of the Committee of the House of Commons appointed to consider "Whether, by the establishment of a forest school or otherwise, our woodlands could be rendered more remunerative," has recently been published. And it may be worth while briefly to glance at the condition of forestry in Great Britain at the present time, which has already occupied the attention of three successive Parliamentary Committees, the result of their joint investigations being embodied in the aforesaid report.

I have no intention of inflicting upon my readers any repetition of the recommendations made by the Committee, which are still under consideration, and will no doubt receive careful attention; still less have I any intention of treating the subject from a scientific standpoint—for we are told that scientific forestry in this country is conspicuous only by its absence. But I venture to hope that the subject may not be uninteresting to the ordinary reader; while to all who are interested in land, and therefore in any possible means of making it more remunerative and more useful than it unhappily is at present, its treatment should need no apology.

The Crown forests of Great Britain were originally, as we all know, planted for a specific purpose,—for affording a supply of timber for the construction and maintenance of the Royal Navy. In the year 1812 it was estimated that no less than sixty thousand loads¹ of timber were required annually to maintain the Navy at its then existing strength of from seven to eight hundred thousand tons. Now, it was assumed that not more than

forty oak trees could stand on an acre of ground, so as to permit their growth to a full size, or to contain each one and a half loads of timber. Fifty acres therefore, were required to produce two thousand tons—the quantity necessary to build a seventy-four-gun ship, and one thousand acres for twenty such ships. And as the oak takes one hundred years to arrive at maturity, the extent of the Crown forests was assumed to be not less than one hundred thousand acres.

Steel and iron have now taken the place of wood in ship-building; and even where wood is used, the teak of Malabar is considered more valuable, especially where iron-plating is required, than English oak. In this respect, therefore, the necessity for scientific forestry has passed away, and sadly does the present condition of the Crown forests prove that such is the case.

Neither is Great Britain dependent, as many other countries are, upon growing forests as a protection for her towns and villages, or upon firewood as her only fuel. Her ships provide her with almost illimitable supplies of sea-borne timber for building and mining purposes; and so long as what is humorously called Free Trade exists, these supplies are not likely to fail. We have, it is true, suffered in the past summer from alternate droughts and floods, much of which might have been prevented by the judicious planting of trees and underwood, more especially on the banks of our rivers; but these have not been sufficiently severe, and their effects have not been sufficiently lasting, as in the southern countries of Europe, to emphasise the necessity or advisability of a study of forestry. In our moist climate, the necessity for

¹ A load of square timber = fifty cubic feet, a load of rough timber = forty cubic feet.

the storage and the careful distribution of water is not so pressing as on the plains of India or Australia. Avalanches do not threaten the destruction of our houses because no forest barrier exists to protect them. Our industries are carried on and our homes are warmed by the consumption of coal. And to many, perhaps to most of our readers, any interest that forestry may possess is relegated to the attention of landed proprietors or their agents, who desire to beautify their landscapes or to afford coverts for their game.

And yet some of the statements, which are supported by corroborative evidence in the Report, are sufficiently startling to engage the attention of all who are interested in the true welfare of the nation. Some of these come to us in the shape of reproaches upon our national wisdom and our national intelligence. It is a reproach—lightly borne it is true, but none the less a reproach—that we are dependent upon foreign teaching for scientific instruction in forestry. And it is a reproach that whereas the area of woodland in the British Islands is sufficiently large, if properly managed, to supply in great measure the requirements of the country, there is an enormous, an unnecessarily enormous importation from abroad.¹

To the former of these reproaches special point has been given by the fact that the colony of the Cape has been obliged to accept the services and to follow the advice of a French official in the management of their forests. And a similar expedient was found necessary when the British Government took over the island of Cyprus, the principal wealth of which depends upon the maintenance, or more strictly the reconstruction, of her forests. In both these instances, an Englishman would no doubt have been preferred if

one could have been found competent to undertake the duties. But it implies no reflection on the personal ability of these French gentlemen, who were kind enough to come to our aid in these two instances, to say that indirectly their presence was felt to be a reproach, for the services of M. de Vasselot di Régné, the present Inspector-General of Forests at the Cape, who had already distinguished himself in France by the re-afforesting of the *dunes* of La Conbra, and of M. Moudon, his worthy compatriot, who responded to the call of the Government of Cyprus, could not, in themselves, fail to be of value to any country.

The success achieved in India by the comparatively small establishment of forest-officials, the greater number of whom, moreover, came to their work with no special or scientific training to guide them, has done much to remove this reproach, or, at any rate, to cause it to be regarded with more or less complacency. For not only have these officials, stimulated by the zeal and guided by the science of their late Inspector-General, brought up the tone of forest-administration in our eastern empire to the level of the most happily directed states of western civilisation, but they have from time to time assisted by their advice the Governments of our colonies whose forests they have visited on tours of official inspection. I am sorely tempted to linger on this part of my subject—to set before my readers how, on the one hand, by restraining the destruction of the forests by the wood-merchants, who felled for the sake only of personal aggrandisement; and how, on the other, by guiding, without checking, the cutting of trees by the peasants for their agricultural and building necessities, an arduous course was steered between the necessity for restraining reckless waste, and the obligation for meeting legitimate demand; and how a revenue, which in the year 1886-87 is placed at a surplus of forty-one million seventeen thou-

¹ The amount of woodland in the United Kingdom now stands at two million seven hundred and eighty-eight thousand acres, on the authority of the evidence given before the Parliamentary Committee.

sand rupees,¹ was built up from not only an entire absence of income, but from a rapidly diminishing capital. But I am reminded that the attention of the Committee was more immediately directed to our home forests, and the necessity that there was for removing the second reproach to which I have alluded—namely, the inefficient management of our British woodlands.

The value of timber annually imported into Great Britain was stated to be sixteen millions sterling,² and the largeness of this amount was considered to be an evidence that practical forestry was neither understood nor practised in Great Britain. I am not disposed to accept this reproach as applying generally to the whole of Great Britain. In England, it is true, forestry has until quite recently been considered a branch, and not a very important branch, of land-agency. But on the less generous and the less productive lands of Scotland, a race of men have been trained to manage the forests of an estate, from which a great proportion of the annual revenue is derived, if not in a scientific, yet in a productive manner. In the year 1881 a deputation of three professional foresters visited the principal woods of Scotland—Scone, Blair Athole, Beaulieu, Strathspey, Darnaway, &c.—and they have thus reported on what they there observed.

“These last” (the Scottish foresters) “have not made technical studies on the Continent.

¹ I shall not attempt to place this in English money. When the rupee was two shillings, a lakh of rupees equalled ten thousand pounds. Now the unhappy coin is gradually approaching half its former value.

² The total product of the State forests of France is given in the Statistical Almanac for the year 1881 at two million four hundred thousand cubic metres of rough timber. Of this six hundred thousand cubic metres were composed of oak, valued at forty francs, and the remainder of various deciduous trees and pines, valued all round at twenty francs. The total result thus amounted to sixty millions of francs, say one and a half millions sterling of our money, less than one-tenth of our imports.

The obligation to keep before them, in the domains which they administer, the raising of cattle, the preservation of game, the embellishment of the landscape, would, in any case, prevent them from applying strictly the rules of sylviculture. But they possess the two master qualities of the forester—practical sense and local experience. And it is thus apparent as we go through the beautiful woods which are confided to their care, that they do not compromise the future by inconsiderate operations.”

This, however, is true as yet only of Scotland; and there, only on account of the low agricultural value of the soil. Generally speaking the Committee were amply justified in their conclusion, that “so far as Great Britain and Ireland are concerned, the management of our woodlands might be materially improved.”

Without touching more particularly upon the recommendations made by the Committee, the value of which must stand upon their merits, it is necessary in order to arrive at a true appreciation of the value of the inquiry to glance at the general lines, as shown in the following questions, on which it was conducted.

1. How far there is need of some means of giving instruction to those engaged in the cultivation of woodlands?

2. How far the establishment of a school or schools of forestry would meet such need?

3. Whether a board of persons, representing various interests and associations connected with agriculture, arboriculture, and sylviculture, should be formed, with the assistance of Parliament, for the purpose of examining, granting certificates, and generally promoting the improvement of our woodlands?

4. Whether by either, or both, of such means, the cultivation of woodlands could be made more remunerative?

It will thus be seen that the question is, in its issues, almost entirely a matter for landed proprietors, for in England ninety per cent., and in Scotland the

whole, of the forests of the country are in the hands of private individuals. And these are compelled, by the pressure of financial circumstances, to spend what money they may have to spend on undertakings giving speedy returns, and not upon an enterprise, the commercial value of which seems to them to lie rather in the building up of capital for posterity, than in the immediate realisation of a revenue for themselves. If only to show that this revenue is neither so uncertain nor so remote as some people seem to think, I will take my readers, if they will permit me, to the example of what has lately been done in the way of forestry in Switzerland.

In that country some twenty-five years ago, attention was drawn to the enormous importation of wood, and to the low yield or capacity of the native forests. Reports were called for, and in the year 1863 the consumption of wood was officially stated to exceed the production by twelve million, eighty-nine thousand, two hundred cubic feet, the importation exceeding the exportation by fourteen million, eight hundred and twenty-three thousand cubic feet. The outcome of such neglect was stated to be certain ruin, if it was permitted to continue; and the result was the reorganisation of the Forest Department. But this work was for the Swiss Government comparatively an easy one, for of the nineteen per cent. of the whole area of the country which is under wood, three-fourths belong either directly to the State, or to the Communes, who are under the control of the State. And with regard to rights of private property also, communal governments have a habit of dealing in a summary way which would not be tolerated in England.

In such an exigency private interests had to yield to the public good, and private individuals were restrained from the selfish and inconsiderate use even of their own forests. They were in fact prevented from wasting their capital to the de-

triment of others, as well as of themselves. They could not, for example, cut down the trees on lands which were unfit for any other product than that of wood. They could not fell the forests which were situated on steep slopes, the denudation of which would expose the neighbouring lands to destruction by avalanches or by floods. And the penalties for transgressing these rules were sufficiently deterrent—a fine of a franc for each square perch of land so laid bare, besides the obligation to place the land under wood again within not less than two years. Speaking generally, moreover, all operations in the woods belonging to private individuals as well as to the state, required the supervision and sanction of the State inspectors.

The result of these vigorous measures will be best understood by a short statement of the financial results of the working of the cantonal forests of Vaud, which cover roughly twenty-four thousand, five hundred acres.

1884. Receipts, 15,040 <i>l</i> .	Expenses, 8,800 <i>l</i> .
Nett surplus, 6,240 <i>l</i> .	
1885. Receipts, 15,382 <i>l</i> .	Expenses, 7,917 <i>l</i> .
Nett surplus, 5,595 <i>l</i> .	
1886. Receipts, 13,611 <i>l</i> .	Expenses, 6,647 <i>l</i> .
Nett surplus, 6,964 <i>l</i> . ¹	

Striking the average therefore of these three years, the nett surplus of the working operations in the cantonal forests was six thousand, one hundred and sixty-six pounds a year. Each acre of forest therefore gave a free revenue of over five shillings an acre.

The country was thus in the space of twenty-five years—for the reports I have alluded to were dated 1859–60—placed in the first flight of European countries as to the results of its forest-working. For I find it stated that the French Forest Budget for 1886–7 (leaving Algiers out of the question) shows an income of twenty-seven million, six hundred and thirteen thousand francs, and an expenditure of fourteen million, two hundred and thirteen thousand, thus giving a sur-

¹ I have taken each thousand francs as equal to forty pounds sterling.

plus of thirteen million four hundred thousand francs. And as the total area of State forests is two million, five hundred and forty-five thousand acres, the free income amounted to 5·26 francs an acre. The forests of the Prussian provinces of Germany give an income of fifty-eight million, one hundred thousand marks, with an expenditure of thirty-four million, two hundred thousand marks, the surplus being twenty-three million, nine hundred thousand marks, which is equal to over six thousand, six hundred and forty-four acres to a net income of 3·6 marks an acre.

Although no department or State machinery that we are likely to establish in Great Britain can hope to exercise such control, or to work with so free a hand, as the Government of Switzerland, yet, in some respects—in respect, for example of the advantages afforded her by nature—England is well situated for the easy restoration of her forest-wealth. In the words of a professional visitor to our shores: “In spite of the deplorable effects of the rights of pasturage, the complete absence of underwood, and the direct destruction of the principal nutritive properties of the soil, we recognise that the oaks are of a very healthy growth. This is owing, no doubt, to the fact that under the maritime climate of Great Britain, practices which otherwise would be detestable, are inoffensive, thanks to the great moisture of the atmosphere.” It is no uncommon thing, moreover, to see land which is of no greater agricultural value than from twelve to fourteen shillings per acre bear larches which when sold realise from one shilling to one shilling and threepence for each cubic foot. And I have heard quite recently of a crop of Scotch fir of seventy-five years old, standing on ground, the annual value of which did not exceed ten shillings, valued for transfer at no less than one hundred and thirty-two pounds an acre. This, no doubt was an extreme instance. Still a crop of larch standing on ground

within reasonable distance of a railway or station-siding should be worth fifty pounds an acre when fifty years of age. And the thinnings in the interim should always yield something in the shape of revenue. It ought to be remembered, moreover, that while ordinary agricultural operations exhaust the soil, trees render it more fertile by the deposit of their dead leaves and detritus. This is well understood in Sologne, where the pine forms one of the regular rotation of crops, no manure being required for several years after its removal to make way for other crops.

I will conclude this short sketch of what may be done in the way of forestry in this country by recapitulating briefly the functions which the report of the Committee contemplates entrusting to the Board of Forestry, which it is proposed to establish, as an essential feature of the scheme.

These are :

- (a.) To organise schools, or at any rate, a course of instruction in forestry.
- (b.) To make provision for examinations.
- (c.) To prepare an official syllabus or text book.

I wonder if I may venture to add to these functions one that appears to me to be the most necessary of them all, although I may only claim for it here a modest place, and say

- (d.) To prepare a map of the country, showing the woods now existing, and the places where each variety of tree finds its natural home.

We have seen that the area of land at present recognised as woodland is two million seven hundred and eighty-eight thousand acres ; and I think I shall be well within the mark if I add at least an equal amount of land which is virtually waste—that is, either entirely thrown out of cultivation, or yearly receiving less attention from want of capital to expend on it. Much of this must be available for planting ; for if we go back to inquire into its original condition we shall find that it was underwood, which has gradually

yielded before the extension of agriculture. I have now in my mind the two excellent maps displayed by the Japanese Commissioners on the walls of their section in the Edinburgh Forestry Exhibition. Japan is divided naturally into five regions, each having its own climate, and in consequence its own flora. One of the maps explained this distribution very clearly, the names of the particular species of trees which predominated in each region being set down in an accompanying schedule. A second map showed the geological formations occupied by the forests of Japan. The object of having such a map of Great Britain would be to show what and where to plant, with the best hopes of success. And while the question is, as I have already said, a matter primarily for the consideration of landed proprietors, these might justly look to the proposed Board of Forestry for professional advice, and for such assistance, either by way of subsidy, or by temporary exemption from the payment of rates on newly-planted lands, as it might be in their power to afford. In Switzerland the Confederation grants to the Communes and to the private proprietors alike a subsidy to the extent of from thirty to fifty per cent. of the total cost of planting, in the interest of the augmentation of the forest-surface, especially in the higher lands where the soil is otherwise unproductive. In addition to this concession young trees are supplied from the State nurseries at a price much below their prime cost.

It will require most delicate handling to carry out these functions. The Board can in no sense be constituted as an *Imperium in Imperio*, such as those which I have shown above were entrusted to the State department in Switzerland. It must, by the justice and by the usefulness of its actions, appeal to the consideration, and command the acquiescence of an educated people. I cannot do better than bring in here a little story to fully illustrate my meaning.

The department of the Hautes-Alpes in France was formerly subject to disastrous floods, which periodically washed away the best of the agricultural soil. These visitations were borne with more or less patience until the inundation of 1856 gave point to the frequently reiterated advice of M. Surell, engineer of roads and bridges, who insisted upon the re-afforestation of the mountains as the only successful remedy. Four years were required effectually to move public opinion; but in 1880 a law was passed prescribing planting, the preliminary operations of which were commenced the following year. The difficulties were twofold—first the nature of the soil, rugged, crumbling, unfit to receive plantations; and secondly, the opposition of the mountaineers, who saw in the proposal the spoliation of their pastures, and consequently of their herds, their only means of subsistence. The latter difficulty was overcome by sowing half of the ground intended to be reclaimed with grass; and the opposition of the mountaineers, which “had been pushed to fury, sometimes even to crime,” sank for the moment into passive sullenness. The regeneration of the soil was more tedious. This was accomplished by barring the interior of the deep ravines and accumulating the *debris*, by cutting horizontal banks supported by wattle fences, and by planting on these saplings of from three to four years old, which were cut close to the ground once or twice until the vigour of the shoots testified to the development of the roots and the activity of the vegetation. The kind of trees planted varied, of course, with reference to the nature of the soil.

The success of these operations was rapid and complete. Those parts of the mountains which were thus treated were no longer recognisable: the soil acquired such solidity that the most violent storms, notably those of 1868, which had formerly been the cause of such disasters in the

department, were quite inoffensive in the regenerated portions. The mountains in a very short time became productive. Where formerly sheep had found a scanty subsistence, abundant crops capable of being mowed with the scythe were now to be found. The population, essentially pastoral, found henceforth, nourishment and bedding for their flocks and herds either in the grass or in the leaves of the trees. The acacias, moreover, gave them poles suitable for the cultivation of the vine. Thus these people, who had formerly been most hostile, became the staunchest supporters of the Forest Administration. And, while all this indirect good was effected, the proprietors found that they had not only been relieved of the necessity for providing expensive and precarious means of defence against floods, but that their lands, formerly worthless, had acquired a considerable value.

I have given this story, which is taken from official sources, at considerable length for two reasons.

Firstly, because I know that the larch grows fast on the south-west wastes of Ireland if not too much exposed to westerly winds, and that from twenty-two to twenty-five years of age it is capable of yielding a valuable return as material for pit wood,—the properties on which it has been grown having meanwhile been fertilised by the dropping of the “needles.” Secondly, because it would be an act of true political wisdom if we assisted in the improvement of waste lands, even although the return for such outlay should not be immediately forthcoming. I can wish the proposed Board of Forestry, when and if it is constituted, no higher honour than the contentment and gratitude of an appreciative people, for some of whom it may hope to find useful employment, which is now denied them by the present state of agriculture in this country.

GEORGE CADELL.
(Late Indian Forest Department.)

SOMETHING LIKE A BAG.

(SOME EXPERIENCES OF AN ELEPHANT-KRAAL IN CEYLON.)

THE possibility of enjoying new amusements is rapidly lessening, as facility of communication increases and universal travel becomes the marked characteristic of the age of steam. To catch gigantic salmon in the streams of Norway, to shoot a grizzly bear in the Rocky Mountains, or to enjoy a tiger hunt in the jungles of the Maharajah of Kooch-pa-warna, has become as common an occupation with the traveller as the slaughter of partridges on English stubble or the ascent of Snowdon in August. But one may surely claim for an elephant-kraal on a large scale an element of rarity mingled with excitement which it would be hard to match; while the very size and value of the game in view raises the sport at once above the ordinary level. There are moreover two other sides to the enterprise, which certainly do not characterize all forms of sport: there is, if it is properly managed, a complete and refreshing absence of cruelty; while there is on the other hand a wide field for the exercise of pluck, endurance, skill in woodcraft, and knowledge of the habits of the animal to be captured. For whatever may be said or thought by the writers of sporting-books, there is undoubtedly something revolting about the mere slaughter of an elephant. Of course there is just the possibility of a spice of danger: just the off-chance of the animal's charging you in a blind, blundering sort of way, and bowling you over in his stride; but he is not really a hard animal to come up to: a skilful tracker and ordinary precautions will bring you to within ten yards of him, and then to shoot him is about as brave and skilful a deed as to shoot a milch cow in a farm-yard. But an

elephant-kraal ranks infinitely higher in the way of sport; and at the same time affords one of the most picturesque sights, one of the most entertaining studies of native manners and jungle life, that it is possible to imagine.

The scene of our kraal is laid in so unapproachable and unpronounceable a part of an unknown district of Ceylon, that the only way of describing it shortly is to say that it is at least forty miles from anywhere. After leaving the skirts of civilization, a long day's and night's struggle over dusty tracks and across obnoxious water-courses brings us at last to the spot where our camp has been pitched. Not an uninteresting place in itself; for half-way up the queer cylindrical rock that overhangs our tents a Singalese potentate of old days built himself a great palace. This was afterwards adopted as a temporary abode by one of the many fugitive kings whom the vicissitudes of Singalese politics turned out of their permanent residences; but he was wise enough to carry with him in his flight that world-famous palladium, the tooth of Buddha, and rich enough to build for it a beautiful shrine, the great stairway of which has lately been restored under the enlightened policy of the present governor of Ceylon. There is something weird and startling in coming across these beautiful remains of an early civilization in so remote and desolate a spot. The fine upward sweep of the stairway, the delicate chiselling of the ornamented balustrade, the life-like posturings of the quaint dancers on the frieze, once pleased the eyes and excited the wonder of a teeming population, long since gone down into dusty death; and are

now scarce noticed in their decay by the casual villager in search of honey or herbs, or by the solitary hermit at the little Buddhist shrine near the hill.

But just at present the secluded spot is alive with an absolutely unprecedented bustle. Carts and tents and elephants and servants are arriving every hour: huts are being rapidly erected with leaves of the cocoanut and talipot palm; and the hair of the old hermit, if he had any, would stand on end at hearing the sound of English ladies' voices, and the pop of exuberant soda-water bottles. Our camp looks very picturesque as we reach it, weary and travel-stained, in the cool of the evening (if indeed coolness is ever a possible attribute of these arid regions) passing through rows of little shops that have sprung up like mushrooms on the roadside; descrying the dim form of a huge tame elephant, a future gladiator of the final fight, calmly browsing in a neighbouring clearing; and hailing with contentment the sight of the fires that tell of a possible dinner and a hot bath—though truly the colour of the water is very suggestive of buffaloes, and severely tests all our vows of cleanliness. And from time to time we can hear afar off some scattered shots and dim, confused shouting, telling us that the great game we have come to see captured is at least within ear shot.

The first day or two we settle down in camp, and amuse ourselves as best we can with such intellectual pursuits as rounders and Aunt Sally, highly impromptu concerts, and the heartiest of midnight suppers: religiously resisting every temptation to go near the scene of operations; and contenting ourselves with such scraps of news as we can glean from natives passing to and from the field of battle. For former kraals have always been delayed, and often spoilt, by the anxiety of the British visitor to prove that he knows more of the elephant and his ways than the native hunter;

and an officious determination to assist has turned out to be the most complete hindrance imaginable. This time the native is to be allowed to work his wicked will in his own particular way; and the result will doubtless testify to the wisdom of the self-sacrifice. But by the third day human nature and English impatience could stand it no longer. All our novels had been read, and the amount of tobacco consumed was something appalling to estimate: a flattering assurance from the captain of the hunt, that "we could do no harm now," armed us with the necessary permission; and off we set in the early morning for a day with the beaters.

But perhaps before describing the sights we saw, it may be as well to give some account of the method in which elephants are captured. A kraal is an extremely simple thing in theory. The only difficulty lies in its manipulation. The first point is to fix upon the place—the kraal or corral—into which the game is to be finally driven. This is usually constructed artificially by means of a square wooden stockade lined with musket-men: in the present case Nature had provided the corral free of charge. Close to the road along which we travelled, two gigantic reefs of abrupt rock run parallel to one another for about a quarter of a mile. They enclose some six or eight acres of jungle: their sides are almost precipitous, and the entrance and exit are narrow and concealed in trees. Legend says that the old Singalese kings held royal kraals here in days of old: eliminate some twenty Europeans, add a little gaudy state and ceremonial, and it is not very difficult to recall the scene. Having settled on your kraal, it is logically necessary to find your quarry; and here again no great difficulty occurs, as many a poor cultivator will tell you, who has to spend long nights and much firewood in driving away the marauders from his little patch of grain. The search-parties came upon three convenient

herds very soon after their quest began, gradually drove them together, and succeeded in enclosing between fifty and sixty. This feat, which might appear to the uninitiated to be the consummation, is really only the commencement of the business. It is a difficult achievement to drive a herd of English cattle along the streets of a town on market-day: it is a difficult achievement to conduct an Irish pig, after purchase, to his new quarters: multiply these difficulties by fifty, and it is possible to conceive some notion of the trouble involved in forcing a herd of wild elephants towards a given spot. For, to begin with, there are certain requisites as regards the line of country to be chosen. In the first place the drive must be through thick jungle: once get the herd into the open, and the game is up; for mystery and covers beget success, while familiarity, say both copy-books and shikaris, breeds contempt. Let the mammoths get a fair view of the pigmy forces distracting them with such hideous noises, and a fair field to operate in—and the result would be too obvious to be worth discussing. So, too, all roads, village-paths, open water-courses, and habitations of man must be carefully avoided; while at the same time the country chosen must contain a sufficiency of fodder and water, or the ultimate result will be disastrous in more ways than one. Secondly, although it would be comparatively easy to drive a herd of elderly male elephants, it is not these, but the females, and more especially the youngsters, which form the really valuable part of the herd, and, as if knowing their own value, give all the trouble. It is nearly always a female that leads the forlorn hope and heads the most reckless charges; and she and her progeny must be kept at all costs within the charmed circle, however hard she may seek to prove that, in the elephantine as in the human world, it is in vain to speculate, *furens quid femina possit*.

The operations of a Singalese kraal

are based on a semi-military formation, which perhaps, for antiquity, throws the Macedonian phalanx into the shade. Whatever the exact scientific name may be, the civilian mind would describe it as a movable oblong; and one in which, contrary to most military precedents, the post of honour is in the rear, the reason being that the back line does nearly all the beating, and that wild elephants almost invariably charge back and not forwards. The length of the front and of the back line is about a quarter of a mile, that of each side line very nearly a mile; and as the component male elements of the line are stationed very close together, for the joint purpose of conversation and safety, the number of men employed is obviously considerable. Add to the actual beaters the sutlers and camp-followers of the little army, the mere spectators, and the enterprising array of hawkers, and the computation rises with astonishing rapidity.

A visit to the "lines" in the early morning fully repays you for the thorny struggle of three miles through the low, close jungle. The camp is awake and stirring—has been stirring, in fact, since the very earliest sign of dawn appeared—and is fully occupied in that most important duty, the preparation of the morning meal. You pass along one continuous row of the neatest little huts imaginable, formed of nothing but four sticks and a few dried leaves of the talipot palm; and, in front of the huts, an equally continuous row of fires, for the enemy cooped up within the inclosure is far more afraid of flame and smoke than of his human opponents. On the safe side of the fires, then, it is possible to eat, drink, and be merry with perfect composure, and very savoury are the simple messes that are steaming and simmering on every side. But two features at once strike you as peculiar, in a Singalese crowd—the utter absence of the female sex, and the presence of the most extraordinary collection of fire-arms that

mortal eye ever beheld. The courage necessary to enable you to face a raging elephant in his native jungles is no doubt considerable: the nerve required to fire off one of these old-world weapons is infinitely greater. Here is an aged single-barrelled horse-pistol, such as one dimly remembers to have seen in cheap illustrated editions of Dick Turpin's Adventures or The Life of Jack Sheppard: there a marvellous and equally venerable musket with a barrel several yards long, the metal of which is worn so thin that you could easily squash it between two fingers. The guns being dangerous enough in themselves, the native method of loading does not render them less so. The great point of the charge appears to be quantity, regardless of proportion and result. You may only have one shot in the day, so let it be a good one; and if, as often happens in the early morning, you are not quite sure whether the gun is loaded or not, ram in another charge or two, to make assurance doubly sure. Moreover wads are an absurd and costly luxury in the jungle: a piece of rag torn from the end of your cloth does infinitely better; and if you can't borrow or steal the village ramrod, which the headman insists on monopolising, bump your stock on the ground so as to give the charge a fair chance of settling.

The "early birds" of the camp, having already finished their "little breakfast," are gracefully reclining in the shelter of their cabins; and, their weapons being loaded in the efficient manner described and lying ready to hand, are (mark the advance of civilisation!) loading their minds in a somewhat similar manner with literature. For the book-hawker, with his queer little tin box full of cheap pamphlets, almost as miscellaneous as the contents of a kraal musket, is a camp follower of the first importance; and the local booksellers are doing a roaring trade this morning in a Singalese account of the Queen's Jubilee, garnished with a gruesome

portrait of the Queen's most excellent and most travestied Majesty. Such as cannot read (still perhaps the majority) are endeavouring, with the help of their neighbours, to recall certain potent charms against furious elephants, which they have learnt from their wise men; while those two invariable characters, the oldest inhabitant and the village wag, have each a little knot of admirers, hanging respectively on the utterances of gray wisdom or grinning folly.

But the sun is well up by this time, and a sort of instinctive sensation or rumour, carried no one knows how, runs round the camp that the morning drive is to commence; so while the neat little huts are being rolled up into equally neat little bundles, to be carried, with the precious cooking utensils, to the next halting-place, we make our way to the back line, and are not long in finding ourselves in the presence of the captain of the hunt. He is a fine brawny specimen of a Singalese gentleman, and on great occasions, when he is attending a Governor's *levée*, for instance, or welcoming a new revenue-officer, is a very smart, bedizened personage indeed. At present his costume is rather adapted to circumstances than remarkable for abundance. A handkerchief round his head, the suspicion of a cloth round his loins, sandals on his feet, and the rest—as Nature made it, with the exception of a huge meerschau pipe, from which he is enjoying a few final puffs; while near him stands a trusty and lusty henchman with his Winchester repeater and his double-barrelled express. The news he has to give us is chequered with evil tidings. Last night a bold attempt was made to drive the elephants by torch-light, but, like other night-attacks not unknown to history, it ended in partial failure, which might have been total discomfiture. A glorious success attended the first rush, and then unluckily the back line, confused by darkness and thick jungle, took up too forward a position,

planted their fires, and found they had shut off one half of the herd, with the result that twenty-five of the enemy escaped scot-free and were seen no more! However there were known to be at least twenty elephants still in the toils: everything was ready for the fray, and we were soon in the thick of it. Words could not describe the hideous din of the onslaught: the shrieks and the yells, the taunts and the invectives, the discord of horns and rattles; and in front the dull crashing of the huge beasts through the jungle, varied by occasional volleys of musketry, as some great laggard in the rear turned for a moment to face his opponents. Then there would be curious moments of simultaneous silence, and it was possible, by a little creeping and manœuvring, to get close up to the quarry as they stood listening suspiciously in some thick thorn-brake, doubting in which direction to seek escape, until a sudden panic started the unwieldy ranks into a heavy trot, and the trees and creepers parted to right and left, beyond reach of eye and ear, and we waited anxiously for the first tell-tale shot, announcing that the foe had arrived at, and been repulsed from, the further limit.

And so we hunted the great beasts well into the noon, oblivious of the heat and regardless of the thorns. Excitement is a marvellous antidote to hunger and fatigue, nor was there any thought of either until a halt was called. The lines took up their position with amazing rapidity: fires were lit and muskets re-loaded; and we threw ourselves down under a mighty banyan tree, and sent rapid messengers to the rear for sandwiches and soda-water.

* * * * *

It is the last day of the hunt. The elephants have been driven bit by bit into a patch of jungle not a quarter of a mile from the yawning entrance to the kraal, which has every right to be inscribed with the motto over Dante's famous portal. It only

wants a vigorous effort to thrust them into it, and that effort is about to be made. We take a tempting position up a patriarchal tree that commands both the jungle-prison and the kraal-mouth. It is curious how extremely brave you feel at a kraal when you are safely astride of a firm branch; how you criticise the operations of the beaters and musket-men, and courageously chaff your friends below whose want of activity has deprived them of a similar excuse for bravery. But there is a terrible obstacle in the way of final success, in the shape of what is fondly called "the high road," though it is merely a sandy track, remarkable for the undetermined depth of its ruts. This lies right across the line of march: can the elephants be got over it in broad daylight? For we have had enough of night-attacks and torchlight failures. The struggle is soon raging beneath us; and for a good hour we can trace the evolutions of the "heady fight," and the movements of the enemy and their pursuers, in the swaying of the tree-tops and the crashing of the jungle, and the shrill trumpeting of fear and rage, and the shouts and shots of the dusky army. Closer and closer it comes, up to the very verge of the road, but nothing will persuade the giants to break through the fringe of trees: again and again they break back, facing fire and smoke rather than publicity; only to be driven forward again, by volley upon volley of blank cartridge and an ever increasing array of beaters; until at last a great head, with sensitive trunk outstretched, comes peering out of the thick bushes, and a tentative foot paws the sandy rut. The prospect is plainly not encouraging, for the monstrous body is on the point of turning round again; but luckily the beaters guess, or are told of, the state of affairs. Pandemonium let loose could not have excelled the outburst of triumphant hubbub: the die is cast, and the crossing of the Rubicon commences. The enemy are led by an

enormous bull, who scorns to hurry, and proudly marches, as though with the honours of war, from the evacuated fortress: then follows a female, perhaps the queen of his harem, much occupied with the protection of her two tiny calves; and it is touching to see how carefully she guides and guards one with her trunk, while the other holds on lustily with his trunk to her stumpy apology for a tail. The rest of the herd are less interesting and less dignified: there is no attempt to defend the rear, which is seized with the sentiment of *saute qui peut*: helter-skelter they rush over the blinding sand, and are lost to view in the thick trees that guard and conceal the fatal entrance. They are given but a short repose in this last shelter; just long enough for the attacking army to eat the midday rice, but sufficient for one more despairing effort on the part of the besieged. We have left our coign of vantage and are standing on the road, chatting to a hungry musketeer and rejoicing with him over the success of the morning's efforts, when suddenly there is heard the rush of a heavy body through the trees close to us, and out bursts the great bull into the open, his trunk curled up tight for striking, his tail in air, and a look of desperate wickedness in his rolling eye. But the besiegers are ready for him, even at rice-time: guns are seized in an instant, and a fierce volley greets and stops him ere he has time to pass the watch-fires: he hesitates, and the elephant, like the man, who does so, is lost. Two bold sentries step forward and pepper his feet and trunk with small-shot: the line closes on him, firing as it closes: a great shout runs down the length of it, and the champion, finding the better part of valour in discretion, retires with uncurled trunk and drooping tail.

The battle is practically over. The entrance to the kraal is rendered more and more inevitable by gradually closing lines: the herd wanders into it almost unconsciously: a stockade,

corresponding to the one at the further end, is run up and lined with guns, and the prisoners have begun their captivity. The scene at the summit of the amphitheatre (if one may apply such a term to an oblong) is picturesque in the extreme. Spectators from every village in the neighbourhood have been pouring in all the morning, and the fairer (or shall we say gentler?) sex is at last allowed to appear now that the danger is over. Brilliant and dazzling are the colours scattered over the black volcanic rock that rises from a sea of jungle: wild and terror-stricken are the rushes of the huge captives in the toils: most audible is the buzz of contented conversation above, most pitiable the trumpetings of impotent rage below.

But the wild herd is weary at last of tearing up and down the narrow arena, for the heat is very great, and the low jungle is trampled down sufficiently to admit of successful operations. The stockade at the entrance is opened, and the four tame elephants march stealthily in. Each carries two mahouts and plentiful store of strong rope, while by the side, or rather under the cover, of each walk two men armed with sharp spears and two nooses. The leader of the tame gang is a mighty tusker, on whose courage and coolness everything depends, for the other three are but novices, and five to one is long odds in a mammoth battle. The object to be gained is to approach the captives so quietly as not to startle them into a series of wild gallops, to cut off one of their number by a well-timed flank movement, and to hem him in. Then will the clever nooser do his work, and slip a deft loop over the hind foot directly it is lifted, while his comrade fastens the other end to a neighbouring tree, and—*actum est de elephanto*. But there is many a slip between the lasso and the elephantine foot. All goes smoothly at first. The decoys steal knowingly along the side of the rock-wall to within ten yards of the herd, stopping or advancing according

to each sign of apprehension or confidence, when suddenly the wild ones scent danger, and, escape being impossible, determine on resistance. The huge champion of the herd challenges the tusker, in knightly fashion, to single combat, and advances on him with stooping head and a reverberating roar. You can almost hear the great skulls crash together, so near do they approach, when out step the spearmen in the nick of time, and strike their keen spears into the soft flesh of the trunk, and the charge is averted. But the champion's followers are bent on mischief in spite of his discomfiture: charge follows charge with furious frequency: one of the tame ones is in full flight for the rear, and the tusker and his satellites have all they can do to save the retreat from turning into a fatal rout. An exciting incident happens just below us. A spearman has delivered his thrust at a charging foe, but the spear breaks short off near the head, and remains sticking in the elephant's trunk. He retires, disarmed, to the shelter of the tusker, trips over a root, and falls prone. His enemy is upon him in an instant, bending his head to crush him. It is a sickening moment. One cannot breathe. Suddenly the beast starts back with a shriek of pain and rushes up the arena. The spearhead in his trunk caught in the ground as he was delivering the fatal blow, and

gave him such a wrench as he will hardly forget in a week, and the man is saved.

It takes some time to bring up the tame elephants to the attack again, for the first defeat was demoralizing in the extreme, and it is not until a plentiful feed, numerous incantations, and the arrival of a fifth ally have restored their courage that the perilous game recommences. But the wild ones are by this time exhausted with their very wildness, and gather into detached, weary knots: their charges are mere feints, and at last a straggler is hemmed into a likely corner. One moment of suspense as the nooser creeps noiselessly up to him: a wild, abortive struggle with the unyielding tree, and the first fruits of the hunt are securely reaped. The remainder of the work is comparatively easy. Success breeds success, and one after the other the victims fall to the wiles of their pursuers. The moon rises over the strange scene as we leave it for the camp: the rocks are alive with little fires that form the centres of chattering, hungry groups: the sea of jungle is very calm and pale: the grim prisoners below are straining hopelessly at their fetters, and sniffing sullenly at the food thrown to them; and a glorious week's sport has reached a happy end.

S. M. BURROWS.

DR. JOHNSON'S STYLE.

THE critic who examines the variations in Dr. Johnson's style labours under the disadvantages of one who deals with a subject probably unfamiliar to most of his readers. Of his prose works scarcely anything is now read except a few of the *Lives of the Poets*: *Rasselas* indeed is not forgotten, yet the chances are that an allusion to it is not understood even among people of some reading. The *Rambler* and The *Idler* have even passed beyond the affectation of those who are unwilling to be thought ignorant of the great monuments of literature. No one is tempted to pretend that he has read them, for no reputation would be gained thereby. They have, to use Johnson's own words, been "swept away by time," and now lie "among the refuse of fame." It is idle to ask whether this neglect is deserved. Johnson himself, when speaking of the judgment which had been slowly formed of Addison's *Cato*, maintained that "about things on which the public thinks long, it commonly attains to think right." In another passage he remarks that "what is good only because it pleases cannot be pronounced good till it has been found to please." The *Rambler* and The *Idler* did not greatly please even the generation for which they were written.

It has been asserted that in Johnson's writings three periods can be traced. In his earlier works and in his later he is, it is maintained, much simpler and easier than in those of his middle age. "Between the years 1750 and 1758 his style was, I think," writes Malone, "in its hardest and most laboured state." If Malone, as I have no doubt, meant to include the period in which were published The *Rambler*, The *Adventurer*, and The *Idler*, he should have closed it with

the year 1760. The publication of The *Idler*, which began in the spring of 1758, lasted two years all but ten days. Murphy traces "the pomp of diction" which was for the first time assumed in The *Rambler*, to the influence that the preparation of the Dictionary had on Johnson's mind. "As he grew familiar with technical and scholastic words, he thought that the bulk of his readers were equally learned; or at least would admire the splendour and dignity of his style." Both these critics, in the judgment at which they have arrived, have, I believe, examined merely Johnson's style as an essayist. They have not looked at his miscellaneous writings that belong to the same period. In them I fail to discover any unusual "pomp of diction," or anything harder or more laboured than is met with in the compositions of his earlier or later manhood. The Preface to the Dictionary, the Life of Sir Thomas Browne, the Review of Jonas Hanway's Journal, and of Soame Jenyns's *Nature and Origin of Evil*, which were written about the middle of this period of ten years, are free from any excess of mannerisms. In fact Boswell himself, though he says that Johnson's style "was considerably easier in the *Lives of the Poets* than in The *Rambler*," yet in the numerous papers that his friend wrote for The Literary Magazine in 1756 can find one instance only "in which he had indulged his *Brownism*," meaning thereby that Anglo-Latinate diction in which Sir Thomas Browne delighted. What can be simpler than the following lines in which we are told of Browne's birth and education? They might be taken as a model of simplicity by all biographers.

"Sir Thomas Browne was born at London in the parish of St. Michael in Cheapside on

the 19th of October, 1605. His father was a merchant, of an ancient family at Upton, in Cheshire. Of the name or family of his mother I find no account. Of his childhood or youth there is little known, except that he lost his father very early; that he was, according to the common fate of orphans, defrauded by one of his guardians; and that he was placed for his education at the school of Winchester."

What, to quote an instance from another kind of writing, can be freer from "pomp of diction" than the following sarcastic attack on Soame Jenyns?

"I am told that this pamphlet is not the effort of hunger; what can it be then but the product of vanity? And yet how can vanity be gratified by plagiarism or transcription? When this speculatist finds himself prompted to another performance, let him consider whether he is about to disburden his mind or employ his fingers; and if I might venture to offer him a subject I should wish that he would solve this question: Why he that has nothing to write should desire to be a writer?"

The difference in style which Malone and Murphy insist on, which Boswell to some extent allows, and for which Lord Macaulay, as I shall presently show, has an explanation of his own, must, I readily admit, strike any one who, after some familiarity with Johnson's biographical writings, takes up for the first time his essays. The *Ramblers* undoubtedly differ in style from Johnson's earlier writings. In his previous compositions scattered passages can be readily found which are cast in the same mould, but the very first *Rambler* is all of one piece, woven of one texture, of more gorgeous threads, of a more elaborate pattern, and in a more stately loom. For this "pomp of diction," this exuberance of language, a simpler and a more natural explanation may be found than that which Murphy gives. Johnson came before the world in a new character—a character which, as it commonly seeks a peculiar and a dignified dress, so still more commonly adopts a certain stateliness of language. In his *Rambler* he appeared as "a majestic teacher of moral and religious wisdom." If he did not

wear the gown of the preacher, or of the doctor in some ancient university, at all events he clothed his lessons in a style which, to borrow his own words, would "have given dignity to a bishop." In his last *Rambler* he tells his readers that "it has been his principal design to inculcate wisdom or piety." It will be found, if I am not mistaken, that when he is didactic, when he is "pointing a moral," he labours the most. To him who preaches and to him who teaches, amplification and repetition come almost naturally. Each truth, as it is enunciated, is first set forth with a certain simplicity of language, and is then decked in all the pomp that words can lend. It should not be forgotten that Johnson, in the midst of all his big words, is entirely free from one fault which is common to some of the greatest and the most contemptible of writers. If he forces foreign words into the language he never forces foreign idioms. He protests, both by words and by example, against "the license of translators, whose idleness and ignorance, if it be suffered to proceed, will reduce us to babble a dialect of France." He charges Milton with "forming his style by a perverse and pedantic principle. He was desirous to use English words with a foreign idiom."

The explanation that I have just given of the change in Johnson's style, though it accounts for much, yet it does not account for all the amplifications that weary the reader in *The Rambler* and *The Adventurer*. In both these papers he was writing under conditions which are the greatest temptation to diffuseness. He had not only to express his thoughts, but to make them in each number cover a certain space. If they in themselves would not go far enough, the gaps had to be filled up with words. With his wonderful command of language it was the easiest of tasks to support each substantive with three adjectives, where two or even one would have sufficed; and in a second swelling sentence to tell over again in fresh and

sonorous phrases what he had already perfectly well expressed in a first. Many a Rambler, no doubt, or at all events, many a passage in many a Rambler, was written with a full mind, the words fitly clothing and not padding out the thoughts. Nevertheless this superabundance of language too generally characterises his essays. It was a fault into which he too easily fell. Boswell has pointed out, how even in his talk he would sometimes repeat his thoughts in varied style. "Talking of the comedy of *The Rehearsal*, he said, 'It has not wit enough to keep it sweet.' This was easy; he therefore caught himself, and pronounced a more round sentence: 'It has not vitality enough to preserve it from putrefaction.'" But if he had begun with a sentence that was not easy but round, he could just as readily follow it up with another that was no less round, in which he should do very little more than say over again what he had already said with great force and perfect propriety. Perhaps Burke was thinking of this habit of his old friend when, in opposing Boswell vehemently in his admiration of Croft's imitation of Johnson's style, he exclaimed: "No, no, it is *not* a good imitation of Johnson; it has all his pomp without his force; it has all the nodosities of the oak without its strength; it has all the contortions of the sybil without the inspiration." "I hate triplets in prose," said Cowper, when writing about Johnson's needless multiplication of words. Cowper, happily for him, author though he was, knew nothing of that state of life in which "triplets in prose," or some substitute for them, are a temptation which often overcomes the severest virtue.

If this needless parade of language is partly due to the necessity under which Johnson lay in each number to fill up a certain space, we should expect to find fewer signs of it in *The Idler*. It is not only a shorter paper than *The Rambler* or *The Adventurer*, but, unlike them, it varies

in length. Numbers fifty-eight and fifty-nine, for instance, taken together are not so long by half a page as Number sixty, while the one hundred and three *Idlers* fill no more pages in the edition of Johnson's collected writings than sixty-two *Ramblers*. It was published originally in the columns of a newspaper. Johnson, as it seems probable, wrote for each number as much as he found convenient. While composing his weekly essay (for it appeared but once a week) he no longer was tempted, to use his own words, to "run his finger down the margin to see how many lines he had written, and how few he had to make."

Now Boswell himself states, and states with perfect justice, that "The *Idler* has less body and more spirit than *The Rambler*, and greater facility of language." Part of this is no doubt due to the fact that the subjects selected are, generally speaking, somewhat lighter, but part also may be attributed to the freedom in which Johnson wrote. In his *Debates* in Parliament, which were finished seven years before Malone's second period begins, his style was not much less laboured than in *The Rambler*. In these he was exposed to just the same temptation. He had a certain number of columns of the *Gentleman's Magazine* to fill, and Cave, the proprietor, was "a penurious paymaster, who would contract for lines by the hundred, and expect the long hundred." Fielding, in one of his happiest images, compares a certain class of "painful and voluminous historians" first of all, "to a newspaper, which consists of just the same number of words, whether there be any news in it or not"; and secondly, "to a stage-coach, which performs constantly the same course empty as well as full." Johnson, both in his *Debates* and his periodical essays, now and then lets the world see what a brave show he could still make as he rattled along, though he had next to no luggage and scarcely a passenger left.

When he wrote with a full mind and

untroubled by any thoughts of columns to be filled, at all periods of his life he showed his ease and his vigour. In his letters little change in his diction can be traced from the first one to the last. They vary indeed greatly, but the variety is due not to the effect of years, but to the subject. In his long correspondence with Mrs. Thrale his last letters are less easy than those which he wrote when he was still suré of her affection, and when he was not overshadowed by the gloom of his own rapidly-approaching end. Lord Macaulay, in writing of the *Lives of the Poets*, says:

"Savage's *Life Johnson* reprinted nearly as it had appeared in 1744. Whoever, after reading that life, will turn to the other lives will be struck by the difference of style. Since Johnson had been at ease in his circumstances he had written little and had talked much. When therefore he, after the lapse of years, resumed his pen, the mannerism which he had contracted while he was in the constant habit of elaborate composition was less perceptible than formerly; and his diction frequently had a colloquial ease which it had formerly wanted. The improvement may be discerned by a skilful critic in the *Journey to the Hebrides*, and in the *Lives of the Poets* it is so obvious that it cannot escape the notice of the most careless reader."

Taxation no Tyranny was written after the *Journey to the Hebrides*. Can the skilful critic discern the improvement in colloquial ease in it? Boswell himself describes it as "a rhapsody," and denies that it has "that felicity of expression for which Johnson was upon other occasions so eminent." I venture to assert that, to both the skilful critic and the uncritical reader, the *Life of Savage*, which was written when Johnson was "in the constant habit of elaborate composition," will be found freer from mannerism than the *Journey to the Hebrides*, in spite of the twelve years which he had enjoyed of almost complete freedom from writing and of unrestrained indulgence in talk. If we look for "colloquial ease" in his compositions, where can we find more than in the following extract from a letter to Mrs. Thrale, written almost nine years before the

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publication of the *Lives of the Poets* began? He is jesting, as he often does jest, about his host, Dr. Taylor of Ashbourne, a divine "whose size and figure and countenance and manner were that of a hearty English squire, with the parson super-induced," and whose "talk was of bullocks."

"I have seen the great bull, and very great he is. I have seen likewise his heir apparent, who promises to inherit all the bulk and all the virtues of his sire. I have seen the man who offered an hundred guineas for the great bull, while he was little better than a calf. Matlock, I am afraid, I shall not see, but I purpose to see Dovedale; and after all this seeing I hope to see you."

Six years later, when his style should have become easier, if Macaulay's criticism is sound, he wrote to her,

"Every man has those about him who wish to soothe him into inactivity and delitescence, nor is there any semblance of kindness more vigorously to be repelled than that which voluntarily offers a vicarious performance of the tasks of life, and conspires with the natural love of ease against diligence and perseverance."

Such a passage as this is in the true Rambler style, having all the mannerism which Johnson was supposed to have lost by his long intermission from "the constant habit of elaborate composition." That some effect was produced by this repose cannot be questioned, for in the case of any man who had a style to be affected such a change could not fail to exert its influence. That it had any great effect I see no reason to believe. Two causes, and two alone, are, in my opinion, sufficient to account for the ease of the diction of the *Lives of the Poets*. The subject was such as naturally clothed itself in a lighter style, and the author was under no restraint to write a single word more than he pleased. It is true that Johnson, in comparing himself with his contemporaries as a writer of biography, said, "The dogs don't know how to write trifles with dignity." But his dignity in his *Lives* very rarely oppresses his readers. There

is nothing of the bishop about it. He has many tales to tell, but few morals to point. From the unhappy slavery of "copy" he was now altogether free. He had undertaken to write a brief preface to each poet, "an advertisement," to use his own words, "like those which we find in the French Miscellanies, containing a few dates and a general character." It was by his love of his subject that he was carried away to swell these Advertisements into those admirable Lives, which by the student of literature are read and read again and again with ever-increasing admiration and delight. "I have been led," he says, "beyond my intention, I hope, by the honest desire of giving useful pleasure." From his capacious mind, stored with the memories and the reflections of the forty years that he had passed in "the full tide of human existence," and with the anecdotes and the traditions handed down from one generation of literary men to another, his narrative flowed in all the freedom of perfect ease. He had nothing but his indolence with which to struggle. There was "no penurious paymaster," no printer calling for more "copy," no fixed number of sheets which must be covered with a fixed number of words before the hand had moved to a fixed place on the clock. He was free, to use his own words, "from the great temptation to beat his little gold to a spacious surface, to work that to foam which no art or diligence can exalt to spirit." The measure which he gave was indeed good, for it ran over from very abundance.

Lord Macaulay, in his admirable biography of Johnson, silently corrects the harsh judgment which five-and-twenty years before he had passed on Johnson's style. He can

now see its merits as well as its faults, and no longer condemns it as "systematically vicious." This censure is, in my eyes, not only harsh, but even ungrateful, for among the imitators of Johnson I have long reckoned his critic. I do not for one moment maintain that the style of the younger writer is founded on the style of the elder. But in Johnson, and in Johnson alone among the older authors, I find parallels for certain peculiarities in Macaulay. He would be an acute critic who could, without any hesitation, decide from the style alone that the following passages, which I have taken from the Lives of the Poets, are not to be found in the Essays contributed to the Edinburgh Review or in the History of England:

"Criticism was for a while lost in wonder; no rules of judgment were applied to a book written in open defiance of truth and regularity. But when distinction came to be made, the part which gave the least pleasure was that which describes the Flying Island, and that which gave most disgust must be the history of the Houghhulms."

"He is proud that his book was presented to the King and Queen by the Right Honourable Sir Robert Walpole; he is proud that they had read it before; he is proud that the edition was taken off by the nobility and persons of the first distinction."

"For many years the name of George Lyttelton was seen in every account of every debate in the House of Commons. He opposed the standing army; he opposed the excise; he supported the motion for petitioning the King to remove Walpole."

As in Lord Macaulay's writings I come upon passage after passage that seems formed on such models as these, I am tempted to apply to them the words which he applied to Miss Burney's imitations of the author of *The Rambler*: "This is a good style of its kind. . . . We say with confidence either Sam Johnson or the Devil."

G. BIRKBECK HILL.

MY UNCLE'S CLOCK.

I HAVE heard people talk a good deal about my grandfather's clock, but I really think that my uncle's clock was a more remarkable thing. I did not notice anything peculiar about it in his lifetime, except that it was always stopped, being in this respect the exact opposite of that well-known clock of everybody's grandfather which went on ticking to the exact moment of the old gentleman's death. My uncle's clock stood in his bed-room, on the mantelpiece; and I always wondered that he, who liked everything about him to be in order, wound up, and working punctually, should allow this solitary specimen of incapacity to stare him in the face night and morning with a lying account of the hour. Once or twice when my uncle has been ill and I have gone to see him, I have walked up to that clock with the intention of setting it going and putting it right, but my uncle always stopped me with the significant remark: "I rather think I'd let that clock alone, if I were you, James."

I took the hint without asking any questions. My uncle was not the sort of man who would stand a catechism very well; indeed, there were some points concerning his personal history, and the manner in which he had made his fortune, about which his most intimate friend, if at all a prudent man, would judge it best to make few inquiries. I do not mean that my uncle was not an honourable member of society, and a very useful one too: many owners of valuable estates, many county families remember him still with respectful gratitude; but his occupation was of a very peculiar sort, one which would not bear much talking about: he was, in fact, a remover of ghosts.

What he did with the ghosts when he had got them nobody could guess. He did not travel with much luggage, and could not have carried them away in his boxes. They were not in his own home: a quieter, better-ordered establishment than that never existed: the very rats were not allowed to make a noise there. One thing only was certain, that when he undertook to remove a ghost that ghost never went back again: it was heard of no more. His knowledge of the world of phantoms was immense: I think I may say unique. He had studied all the existing literature of the subject, until there was not a ghost anywhere in the three kingdoms with whose habits, weaknesses, and prejudices he was not familiar. Not a phantom of them all could resist him: he could twist the whole spectre-world (it is not, I believe, a very intelligent world) round his little finger. There was nothing he enjoyed more than facing an obstinate and self-opinionated old ghost—a ghost of a few hundred years' standing, with a conceit to match his age—having it out with that old ghost, and reducing him to submission.

My uncle never advertised himself in any way, and had to be approached cautiously by all who desired his services. He kept his ghost-laying within the strict limits of a profession, though one not generally acknowledged or frequently followed, and refused wages, though he would take a fee. His first effort was, I believe, achieved solely to oblige a friend: afterwards a whisper of his extraordinary powers went round, and every man who had a haunted house which he could not let, every family pursued by a dogged phantom which stuck to the ancestral residence after its natural term was over, every person afflicted

by an attendant spectre, applied to my uncle for relief. He never refused it, when it was properly asked for. On receiving a summons to the practice of his profession, he packed up his traps and went off with his manservant. Sometimes it would take him weeks to remove a ghost: sometimes he would do it in half an hour. The fees he received for his services varied from a hundred pounds (he never would take less,—rather than that, he did his work for nothing) to a thousand. There was one old gentleman who had been very much bothered for many years by an irritating phantom, who was always washing his hands in his presence, and asking him for a towel—an under-bred ghost that, and one without any sense of the fitness of things! When this old gentleman was relieved of his trouble his gratitude was so great that, besides paying the customary fee, he left in his will five thousand pounds and perpetual right in the ghost, to my uncle and his heirs for ever. I was my uncle's heir, but I did not know of the whole extent of his possessions when I stepped into them.

Well, my uncle died, and the secret of the ghosts, and what he had done with them, died with him. He left everything to me, and I immediately determined to have that clock put to rights. I could not do away with it, because there was a special clause in his will that it was to be left where it was, in the same room, on the same mantelpiece, facing the bed in which I intended to sleep. If I sent away that clock I forfeited my uncle's fortune: the estate and the clock went together, and were by no means, nor at any time, to be separated. However, if I could not get rid of this piece of furniture, I could make it go; and this I resolved to do.

The first night that I slept in that particular room I had reached home late after a long journey, and, being very tired, forgot my resolution. I never had a better night's sleep in my

life. But the next morning when I awoke, the clock faced me with its fingers impudently and lyingly pointing to half-past two, when, as a matter of fact, I knew that it was just eight. I sprang out of bed and attacked that false witness. It wound up easily, and ticked regularly. Its internal organisation had evidently suffered nothing from a prolonged holiday. Throughout the whole of that day it ticked cheerfully and kept well up to time; and as I put my head on the pillow that night, and heard it ticking industriously in the darkness, I felt that I had begun well my stewardship of the fortune left to me: the only thing which wanted doing in my uncle's house I had promptly done. Then followed the peace of a well-earned sleep.

Rats! could it be rats making that noise? Were there ever such impudent, ingenious, multifarious, abominable, and riotous rats as these? I don't know how long I had been asleep, but the noise which awoke me was something distracting. I sat up in bed and listened. No, it could not be rats. Rats could not groan dismally, rats could not giggle foolishly, nor could they wail hysterically. They might run about the passages with the sound as of a hundred pattering feet, but they could not talk in confidential whispers, nor could they appeal piteously for help, nor could they denounce one another in angry human tones.

A happy thought occurred to me. The servants were indulging in private theatricals. They had presumed on my youthful inexperience, and relied on the soundness of my slumbers: they were doubtless giving a ball or some similar entertainment to their friends in the small hours of the night. I got out of bed and made for the door. The passage beyond was in utter darkness. I thought I heard the sound of scuttling feet; then all was still. As I groped my way towards the butler's room, some one seemed to be following me with stealthy steps. I felt for a match, which I had in my

pocket, and struck it: no one was near me, but an icy breeze rushed past me as from an open window, and my match went out. I groped my way on to the butler's door and banged at it.

"Timpkins," I said, "what is the meaning of all this?"

There was a moment's pause, and then a tremulous and husky voice answered from inside, "Is that you, sir?"

The fellow's teeth were absolutely chattering from fright: I could hear them, and the sound rejoiced me: it was well that he should feel a wholesome dread of my righteous wrath.

"Of course it's me. Open the door instantly!"

"I daren't, sir, not if it cost me my place"; and the teeth chattered audibly.

"Look here, Timpkins, you'd better not be such a fool as this. Why, man, I sha'n't slay you for it!"

"You, sir!" in an undoubted accent of astonishment, "it's not you that I'm afraid of. Oh, sir"—here the teeth chattered again—"can't you manage them better than this?"

"I'd better begin by managing you," I answered angrily; but he did not seem to hear me.

"Not a servant will stay with you if you let it happen again! They all left before, every one of them, and they'll do it again. I only stopped because your uncle swore to me that it should occur no more, and it didn't. What he did to them, and where he put them, I can't say. But he managed them somehow. There's a noise beginning. Oh, sir, do you think they are coming again?"

"What are you talking about, fellow?—the servants?"

"The servants? Goodness gracious, no, sir! Do you think I'd let them carry on like that! It's not the least use, sir, rattling at that door, for I will *not* open it, not if I leave before breakfast to-morrow! This is not my business, sir, it's yours: you know that well enough, and I really

think you might manage it a little better." Here he shuddered till the bed shook under him.

"I'll break the door in, Timpkins, if you don't tell me what you mean. The servants must have been making that awful row, and you know it."

"Not the servants, sir," he answered in a quavering voice; "it was the ghosts!"

The ghosts! the man was mad, or drunk. At that instant somebody certainly laughed a little mocking laugh in my ear, and I did not wait to argue the case any further. I bolted back to my room along the draughty passage, shut the door and locked it. At least there was no more noise that night. I did not sleep, but a peaceful silence prevailed, through which the clock ticked with undiminished cheerfulness.

The following morning Timpkins waited upon me at breakfast with irreproachable demeanour. When the meal was cleared away he respectfully requested permission to speak of the incidents of the night. The other servants had, he said, asked him, as the most experienced of them all in the ways of the house, to lay their grievances before me. I had not quite decided with what front it was best to face the awkward subject of the mysterious disturbance, so I just told him to go forward with what he had to say.

"Every one of them has something to complain of," he began. "There's the under-housemaid declares as a young man came and hanged himself in her room: a most unpleasant thing to happen to any respectable person, and, as the girl herself says, gentlemen should keep to their own rooms and ladies to theirs, even if they do happen to be ghosts. There's not one of them that did not see something last night. I did myself, but I'd rather not speak of it. When I hear a thing in confidence, even from a ghost, I prefer to keep it to myself."

"Do so, by all means. I am not going to believe those ridiculous

stories. I heard plenty of noise, but I saw nothing."

"I fancy, sir," he said significantly, "that would be because the ghosts don't properly know that your uncle's gone, so they dare not venture into his room. He had great control over them: I hope you'll manage to get some in time, or you'll have your house empty."

"I don't believe in the ghosts," I answered, with more irritation than truth.

"Well, sir, we all know, though it is not commonly spoken of, that your uncle was a—ahem! a ghost-collector. He went to places, and he brought 'em away with him, but what he did with 'em, and where he put 'em, nobody knew. Once or twice they broke out, and there was an awful row, but that hasn't happened for years. Last night, when the noise began, I said at once, 'They've broken loose again.' I do hope, sir, for your own sake, that you'll somehow manage to get the upper hand of them. Your uncle never gave you, I suppose, sir, a hint how to do it?"

"Never a word!"

"That's bad, but it'll happen come to you. I've spoken to the servants. They all wanted to leave this very day, but I've said to them: 'The new master's young and not experienced in the management of ghosts. Give him a fair trial, and he'll perhaps get them under, as the old master did.' They've agreed to stop for a week, and see how things go on. And I am sure, sir, you've the good wishes of us all that you may get well through with it soon." Then the respectable Timpkins departed, leaving me as much amazed and subdued in spirit as he desired the ghosts to become under my treatment. My treatment, indeed! I felt no ability left within me to cope with the rebellious phantoms who had broken loose.

Timpkins was right in his surmise, for the next night the ghosts invaded my bedroom. I awoke to find them in full possession. They seemed to be

enjoying themselves amazingly in their own eccentric manner. There was a regular crowd of them. A lady in patches and high heels was dancing a minuet on the hearth-rug. A wicked-looking man with a gray beard was depositing a skull and a few other relics of crime in a corner of the room: his manner was really amusingly secretive when you came to consider the crowded state of the apartment, but it did not amuse me at the time. A young man in a Cavalier dress was proposing in the shelter of the window-curtain to a young lady in a Puritan garb. A mad violinist was practising scales at the foot of the bed. A small boy, who produced the effect of having been deserted on the top of a mountain by a wicked uncle (I don't know how he did it in the circumstances, but ghosts have a peculiar talent for the histrionic art, and appear to be quite independent of scenic accessories), was screaming for assistance at the top of his voice. A philosopher was taking notes in my easy-chair. Last, but not least, a highwayman was explaining the details of his execution to me at one side of the bed, while a gentleman in a powdered wig, and holding a snuff-box, related to me old but not venerable Court anecdotes on the other side.

The rest of that night I decline to describe. I reasoned with those ghosts: I stormed at them, I threatened them. Then I began to throw the furniture at them, but they did not even dodge: the missiles went clean through them without damaging them in the least: I broke the looking-glass and the water-bottle, that was all. Most of the ghosts took no notice whatever of my proceedings, but remained absorbed, like lunatics, in their own. One or two paused for a moment to smile at my helpless rage, and the young lady on the hearth-rug actually giggled with amusement. Clearly these ghosts were too many for me!

The next morning at breakfast I informed Timpkins that my portman-teau must be packed at once. I was

going away for some time. He smiled a smile of satisfaction. "Very right indeed, sir, and I hope that you'll be successful and bring none of them back when you come!"

Evidently he thought that I was taking the ghosts away, whereas I was only flying from them; but I kept my own counsel, and departed by the midday train. A week's absence from home, in cheerful society and with cheerful surroundings, revived my spirits somewhat. I began to hope that the ghosts would have tired themselves out and gone: they could not always be working so hard. I would, at any rate, run down home and see what was happening there. The place looked so beautiful as I approached it—for my uncle had spared no expense in making it all that a gentleman's residence should be—that I felt quite ashamed of having been driven away from it by a set of paltry ghosts, a mere phantom collection gathered together by my own uncle, principally for his profit, but partly also for his amusement, and out of a sort of *virtuoso* curiosity. "The finest collection of spectres in the world," so he had been proud to consider them; and was I, the owner of the museum, to be afraid of my own specimens? The idea was absurd. I was received by Timpkins, whose air was preternaturally solemn.

"I'm afraid, sir, that you did not pack them as well as you thought," he remarked gravely. "Some of them must have got loose somehow, for they were at it as bad as ever the night after you left."

"Were they indeed?" I answered grimly.

"And for several nights after that," he went on. "The servants have all left. They stayed their week, and then they went. And as it happened the ghosts have been quiet ever since."

"Exactly so," I answered irritably, "I always said the servants were at the bottom of it."

He looked at me with surprise.

"You don't think so, I'm sure, sir. It's just what they call a co-incidence!"

Coincidence or not, the ghosts let me alone that night, but I got up the next morning in a very bad temper, notwithstanding. My uncle's servants had been admirably chosen, and knew their work thoroughly. It was tiresome to lose them all at one fell swoop of fate. I should have been absolutely alone in the house but for the faithful Timpkins, who still evidently hoped that I should "manage them." He had got the gardener's wife to come and cook for me in our temporary difficulty, and I ought to have been more grateful to him than I was. I am afraid that I wanted an excuse for being savage. I found one in the clock, which had run down in my absence, and had not been attended to. I had not noticed this the night before.

"I declare, Timpkins," I remarked to that ill-used individual, "I think that my own room might at least be taken care of: I can understand that the rest of the house must be at sixes and sevens, but the place I sleep in ought to be in order!"

Timpkins, in whose experienced eye I saw compassion for my pitiable situation, expressed regret that anything had been neglected. He had not been aware of it.

"It's the clock," I answered angrily: "it has not been wound up, a thing that can be done in three minutes!"

"Oh, the clock!" responded Timpkins, his countenance clearing. "I beg pardon, sir, but the old master never allowed any one to touch it. The last housekeeper (a very valuable person, sir) was sent away because she tried to make it go. If you want that clock winding up, sir, I'll take it as a particular favour if you'll do it yourself!"

I felt inclined to quarrel with him on the spot, but on the whole decided that I wouldn't; so I wound up the clock myself. That night, as the intelligent reader will be already aware,

the ghosts came again. The intelligent reader has had the advantage of what I may call "selected circumstance" from which to draw his deductions: I was struggling with multifarious circumstances altogether unselected, which I have not put before him. Selected circumstance is what reveals to us the end of novels while the actors in them are struggling in a hopeless fog: this it is which makes us so much wiser than the philosophers, and so much sharper than the detectives, in the books we read. We are not really so clever as we think on most occasions.

Well, the ghosts came again, and I think that on the whole, they behaved rather worse than before. They talked, screamed, groaned, and proposed at the very top of their voices, and without any regard to the proprieties. They quite disturbed the philosopher at his notes, and he looked at me in a remonstrant way, as who should say, "I really do think, you know, that you let them go too far."

But what was I to do? At first I could only add my groans to theirs. After a time the sound of the clock ticking joyously on through all the noise struck me oddly. I ceased my groans to listen to it: a saving thought flashed through my mind: the coincidence existed not with the servants, but with the clock. I leaped out of bed, I rushed through those ghosts as if they had been air—very chilly air they seemed to be too—and I put my finger on the swinging pendulum. There was a low wail of deep dismay, then—oh, joy! oh, happiness! oh, relief! the ghosts were gone!

I drew my breath with a long sigh of satisfaction, and felt the solitude like a Paradise. But my troubles were not all over. The silence lasted about a minute, then I heard a slight sound, as if some one in the corner of the room was trying to speak to me. The voice was faint and uncertain: it trembled and nearly ebbed away, then took body and went on. "I—er—really must protest. I—

er—really can't consent to this. It—er—is not fair, not in the contract. You—er—have a perfect right not to wind it up, but to stop it—er—that was never agreed to."

I looked in the corner of the room and saw that the old philosopher had almost gone, but not quite; or, to speak more correctly, he had partly come back again. His form was as indistinct as his voice, it wavered like a candle in a breeze, and tried hard to keep itself together, that his limbs might not part company, like clouds before a tempest. "If you—er—would just let it go again while I talk to you," he pleaded, "the others—shan't—come back, and I'll tell you all—er—all about it." He nearly went out then and there, and only by a violent effort braced himself up into comparative solidity. He was a courageous old phantom.

I stood hesitating, with my finger on the clock. A wise man would have let well alone; but I was not wise. I wanted to know "all about it." I wanted to hear the secret of the clock and of the ghosts.

"You are sure they won't come back?" I asked.

"I—er—promise—honour of a gentleman. Just give me a few ticks; so hard to speak without. Ah—er—*thank you*—" in a clear voice of great relief, as I set the clock ticking.

Then the old gentleman began to gesticulate, and to talk violently, not to me, but to the other ghosts. Apparently they were gradually convinced by his eloquence (the details of which I could not quite catch), for it became less and less vehement; and at last the philosopher turned to me (he was now looking perfectly solid), and said with a smile, "It's all right, they have agreed to leave the negotiation in my hands. I always had great influence with them. Your uncle often consulted me on difficult affairs. Now we can sit down and talk comfortably together.

"Before I go any further in my communication," the phantom went

on, with a glance at the clock which was comfortably ticking in front of us, "I must make one bargain with you, really a very moderate one. I have a great deal of valuable information to give you, and you cannot expect to have it, even from a ghost, for nothing."

"Tell me your terms," I responded with a brevity in strong contrast to his courteous circumlocution.

"They are very simple, very simple, indeed," he said, rubbing his hands together gently, and keeping his ghostly eye on me; "just that you should undertake to wind this clock up once a year. Merely that."

"That will, as I understand," I replied, frowning, "be equal to an invitation to the —er—to your agreeable friends to come back and make as much hubbub as they like."

"For eight days only, eight days, or nights, as I should more accurately say. What are those in a whole year? I must have something in return for what I tell you. Those at any rate are my terms." He pressed his unsubstantial lips firmly together. To be brief, I consented. It was again a foolish thing to do, but I was never very wise, and my curiosity was aroused. I wanted to know about these curious people who lived somewhere on my premises. I can boast of as ancient a descent as most people, and one of my earliest ancestresses (some say the very earliest, but the point is now disputed) brought a good deal of trouble into our family by too curious a desire to know the flavour of an apple. I had inherited her curiosity. She was a very distinguished woman, and I am not going to blush for the family failing which owed its introduction to her. I consented then. The ghost sat down in my easy chair, crossed his legs, and began his story with great affability.

"Your uncle was a very admirable man, and I should not wish to say a word against him. He had unusual powers. Everybody with unusual powers has a right to exercise them at the expense of weaker creatures. That

is, I believe, an axiom of your most advanced thinkers. Having then such powers, he looked about for a subject to give them full scope, and he found—*us*. We were, each in our different spheres, pursuing our appointed tasks with great credit to ourselves and satisfaction to the community. Men respected us, women feared us: we had power, sir, and influence. There was not one of us who had not secured a comfortable situation, and was not doing his best to fulfil his duty in it. We were active then, and useful. We kept alive the past in the memory of the vulgar, who do not read and will not think: we threw out hints of the supernatural: we awakened the emotions of awe, wonder, compassion. Are not these the feelings, sir, which it was the ambition of your mighty poets in the past to inspire by their tragedies? You can all of you reverence *Æschylus*; but who is grateful to a ghost? However complaints are useless. Your uncle brought us from our various avocations, and shut us up together in a museum, like a set of mummies. What could we do there but become the trivial, miserable, deteriorated beings that we are? The dignity of our profession was gone. We could not frighten one another. We could not act without a public. We became mere puppets, and might as well have been worked by strings."

At this juncture I interrupted him. "Would you mind telling me the locality of that museum?" I asked.

"Not in the least," he answered courteously, "but it would be difficult for you to visit it, and inadvisable. Your uncle had it built on purpose for us. It is an immense underground vault, in a lonely spot in the park, after it was finished, the entrance was walled up and soil thrown over the whole, as before. There is no way in or out, except for ghosts. Your uncle did his best to make it comfortable for us. It is well furnished with secret passages, old pictures, oak-chests, bones, cupboards, curtains, and other articles for which he thought we

had a fancy. It is in fact a playground for us, but we wanted to work. Your uncle never could understand that : this was strange, because he understood it well enough for himself. We became so unhappy in that place, that at times we broke out, in spite of our respect for him, and our dread of his punishments, which were very ingenious, very ingenious indeed," added the phantom musingly, as if he remembered one or two which few men would have thought of. I wished that I could think of them.

"At last things got so bad between us, that I was appointed ambassador I said to your uncle, 'Now look here, let us talk it over as man to man. Ghosts have not many rights, but they have a few, and really, you know, you should not trample them under foot. Our feelings may seem superficial, but they exist, you ought to remember that in dealing with us'. Your uncle listened to me quite kindly, and I put the matter before him still further. 'We don't want much : a very little satisfies us. Some ghosts are content to appear only once in a hundred years or so, but I never heard of a ghost who had not his appointed day out at some time or other. It is not reasonable, it is not fair to deprive him of it. We go on practising our parts down there, and we must have some chance, just the ghost of a chance, as I may say, to appear in them before the public. There must be a possibility of it to keep our minds easy. You ought to allow us that'. 'Very well', said your uncle, 'I'll drive a bargain with you. Will you undertake that it shall be kept by all the others as well as yourself?' I answered that I was appointed to speak for the rest. 'Then', said your uncle, 'I offer you this. You are free to come out and enjoy yourselves as you like, whenever that clock on my mantel-piece is going, *but at no other time*. That was the main feature of the compact we made : there were other small conditions, as that the clock was not to be removed from its place, or wilfully damaged in any

way ; the room was not to be kept locked up ; no one except himself was to know the secret concerning it. These conditions I insisted upon, to give us a real chance of an occasional holiday, and your uncle agreed to them ; but, would you believe it, sir", the phantom concluded with a deep sigh, "your uncle had such power of will that never, by any accident, was the clock wound up from that day until the hour of his death".

"And now," I responded gloomily, "I have actually undertaken to wind it up once a year".

"You have received a great deal of information in return", said the ghost cheerfully.

"Which will never be of the slightest use to me", I answered sadly, for the apple was eaten, and the family troubles were before me.

"I wish", I remarked to the philosopher, "that you could induce your friends to behave with a little more moderation when they come to see me next".

"I will use all my influence in that direction", he answered, with a polite bow of farewell. The dawn was breaking, and, like a puff of cold wind, he went past me to his subterranean dwelling.

I next had an interview with Timpkins, and tried to put the situation before him cheerfully. We engaged new servants, who were to arrive in eight days, and for the next few nights we put up with the ghosts as well as we could. Timpkins stood by me manfully during the period, and when the clock had run down, peace prevailed.

The year that followed was a pleasant one. Nobody meddled with the clock, and the ghosts practised their parts silently underground. I liked my uncle's house, and I enjoyed the use of his fortune. I almost forgot at times that it included a collection of phantoms. But the months went on, and the season came when I was obliged to face my difficulties. I dismissed my servants for ten days' holi-

day, and shut up all the house except my own rooms. I engaged Timpkins to remain with me during the awful week, for a fee of a hundred guineas: this money was to buy his silence also.

"I am afraid, Timpkins", I said sadly, "that we may expect the ghosts again. I am obliged—er—to have a little talk with them".

"That's a pity, sir", said Timpkins, with an air of gloom. "It isn't well to give too many liberties to them creatures. The old master never did it, and it isn't good for 'em, gives them notions, and puts them up to mischief".

"It won't happen often", I answered, apologetically, "only once a year".

"Once a year! Indeed, sir! That's very bad!" said Timpkins severely. He departed then, and I was left alone with the clock.

I took the key in my fingers, and I looked at the innocent timepiece with hatred. Something very like murder was in my heart. Should I dash it to my feet in a thousand fragments? Such was certainly my inclination, but I doubted the wisdom of indulging it. The ghosts would regard such an act of violence as a destruction of their agreement with my uncle, and would swarm all over the premises at once and for ever. At present they seemed to have the impression (foolish creatures!) that I had the power of keeping them to their treaty as my uncle would have done, and of enforcing penalties for breach of contract. It was as well that they should remain in this delusion: I had no wish to destroy it by any rude shock, nor to enlighten them as to the real depths of my weakness and the poverty of my resources. No, I would do no act of violence: I would keep my word

with the phantom philosopher and wind up the clock; therefore I began my task with self-control and outward calmness. But the works were rusty: the damp had got into the inner chimney-wall during the recent rains, and had damaged the clock. Still I persisted in my conscientious efforts to turn the key: still the clock resisted. Then suddenly there was a crack and a whirr, and the key turned round with the greatest ease, for the mainspring was broken.

I sank down in the easy-chair and rang the bell for the butler, who came running in alarm.

"Timpkins", I said incoherently, "you can send for the servants as soon as you like. It's all right: they'll never come again".

Timpkins looked at the open clock-face, and at the key in my hand.

"I understand, sir", he remarked with significance; "I was always sure that had something to do with it. *You've broken the clock!*" Evidently he approved of my action: perhaps he thought I had done it on purpose. I did not undeceive him. It was to the ghosts, and not to him, that I was answerable.

We sent for the servants to return to their duties at once. I telegraphed invitations to some of my friends to come and have a jolly week with me; and a jolly week we had. I never felt so happy in my life, nor so free. Now I can keep my compact with the phantom without fear. I shall turn the key round next Christmas with a light heart, for nothing will follow. And the ghosts have no right to complain, for the thing happened entirely by accident. But I shall not have the clock mended: that was not in the contract.

SOME DISTANT PROSPECTS OF ETON COLLEGE.

"WHEN we desire to recall what befell us in the earliest period of youth, it often happens that we confound what we have heard from others with that which we really possess from our own direct experience". So wrote Goethe, and straightway proceeded to justify himself in his own autobiography. This confusion adds one more to the many doubts which already perplex the too conscientious student of history. The writer who draws on the treasures of his own memory is rarely able, even when most willing, to distinguish between Truth and Poetry. Inextricably confounded in his own mind, the two beautiful shadows gain no firmness of outline in their passage to the minds of others. For our own part, we would not have it otherwise. A mighty Father of the Church has branded Poetry as "the wine of demons." 'Tis a wine we love. It gladdeneth the heart, and leaveth no headache on the morrow. For we frankly own ourselves to be of that feeble band, of whom Bacon says: "Doth any man doubt that, if there were taken out of men's minds vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, imaginations as one would, and the like, but it would leave the minds of a number of men poor shrunken things, full of melancholy and indisposition, and unpleasing to themselves?"

Many and famous are the instances of this morganatic alliance between Truth and Poetry: none perhaps more famous than the heroic delusion nourished by George the Fourth, that he had led the charge of English cavalry which broke the French line at Waterloo. In one of the books to which we owe these distant prospects of Eton there is another and, if less

magnificent, not less remarkable instance.¹ The reverend chronicler shall tell it in his own words:

"When Stapylton a few years ago inserted the names of all the elevens at the beginning of his famed 'Eton List,' he received a letter one morning from India from this noted judge of the High Court, who begged to call attention to some mistakes in the list of '32—one or two he had inserted who were not in the eleven. Wilkinson, of course, he knew, and in connection with him, he remembered going to a dance at his house in the evening, but the omission he had to complain of was his *own name*! Stapylton sent the judge's letter on to my eldest brother, asking if he could explain matters. My brother replied that he had forwarded it to me, as the right man to correct any mistake. I returned it with the answer that the 'judge never played in our eleven at all!' There was an hallucination! It was, I suppose, like the old story of the Prince Regent about the battle of Waterloo. He had recounted this event so often, that at last he fancied and asserted he was present himself! I suppose the judge had the same feeling; but one curious point still connected with the story was that in the year '32, when it was fully impressed on his mind that he played, we beat Harrow by one innings and one hundred and fifty-six runs, but in the year 1833, when he really did play, Harrow beat Eton by eight wickets!"

Mr. Wilkinson, conscious of this sweet confusion, is careful not to assume too much infallibility for his own memory. Indeed, so careful is he that once his caution takes a most baffling form, when, after harrowing our feelings on one page by the story of a poor little lad who was drowned while bathing in an ominous pool known as Deadman's Hole, on the next he relieves them by recounting the recovery and restoration of the corpse, and its graphic narrative of its sensations. Yet even he, with all his care, does lose his way now and

¹ Reminiscences of Eton (Keate's Time): by the Rev. C. Allix Wilkinson. London: 1888.

then in these fairy paths. He has, for example, got it into his head that Mr. Maxwell Lyte¹ was not fostered in that holy shade which sheltered his own youth. Mr. Lyte's book, from which he quotes not a little, he allows to be no bad thing for one who had no personal knowledge of the school—a reservation which he is also obliged to apply to the entertaining pages of *Etoniana*. This warning he impresses on his readers not once but many times, with a complacency almost bordering on the Pharisaical. Yet, though it is true that the author of *Etoniana* was not an Etonian, those school-lists which Mr. Wilkinson so often quotes might have shown him his mistake in the case of Mr. Lyte—to say nothing of the dedication of that gentleman's history, *Etonensibus Etonensis*. He can construe that; for he claims, and claims with perfect reason, that though the course of Latin and Greek learning was in his day narrow, yet what was learned therein was learned well. His own language was, he complains, sadly neglected; and we fear that he has shown some reason also for this complaint,—or at least suffered his printers to show reason. His pages swarm with errors innumerable,—errors, it must be added, not English only. What manner of language and verse is this?

“Carmina quantar vogas, carmina tanta deli.”

He should have recollected that his young readers will not, like us poor sons of Grub Street, grown wise with bitter experience, be able always to detect the fine Roman hand of the printer, and will credit him with the quaint devices of diction, spelling, and so forth, which unconsciously adorn his tale, and may indeed be thought also to point his moral. And there is another matter on which he is not unlikely to get still shorter shrift. As becomes one who has worn the light blue cap both at Eton and Cambridge, and played in his day for the Gentle-

men of England, Mr. Wilkinson has much to say about cricket. In his admiration for that noble game and the many fine lessons it teaches, we most cordially join; but we will take the liberty of pointing out to him that, when he mentions Mr. Buxton, of Harrow and Cambridge fame, as a bowler against whom no batsman of this timorous day, even in full panoply of pads and gloves, will dare to stand, he may be writing very good Poetry, but he is certainly writing very bad Truth. Has the good gentleman ever seen Mr. Buxton bowl? Most straight in virtue he may be, but he is one of the mildest-mannered bowlers with whom a rude batsman ever took liberties. Nor has even Barnes won his fame by the particular swiftness of his deliveries. Mr. Wilkinson's young critics are not unlikely to stare, and possibly to do something more than gasp, when they find an old captain of the Eton Eleven thus tripping. However, it is not at all our purpose to cavil at Mr. Wilkinson, but rather in all good fellowship to wander back with him a while into that old world whose life he so entertainingly recalls, and among whose heroes he was not the least. Nor shall we concern ourselves to ask where Truth ends and Poetry begins. We are all mortal, Etonians and others; and we have no doubt that we ourselves, who write these lines, have given, and shall always give, to the figures which shine on us through those sunset mists proportions more heroical and colours more enchanting than they ever wore in the clear light of dawn.

Eton under the rule of Keate must, when all allowances are made, have been a lively place. Every one knows—for every one has read Eöthen—Mr. Kinglake's famous description of the great little man: “He was very little more, if more at all, than five feet in height; and was not very great in girth, but within this space was concentrated the pluck of ten battalions.” Ten battalions, even with a

¹ Author of *A History of Eton College* (1875) and *A History of the University of Oxford* (1886).

magistrate added to read the Riot Act, would hardly suffice in these degenerate days to keep in order such an unruly host of boys. Yet we doubt whether Keate was really such an Orbilius as popular tradition has made him. "Flogging", says our chronicler—who however insists on his old head-master's essential kindness, of which, knowing him, as boys say, "at home", he had ample opportunities to judge—"Flogging was the head and front, or perhaps I may say, the head and tail, of the system in Keate's time". And indeed, if half one hears and reads be true, John Keate might almost stand for that primitive Aryan Man who has lately been discovered under the shadow of the Birch. Mr. Wilkinson gives a most ludicrous instance of the force of the ruling passion.

"‘Don't answer me, sir, I'll flog you directly', was it may be said—a stereotyped phrase in our head-master's book for twenty-seven years of his life, and even after this it sometimes cropped up. I remember some years afterwards, when I was his curate, I was blowing up one of my Hampshire bumpkins after church for some irregularity or misbehaviour. The boy stood with his mouth open and hat on his head, and was just beginning to make some excuse, when my old rector strutted up, sturdy still in his gait and full of apparent ire, which he always put on in his old communication with the boys at Eton, and probably fancying himself there, with the never-failing umbrella in his hand he poked off the village boy's hat as he said: 'What's this, sir? Don't answer me, sir, take off your hat, sir, I'll flog you directly'".

Yet it is possible that these stern resolutions were not always fulfilled to the very letter. Among our acquaintances we have the honour to number a very distinguished pupil of Keate, and a contemporary of Mr. Wilkinson to boot; and he always deprecates the idea that his old chief was (as Pope, to be sure, says are all chiefs) nothing but a rod. He may be at fault, of course, as well as others; but we suspect that the memorable occasion when Keate crushed a general rebellion in the bud by flogging the entire Lower Fifth in batches all through a sum-

mer's night, took such hold of the popular fancy that it has come to be commonly assumed that education as well as discipline was invariably administered in this fashion by the fiery little Doctor. And there can be no doubt that if Keate's reputation has unjustly suffered, he was his own worst detractor. "Manners maketh Man", is the well-known motto of a famous College; "and the want of them, I suppose, the Fellow", was, or is said to have been (of course in ancient times), the comment on a certain member of that august body to whom learning had not given its wonted polish. Keate's manners to his boys were evidently, to say the least, not conciliatory; and the effect was the greater from its contrast with the somewhat playful indulgence of his predecessor, Goodall. Even those who suffered most from them never in after-time doubted the righteousness of his summary dealings with all opposition to his authority; but somehow he had an unlucky knack of doing right in the wrong way. One of his pupils, cordially granting him "the pluck of ten battalions," significantly adds, "but he was always parading his battalions." It was his general bearing and language, as much as any direct interference with their privileges or pleasures, that stirred the boys against him. He was an utter infidel, we are told, as to the existence of chivalry in boys. It is, of course, difficult on this point to distinguish between cause and effect, but there can be little doubt that his own experience of them admitted no other belief. Mr. L'Estrange, an Etonian of a later generation, thinks that Dr. Hawtrey's urbanity, and especially his confidence in the boys, tended to cultivate a gentlemanly spirit, of which, however, he does not seem able to recall many proofs.¹ Mr. Wilkinson, on the other hand, opines, in his own playful style, that "poor Hawtrey, with all his good intentions and over-

¹ Vert de Vert's *Eton Days*, &c.; by Rev. A. G. L'Estrange. London: 1887.

politeness to the boys, was far more humbugged than old Keate with his sharpness and unmitigated bluster". And, indeed, we suspect that in the large majority of cases the most cogent appeal to a boy's honour is made through that portion of his frame where honour is popularly, and somewhat quaintly, held to have fixed her seat. Nor does this suspicion cast any slur on our young barbarians. Among themselves the tables of their law are held sacred, and the unlucky wight who violates them gets but short shrift. But the laws that are made for them, without their sanction or consideration, are quite another matter. They are kept, or broken, in proportion to the power of the authorities to maintain them. Some boys, of course, there will always be in every school on whom the *mitis sapientia*, the understanding kindness of such a nature, for example, as Dr. Balston's, works wonders. But they will always be the exceptions, and must always be, while human nature remains human. Less rare exceptions now, perhaps, than formerly. The times change, and manners, if not men, change with them. A wider range of studies, added to an improved dietary and sanitary system, may have at once expanded and softened the nature of our boys. How this may be, we can but say with the poet,

"We know not, and we speak of what has been."

It is at any rate certain that, whether he found or made them so, the boys whom Keate ruled were a wild and mutinous lot. That there was any real bad blood between master and boys, we do not believe. Despot as he was, Keate was not really unpopular. A lad, smarting from those Roman rods, bore doubtless, like Boadicea, an indignant mien, and took strange counsel with his fellow-sufferers. But though the hand which chastened them so sorely may not perhaps have been greatly loved, it was certainly respected. After Keate had laid down

the ferule he often revisited Eton; and on one Fourth of June, when the well-known face was seen looking down on the boats in Boveney Lock, the crews stood up and cheered their old master with a will. There is nothing boys admire so much as the strong man. It was a fair trial of strength between them and Keate; and Keate won. Whatever else he was, or was not, there can be no shadow of doubt that he proved himself master. Like all great men, moreover—and among school-masters who shall deny John Keate the name of Great?—he could be merciful in his strength. Not many in his position would, we think, have foreborne as he forebore when a boy threw a large stone at him in the middle of school. Had the offender been expelled straightway, no one could have protested. Had he been flogged with the utmost power of that terrible right arm, he would have been most righteously served. But all Keate did was to rise from his seat and say, "I require to know who the individual was who threw that stone"; and when the boy answered, "It was I did it, sir, and I beg your pardon", the Doctor forgave him on the spot.

We have heard of—nay, to be frank, we have ourselves assisted at the conveyance of rats, frogs, and such small deer into the school-room of an offending master; but a stone surpasses the legitimate expression of popular feeling. It was a brutal act, and characteristic of a time which, with many fine and noble qualities, was undeniably in some ways brutal. Fighting, for example, was often encouraged to a cruel pitch among lads too young for such rough work. They fought stripped to the waist, with their seconds and bottle-holders, in strict imitation of the professional Ring. It needed the death of poor young Ashley to curb within reasonable bounds a necessary and wholesome mode of arbitration which no wise man would ever wish to see fall into dishonour among schoolboys. Sir Francis Doyle has told us in his *Reminiscences* what Keate's views

were on fighting, and in what gallant style he expressed them on this sad occasion. "It is not", he said to the upper boys, "that I object to fighting in itself. On the contrary, I like to see a boy who receives a blow return it at once; but that you, the heads of the school, should allow a contest to go on for two hours and a half, has shocked and grieved me".

Mr. Wilkinson tells of a famous fight in his time, when one of the combatants, disdaining his second's knee, strutted about between the rounds spouting Homer,—an epical display also attributed to Shelley in his memorable battle some twenty years earlier. And earlier still of course was the yet more memorable set-to between Arthur Wellesley and "Bobus" Smith. The latter, who was much the bigger boy, was well thrashed, and the sting of this defeat never left him till Waterloo had been won. Then he used to say he thought it no shame to have been beaten by the man who had beaten Buonaparte. Fighting has probably gone out of fashion now with young England at Eton as elsewhere. The boy, of course, imitates the man; and when the elders no longer thought it necessary to answer every hot word, or settle every mere difference of opinion with a pair of pistols, the youngsters naturally began to realise that a pair of fists was not the only guardian of one's honour. Naturally also the blood runs cooler in the age of Apollinaris than it ran in the age of Beer. Those who were at Eton in the early Sixties will doubtless recall a famous bout at the Fives Courts one afternoon between two young Trojans of the Fifth Form; and about a decade later there was a more formal affair in a field off the Datchet road, wherein one of the combatants proved himself a worthy descendant of "the Last of the English." But for the most part this practical illustration of the *argumentum ad hominem* is now confined, we suspect, to the lower boys, and is possibly not rampant among them. Nor does this prove any de-

cadence of spirit. So long as a boy is ready to fight when he must, there is no need to lament that the occasions for fighting are rare.

But it was not only in the playing-fields that the life of those days was rough. The domestic and dietary arrangements did not go beyond the necessities of existence, and in these well-ordered days will hardly be thought to have included them. Boys were not then supposed to have entered on our common heritage of fleshly ills: cold, pain, and labour were unknown quantities. Overcoats and umbrellas, even in the bitterest and rainiest winters, were a scandal in the eyes of the sturdy little Doctor. "Wet, sir!" he would say to any boy who ventured to plead that he had feelings like others. "Cold, sir! Don't talk to me of weather, sir. You must make the best of it: you're not at a girls' school." To be sure he occasionally enveloped his own diminutive form in a long dark-blue cloak of military cut, and always, in sunshine and in rain, carried an umbrella; but this he seems to have regarded more as a weapon of offence, and defence, than as a protection against the weather. Comforts were scorned: luxuries depended on pocket-money, and, when that was forthcoming, seem to have taken the form rather of barbaric profusion than delicacy. According to Mr. Wilkinson, when a boy entertained his friends at breakfast, a dish of twelve sausages was considered the proper portion of each guest, besides devilled kidneys, eggs, jam, and other such pretty little tiny kickshaws. Boys have always, and rightly, been famous for their appetites. We have ourselves seen three mutton-chops and a pint and a half of stout make their way down one young throat at breakfast—but that was after an early run with the beagles; and the evidence at a once notorious trial proved how many poached eggs could be consumed at a sitting. But all such feats are but as the meal of the fair Aminé before the exploits of Keate's young Gar-

gantuan. Life among the Collegers was especially hard. Mr. Wilkinson (who, like Hallam, Milman, and many another good man before him, was not elected on the Foundation till he passed some time as an Oppidan) adds his testimony to the hardships endured by the tenants of Long Chamber. Indeed, till Provost Hodgson carried his famous reforms, the existence of the King's Scholars was little short of a disgrace to any civilised community; and there is no doubt that the knowledge of this, added to other causes which have now also disappeared, greatly increased the contempt in which the Oppidans for a long while held their gown-wearing comrades.

But by far the gravest offence of those days lay in Chapel, and in the general laxity of the regard paid to affairs of religion. Merely as a matter of discipline the boys' behaviour in Chapel must have been a gross outrage on decency; and it does not seem that those with whom these matters rested did much by their own example or teaching to inculcate a higher and more serious tone. There are two stories of this time, both told by Mr. Lyte, which, though probably apocryphal, are in their way characteristic of the levity we speak of. One describes the misadventure of a batch of candidates for confirmation whose names were by accident sent up to the Head-master on a slip of paper identical in size and shape with the "bill" used for reporting delinquents. Keate flogged them all, being the more angry with them for attempting to escape on a plea which he thought irreverent as well as false. The other gives the Doctor's own comment on the sixth Beatitude:—" 'Blessed are the pure in heart.' Mind that: it's your duty to be pure in heart. If you are not pure in heart, I'll flog you." But this is one of the distant prospects on which none would wish to linger. Nor does it seem to have been peculiar to Eton. In another book wherein the spirits of the writer's school-time are called from the vasty deep of memory, things

seem to have been little better at Winchester.¹ But those days are gone; and here at least all will echo Will Waterproof's words, "With time I do not quarrel."

In reading these old recollections the marvel of it all is how mightily the boys flourished, and, strangest part of all, flourished intellectually as well as physically. One can understand how the hard life Mr. Wilkinson recounts bred a hard race: one can understand the Duke of Wellington's saying (an article of historic faith, of course, among all Etonians) that the battle of Waterloo was won in the playing-fields of Eton. Mr. Wilkinson is possibly only soaring into a fine careless rapture when he ascribes the wonderful escape of an Etonian at Inkerman to the skill with rifle, revolver and broadsword that he had brought with him from school, where, even in those fighting days, such courses of education were, we opine, not commonly pursued. But the school-life of our fathers was no doubt well framed to turn out a sturdy race well able to take care of themselves in any mortal chance. How they came to do so well in the affairs of the mind is not so intelligible. Keate was a first-rate Latin scholar, though his skill in Greek was perhaps not quite so certain (first-rate Grecians were rarer then than now), and he had some good scholars under him. But when one reads of the tumultuous and haphazard manner in which the hours of school were passed, and of the extraordinary disproportion of masters to boys, it is a marvel how well Eton held her own in those days at the Universities. "I have," writes Mr. Wilkinson,

"the Eton list of 1826 before me, and I see that, though there was a head-master and two assistants for the lower school, which consisted of thirty-seven boys, the actual head-master of the upper school had only seven assistants for the instruction of the whole number, which consisted of five hundred and fifteen boys, one

¹ What I Remember; by Thomas Adolphus Trollope. In two volumes: London, 1887. See vol. i. ch. vi.

hundred and sixteen of whom—that is, the sixth form and all the upper division—were up to Keate at the top of the upper school, and the whole remove, upper and lower, with one hundred and fourteen boys, were up to one master in the ‘lobby,’ which, I should think, could not have held above eighty or ninety at most, packed almost like herrings in a barrel.”

And then he goes on to narrate the high-jinks which naturally went on in such a mob, and must have made Upper School a regular pandemonium. Yet the fact remains indisputable that, despite the onset led by The Edinburgh Review at the close of Keate’s reign, his best boys had no cause to blush when matched at the Universities with those from other schools, even with those who had sat at the feet of the great Dr. Butler of Shrewsbury. The immense list Mr. Wilkinson has compiled of Etonians who were afterwards conspicuous in the conduct of English affairs, at home and abroad, is not perhaps much to the point. Eton was then, as it has always been, pre-eminently the school of the aristocracy; and in those old days, when competitive examinations for all things under heaven were unknown, the high places of the realm were mostly filled by members of aristocratic families, and not, we venture to think, so badly filled as it pleases a democracy to think. But in the pages both of Etoniana and Mr. Lyte’s book there is ample proof that in some way, which it is certainly now hard to understand, Keate did turn out some very good scholars; or, perhaps it would be more correct to say, boys who only wanted the ampler and serener air of the Universities to become very good scholars. Of course, generally speaking, scholarship was not fifty or sixty years ago the exact thing it has since become. The classics were studied rather on their literary than their philological side, and were not possibly less understood and valued on that account. But the true reason lies in this fact: the Eton boys of those days, if they learned but little, learned that little well. Homer, Horace, and Virgil formed the basis of their classical

education; and if a boy went regularly up the school, and passed his last year or two under Keate’s own eye, it was his own fault if he did not come to know the best part of those three authors almost literally by heart; for the “saying-lessons” were long and frequent then, and the mere mechanical exercise of learning every day so many lines of verse, whether they be Greek, Latin, or English, is one of the very best mental disciplines possible. And it will, we think, be generally allowed that a boy who knows Homer, Horace, and Virgil as thoroughly perhaps as it is possible for a boy to know them, starts with every chance of becoming a good classical scholar. The system is now changed. Changes come now so thick and fast that one might fancy our puzzled lads asking, with the melancholy poet,

“But we, brought forth and reared in hours
Of change, alarm, surprise—
What shelter to grow ripe is ours?
What leisure to grow wise?”

It is thought better for a boy to know very many things imperfectly than to know one or two things well. Perhaps in these days it is better for the boy, commercially speaking; just as in these days the best education for a girl is considered to be that which enables her to chatter glibly (guileless of all Greek) about the immortal truths of Plato, and to hold views, more startling than orthodox, on leprosy and the law of population. The pastors and masters of the young generation may be presumed to know their own business best: at any rate it certainly is not ours to teach it to them; but what came out of that old, wild, narrow, routine-fed Eton, does seem to suggest that they were not wholly astray who kept to the Greek maxim, “Give us a good thing two or three times over.”

We have lingered so long among the more serious reflections that these old-world memories have suggested, that we have but little time or space

left us for the lighter ones. Mr. Wilkinson's book supplies these more copiously than Mr. L'Estrange's. The latter however tells a story of Dr. Hawtrej, which shows that, for all his politeness and urbanity to the boys, he had a pretty wit and could exercise it on occasion. He was flogging ("swishing" is the canonical term at Eton) a little fellow for playing cards, and the victim did not take the punishment stolidly. "Play whist, will you?" said the Doctor (swish). "Odd tricks, indeed!" (swish). "Oh, yes—all right—you shuffle, and I'll cut." A still more bitter joke was told (slenderously, no doubt) of the Doctor in our time, perpetrated at the expense of a lad who was expiating a visit to Ascot races; but the form, the verbal form, that joke took must be left to the imagination. Keate's divine wrath was sometimes also pointed with a jest, though, as may be guessed, its humour was mostly very grim. A luckless lad in his division construed a famous passage in Horace thus: "*Exegi, I have eaten, monumentum, a monument, perennius, harder, ære, than brass.*" "Oh, you have, have you," said the Doctor. "Then you'll stay afterwards, and I'll give you something that will help you to digest it." But perhaps one of the most amusing samples of scholastic irony, and the cruellest, was one which came under our own notice. A certain boy, in construing Greek Testament (in those days always taken at the first school on Monday morning, and a bitter winter's morning, we well remember, this was) came upon a word to which our old English translators gave, as their good custom was, an old English equivalent. The boy, after hesitating a while, substituted a modern and polite circumlocution. "My little friend," said the master, "is that modesty, or is it ignorance? For if it is ignorance, you will write out and translate your lesson." "Oh, no, sir," was the natural answer: "it is not ignorance." "Ah, I see: modesty. Then you will write out and translate it twice."

But the boys had their turn sometimes. Mr. Lyte gives one particularly happy specimen of their wit, which we sincerely trust was pardoned for its happiness. It was permitted in the old days to decorate the margins of our maps with such devices as our fancy suggested and our skill could accomplish. An artistic young pupil of Keate produced a map of the Mediterranean containing an eight-oar, manned by the masters and steered by the Doctor himself; and doubtful, possibly, of his skill in portraiture he labelled the boat with this line:

"*Cons inimica mihi Tyrchaum navigat æquor.*"

Mr. Wilkinson indulges in none of the melancholy forebodings which sadden Mr. L'Estrange's retrospection. His well-loved school is, he thinks, as good and pleasant a place as ever it was, even in some ways a better one. This is the proper spirit for such a book. Indeed, though his style is not, as we have already hinted, conspicuous for its literary distinction, his tone is on the whole manly and sensible. He does not write his trifles with dignity; but he writes them with cheerfulness and amiability. We are surprised, therefore, to find him falling into a certain piece of foolishness. He is glad, he says, to learn that the custom of giving boys their titles at Absence has been abandoned. We trust that he will, on reflection, be equally glad to hear that it has not been abandoned. As a mere matter of common-sense, we can see no reason why Lord Tomnoddy should be treated with less courtesy than Smith *major*. We should, indeed, be extremely sorry to think that Eton had made any concession to the detestable cant which the desire for such a change implies. Affectation is the hall-mark of a snob; and there is no affectation at once so odious and so ridiculous as that which makes a virtue of ignoring distinctions which always have existed and always must exist in every stable society. The boys may be trusted to keep these matters right

among themselves. Despite her aristocratic atmosphere and traditions no great school has kept herself more free from any taint of snobbishness than Eton; nor is there any school in which a lad with such notions in his head is likely to get them more quickly drummed out of it. It will not be the boys' fault if Eton suffers a change in this respect. Indeed, from the days when Charles Fox was as soundly flogged by his master as he was soundly quizzed by his comrades for the airs he gave himself after a holiday passed among the fine lords and ladies of Paris, Eton boys have ever been most nobly intolerant of all assumptions of superiority; while, like all true boys, they have been most lavish in their worship of the only distinctions they acknowledge—the distinctions of good-fellowship and physical prowess. It is indeed this happy mixture—the aristocratic frame enclosing the best spirit of a true democracy, in which every man may, if he can, prove himself as good as his neighbour,—which has helped to give Eton her high place among schools. When this true democracy is changed for that false one which refuses to recognize the truth of the witty saying that all men are born unequal, then may Eton change her motto, for then she will no longer flourish. Changes there have been: changes are doubtless still to come; but this change let all her sons hope she will never see.

And some of them, too, will hope

that the hand of this reforming age will not fall too heavily on the beautiful place. There is so much false sentiment about in these days that one is loth to use a word so often and so sadly abused. But not false is the sentiment which hallows old buildings and scenes, beautiful to all eyes, and thrice beautiful in their traditions to the eyes which have learned to see among them. Such a feeling counts for much in shaping the power and the charm of such schools as Winchester and Westminster and Eton. Changes of internal economy, changes of scholastic discipline must needs come as the thoughts and wants of men are widened with the process of years. But it must surely be possible to effect these necessary changes without doing wanton violence to those venerable landmarks which make such a place as Eton an object of wholesome pride and affection to all Englishmen. It can be no false or foolish sentiment which prays those whose high privilege it is now, and may hereafter be, to sway the destinies of this great school, so far to keep her beauty undimmed, and her memories green, as the inevitable shocks of time and man's needs will suffer.

“Pro Latio obtestor, pro majestate tuorum

Ne vetus indigenas nomen mutare Latinos,
Neu Troas fieri jubeas Teucrosque vocari,
Aut vocem mutare viros aut vertere vestem.
Sit Latium, sint Albani per secula reges,
Sit Romana potens Italia virtute propago.”

SACHARISSA'S LETTERS.

THE fair Sacharissa, whose perfections of mind and person are celebrated in Waller's immortal verse, was, like many ladies of her time, a charming letter-writer. Every one was eager to have one of those letters sparkling with wit and brightness which flowed so easily from what a contemporary calls "the most eloquent pen in England." Unfortunately very little of Lady Dorothy's correspondence during her early years has been preserved, and only two of her letters have been discovered in the vast collection of Sidney papers at Penshurst. These are brief and formal notes addressed to her father, Lord Leicester, during his absence as Ambassador at the Court of Versailles, and do little more than express the dutiful sentiments which a well-brought-up daughter might be expected to entertain for her parents. Both were written from Penshurst in 1638, at a time when Dorothy's charms had already attracted more than one suitor, and when Lady Leicester was anxiously seeking an eligible husband to whom she might safely trust her "deare Doll's" future.

The records of the brief period of her married life are just as barren. Two or three of Lord Sunderland's letters remain to give us a glimpse of their happy home at Althorpe and the tenderness of their mutual affection; but not one of those letters "from his dearest hart" which the young Earl expected so eagerly in camp and court, has ever come to light.

After her husband's death the following letter, pleading for the wardship of her infant son, was addressed by Lady Sunderland to the King, through her father.

"MY LORD,—The afflictions of my spirit and the weakness of my body will scarce suffer

me to write; but the consideration I have of my poor orphans makes me force myself to desire your lordship that you will be pleased in my behalf to beseech his Majesty to join your lordship of my son, for except I receive your care and assistance in this business, I cannot hope to live or die with any satisfaction in what concerns my children's fortune. They are nearest to your lordship if I should fall, and I cannot rely with confidence on any but yourself. What the king has graciously promised I cannot doubt, and therefore I make no request for that which I conceive is already given; but I hear that some of my dear lord's kindred have endeavoured to injure me, which I did as little expect as I do now apprehend anything which may contradict a declaration of his Majesty's justice to one who am by this loss the unhappiest of all creatures. The wardship will be of so little value for some years, as, were I not full of affection for my son, I should not wish the trouble which I believe this business will bring to me. I would have written to the king myself, but the distempers I am in have so dulled the little sense I had, as I dare not say anything to his Majesty. Wherefore I do again beseech your lordship to present my request with that humility which becomes me, and if it be possible for me to take any comfort in this world, it will be in knowing that my son shall remain in your lordship's care, if it should please God to take me from him. I have written with much pain and yet I must add to it a protestation of being so long as I breathe, with all sincerity of heart, your lordship's most humble, obedient daughter,

"D. SUNDERLAND."

A few days after this letter was written, Lady Sunderland gave birth to another child, a son, who received his father's name and became the pet and delight of the family at Penshurst. He only lived five years; and his grandfather, Lord Leicester, alludes touchingly to his death in the following entry of his journal. "Wednesday, March 14, 1649.—The sweet little boy, Harry Spencer, my grandchild, five years old from October last, dyed at Leicester House."

Lady Sunderland and her mother were both in town at the time, and also her Aunt Lucy, Lady Carlisle,

who, we learn from Lord Leicester's journal, was arrested the very next day and committed to the Tower, on charge of being implicated in Lord Holland's plot. Lord Leicester himself had retired to Penshurst on his dismissal from the post of Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland by the King in 1644, and his estates had been saved from sequestration by the influence of his brother-in-law, Lord Northumberland, as well as of his two sons, Philip, Lord Lisle, and Algernon, both of whom had early embraced the Parliamentary cause. They were even members of the Commission appointed to try the King in January, 1648, but were neither of them present at the trial. "My two sons, Philip and Algernon," says Lord Leicester in his diary, "came unexpectedly to Penshurst, Monday 22nd, and stayed there till Monday, 29th January, so neither of them was at the condemnation of the King."

In the following June the Princess Elizabeth and the young Duke of Gloucester were committed by Lord Northumberland to the care of his sister, Lady Leicester, at Penshurst, with the express stipulation that their titles must be dropped, and they should eat the same food and sit at the same table as the children of the family. The royal children, however, were treated with the greatest kindness as long as they remained at Penshurst; and when the young Princess Elizabeth died the next year, she left a diamond necklace to Lady Leicester in token of her gratitude, and other "little things to my Lady Sunderland."

Dorothy remained at Penshurst with her children and with her parents till the summer of 1650, and was present that August at the marriage of her youngest sister Isabella to her cousin, Lord Strangford, a union to which Lord Leicester consented reluctantly, "disliking the marriages of so near persons," but being much pressed by his wife and family. The result justified his worst fears, for the young man proved a spendthrift and rake, and repaid his brother-in-law Algernon

Sidney's good advice and generous help with the basest ingratitude.

A month after this ill-omened wedding, Dorothy left Penshurst for London, and, in Lord Leicester's words, "went to dwell by herself at Althorpe," where during the next two years she devoted herself to the education of her children and the management of her son's estates. This son, Robert, was a boy of extraordinary promise, and his quickness and aptitude for learning excited the wonder of his tutor, Dr. Thomas Pierce, a Fellow of Lord Sunderland's old college, Magdalen, who had been ejected from Oxford by the Parliamentary Commissioners, and who afterwards became Rector of Brington.

Lady Sunderland's acts of kindness to the distressed clergy in her neighbourhood made her generally beloved at this time; and Lloyd, in his *Memoirs of Loyalists*, says of her: "She is not to be mentioned without the highest honour in this catalogue of sufferers, to many of whom her house was a sanctuary, her interest a protection, her estate a maintenance, and the livings in her gift a preferment." During her residence at Althorpe, Lady Sunderland planned the great double staircase, still the chief feature of the house, which excited the admiration of the Grand Duke Cosmo of Tuscany on his visit to Althorpe in 1669.

Meanwhile domestic troubles and losses fell heavily on Dorothy's parents. Their two younger daughters, Frances, "a very good, modest, discreet, and sweet-natured creature," and Elizabeth, whom her sorrowing father describes as having "the most angelicall countenance and beauty, and the most heavenly disposition and temper of minde that hath bin seene in so young a creature, being not 18 years old," both died of consumption within the same year. And besides the mortification and annoyance which they felt in their son-in-law Lord Strangford's conduct, the haughty and quarrelsome temper of Lord Lisle and

Algernon Sidney was the cause of endless heart-burnings and disagreements. While the elder brother attached himself to Cromwell's person and took office under the Protector, Algernon, true to his Republican sentiments, retired in disgust from public life, and made no secret of his contempt for Cromwell. On one occasion, by way of amusing the household at Penshurst, he caused the play of *Julius Cæsar* to be represented, and himself took the part of Brutus—a proceeding Lord Lisle resented as a personal insult.

In the midst of these troubles and quarrels a ray of light is brought into the family by Lady Sunderland's second marriage, which took place at Penshurst on the eighth of July, 1652. The bridegroom was a Kentish gentleman and near neighbour, Sir Robert Smythe, of Hone and Bounds, and the marriage was celebrated in the presence of a great company of relations and friends, including Dorothy's two married sisters and her brothers Algernon and Robin Sidney. We know nothing of her second husband but that he was a fine martial-looking man, and that Robert Smythe, her only son by this marriage, is often mentioned in her letters as the companion of his half-brother, Lord Sunderland. Her visits to Penshurst were still frequent, and her son grew up on brotherly terms with his uncles, especially the youngest one, Harry, who was about his own age. Lady Leicester died in 1659, and we find Algernon Sidney writing from abroad to beg that a thousand pounds, which Lady Sunderland had lent him for the use of the Strangfords, may be repaid out of a legacy bequeathed to him by his mother.

The following year witnessed the King's restoration, and Lord Leicester was among the first to appear at Court, where Charles received him graciously and made him a Privy Councillor. But soon afterwards he obtained leave to retire to Penshurst, where he died in November, 1677, at the advanced age of eighty-two. By his will he left

a hundred pounds for mourning rings, as a token of his affection to Lady Sunderland and Lady Lucy Pelham, the only two of his nine daughters whom trouble had not estranged or death divided from him.

While the old home at Penshurst was thus slowly breaking up, Lady Sunderland had formed new ties and friendships in another direction. In 1656 her only daughter Dorothy—the Popet to whom her dead lord alluded so tenderly in his last letters—who was then only sixteen, but who with her mother's name had inherited her beauty and wit, married Sir George Savile, afterwards Lord Halifax. In this brilliant and cultivated gentleman Sacharissa found a son-in-law after her own heart; and while his younger brother, Henry Savile, travelled through France and Spain in company with her own son and Harry Sidney, she herself spent most of her time with her daughter at Rufford Abbey, the beautiful home of the Saviles. So constant are Henry Savile's allusions to Lady Sunderland in his letters to his brother and sister-in-law that it would seem she made Rufford her home for several years after the death of her second husband. The letter of apology which he wrote to her in June, 1666, when he had been so unfortunate as to wound her finger by accident, shows that Sacharissa, although a widow and a grandmother, had lost none of her charm in the eyes of the younger generation.

"This I know, that though your ladyship should have so much mercy as ever to forgive me, I will never pardon myself while I live. Were I in condition of giving you the Scripture recompense, I should be too happy, but since all my whole worthless body is of so little value, an eye for an eye or a hand for a hand, would come far short of the satisfaction I ought to pay for rendering useless the fairest hand in the world. What will they say that used to have of your ladyship's letters? To offer myself to your ladyship for your secretary is so poor a satisfaction to them, that I shall raise the whole commonwealth of writers against me to give them my style! after having disabled the most eloquent pen in England. All this and

more I am to suffer and yet not half what I deserve; yet it will be some comfort to me in the midst of my afflictions, if abstracting once from this last misfortune, your ladyship be pleased to believe that I am with all respect and truth, madam, your ladyship's most faithful, most humble and most obedient servant,

"HEN. SAVILE."

And when Lady Sunderland, with her usual good nature, hastened to assure him of her pardon and recovery, he sent her his most humble thanks in another graceful letter.

But these happy days at Rufford were brought to an abrupt close by the sudden death of young Lady Dorothy in 1670, and once more Sacharissa saw in her untimely end,

"The common fate of all things rare,
How small a part of time they share
Who are so wondrous sweet and fair."

Soon after this sad event Lady Sunderland went to live by herself in London, but her daughter's four children, especially the eldest, her dear Nan, were constantly in her thoughts, and all her life she retained her affection for Rufford. "That you have, my dear lord," she wrote ten years afterwards, "but a thought of my seeing sweet Rufford again, gives me a dream of happiness."

The next mention we find of Lady Sunderland is in a letter of her son-in-law, now Lord Halifax, who writing to his brother at Paris in the spring of 1679, speaks of her dangerous illness—an attack of ague, which was only cured by the new Jesuits' powders of *quinquina*, a medicine then first coming into fashion, but which she herself still looked upon with suspicion as coming from a doubtful quarter.

And now we reach that period of Sacharissa's life when the twenty-four letters which are, alas! all that remain of her vast correspondence, were written. Of these, thirteen were addressed to her brother Harry, the youngest of Lord Leicester's large family. Born at Paris in 1640, after Dorothy's marriage, he was his

mother's favourite son, the "dear boy" whom she longed so much to see on her death-bed, and to whom she left the Princess Elizabeth's diamond necklace and all that she held most precious. Unlike his brother Algernon, *le beau Sidney*, as Grammont calls him, was a man of loose morals, who prided himself on being invincible with women. Swift denounces him as an idle, drunken, ignorant rake; and Burnet, who praises his sweet, caressing manner and excellent nature, is compelled to own that he had too great a love of pleasure. After being disgraced at Court for an intrigue with the Duchess of York, he had been restored to favour by the influence of his nephew, Lord Sunderland, who sent him to Holland as ambassador, and by this means kept up a secret correspondence with the Prince of Orange. Lady Sunderland shared her mother's love for this spoilt child of the family, and it is to his appreciation of her "poor, silly letters" when he was absent at the Hague that we owe these lively effusions.

But her other correspondent held a place still closer to her heart. This was Lord Halifax, the husband of her dead child, famous as the ablest statesman and most accomplished gentleman of his time. His second marriage to another lady famous for her beauty, Gertrude Pierpoint, Lord Kingston's granddaughter, had not weakened the ties of friendship between him and the mother of his first wife, and it is easy to see the attraction which each had for the other. Dorothy, who as a girl had always affected silence and retiredness and loved to walk alone under the Penshurst beeches, could understand the love of solitude, the taste for study and country pleasures which made Halifax steal away to his dear Rufford, and bury himself in this remote corner of Nottinghamshire at the most stirring times. She could appreciate his speculative, thoughtful turn of mind, and listen with sympathy to those moralisings on the true meaning of life and the vanity

of human things which exasperated his colleagues. Because he rose above the fierce passions which blinded others and could see both sides of a question, because he pleaded for justice and moderation before angry assemblies, he was called a Trimmer, and hated and feared by Whig and Tory alike. "Lord Halifax has come to town," writes Lady Russell to her husband in 1680, not without a touch of sarcasm. "The town says he is to hear all sides and then choose wisely." But three years later he earned her "eternal and undying gratitude" by his noble efforts to save her husband's life. Because he could not always restrain his ready wit, and talked laughingly of serious subjects, he was reproached as an atheist, while as a matter of fact he was more sincerely religious than most of his contemporaries. Sacharissa's eyes saw more clearly, and the judgment she formed of her friend was a truer one. The statesman who dared to lift his voice in the cause of the innocent and oppressed, whatever their creed or party, who dared, at the peril of his own life, to try and save Stafford and Russell, Sidney and Monmouth, in turn, was just the man to win her love and admiration. And his friendship was her stay, his kindness her consolation in the declining years of life, when scarcely another friend she could trust was left to her. How much he valued her letters may be learnt from the careful way in which they were endorsed and preserved by him to the day of his death, when they passed to his son and from him to his daughter and heiress, Lady Dorothy Savile, Countess of Burlington, by whom they came into the Duke of Devonshire's collection.

Both these series of letters were written in the years 1679 and 1680, and, from the nature of their contents and the connection of the writer with the leading statesmen of the day, they form an important contribution to the history of a critical time. We value them above all for the bright and

spirited tone in which they are written, and the pleasant picture they give of Sacharissa in her old age and altered circumstances. We find her a widow for the second time, living no longer at Penshurst or Althorpe but in her "little house" in town, in the neighbourhood of Whitehall. Times were changed indeed since Dorothy Sidney's youth; and the grave Lord Leicester and his excellent wife would have shuddered if they could have seen that palace where the Merry Monarch held his court; those assemblies where vile men and shameless women met to gamble and intrigue, where secretaries of state sat at *ombre* and *basset* with the king's mistresses, with Louise de Querouaille and Mrs. Nelly, while the chief actor among them all, careless of dark plots and rumours of war, of noble hearts breaking and innocent blood shed in his name, thought only how he might best take his ease, eat, drink, and be merry, and shrugged his shoulders with a cynical smile at the fanaticism of his people. And chief among the king's councillors, high in favour with the reigning mistresses, was Sacharissa's own son, Robert, Earl of Sunderland.

His great talents and rapid rise to power had gratified her fondest ambitions, and, after being employed on diplomatic missions to Madrid and Paris, he was now Secretary of State. But with all a mother's pride in his splendid position, with all her anxiety to further his schemes and believe the best of him, it gave her a pang to see her son paying assiduous court to the Duchess of Portsmouth and receiving her at Althorpe, and to hear of the large sums he lost nightly at *basset* being the "common talk of the coffee-houses." Nor could she look without concern on his frequent changes of front, his base desertion of friends, and the unworthy intrigues in which both he and his wife were mixed up. For this second Countess of Sunderland, Ann Digby, daughter of Lord Bristol, was a very different person from the first; and we cannot wonder if there

was little sympathy between the two ladies, although Sacharissa never has a word to say against her daughter-in-law, and only once observed in writing to Lord Halifax, "My daughter is here to my cost: she has begged a dinner of me to-day." Not even her friendship for Evelyn can clear this lady's reputation; while her letters to her still more intimate friend, Henry Sidney, reveal her deep arts of dissimulation, and justify Queen Anne's expression when she called her, "as great a jade as ever lived, and a fit partner for one of the subtlest workinest villains that is on the face of the earth."

But nothing in Dorothy Sunderland's letters is more remarkable than her loyalty to her son and her strong attachment to the members of her own family. She has a kind word even for her eldest brother, Lord Leicester, who had for years been estranged from his family; and when he loses the lawsuit brought against him by his brothers on account of his refusal to pay their father's legacies, she tells Henry Sidney:

"I will not congratulate you on your success in Westminster Hall, I have always declared I would not be glad which way soever it did go, though now it were wise to make you some compliment, for I shall never see any other brother again I believe. The more charity it is in you to be a little kind to yours most affectionately,

"D. S."

And she is greatly concerned to hear that Algernon, whose temper had become embittered by misfortune and injustice, is very ill of a cough and can eat nothing but weak gruel. "I do not see him, but have sent to him twice." After which Algernon seems to have repented of his former neglectful treatment. "My brother Algernon upon my sending to know how he did when he was ill, has come to me three times and I believe will continue it, for he seems very well pleased with it. We have not said one word of any difference, and I never contradict him when he says such things as that Sir

William Coventry is no more an able man than a handsome man."

The letters to Lord Halifax are full of affectionate messages to "my dear Nan," Lady Ann Savile, afterwards Lady Vaughan, for whom her father wrote the famous Address to a Daughter, and tender inquiries after "the little rogues," Nan's younger brothers; and she is full of anxiety about her eldest grandson Henry, Lord Eland's health and prospects. Even Lady Betty, the baby daughter of the second Lady Halifax, comes in for a share of her interest. "I am glad Lady Betty has had but the chicken-pox: I doubt not but my lady has good advice, there needs purging after, to keep the other from following." And as with her own grandchildren so it is with her nephews and nieces, the children of her sister, Lady Lucy Pelham. All the letters are full of allusions to them and two or three are entirely taken up with the marriage of Lucy Pelham to Mr. Pierpoint, Lady Halifax's younger brother. When her sister is ill and Sir John Pelham cannot come to town, she herself undertakes the negotiations with Lady Halifax and Mr. Pierpoint himself, and brings them to a successful issue.

"The gentleman," she writes to her brother "proceeds fairly and has good expectations from an aunt who is three-score years old and has a quartan ague." "To be her heir is something," she adds merrily, "but if I were forty years younger than I am, I would not care to be yours." Still, her task is not altogether easy. "One finds fault that he does not talk, that is better than what they say sometimes; another finds fault with his person, who have little reason, God knows, to meddle with that. I have been a little peevish to them, so I shall hear no more, but she who is so wise as to find no fault—the worst of him is his complexion, and the small-pox is not out of his face yet; he had them but eight months ago." In her next letter she triumphantly

writes that the marriage - treaty is almost ended before good Sir John has appeared on the scene. It is amusing to see with what zest she enters into all the particulars, and makes the best bargain that she can for her niece, securing a handsome jointure and a very pretty town-house, "so furnished as that will be very considerable to a woman," and seeing that coach and horses and footmen are all provided. "Now I have told the good, and now," she goes on,

"I must come to the ill one. His person is ugly; last night he came to me with his sister, he is well enough drest and behaved, of very few words. The fortune is good no doubt and she will do better than many who have double. I desired her to tell me if she had any distaste to him, and I would order it so that it should not go on, and her father should not be angry with her, but she is wiser than to refuse it. He is not more ill-favoured than Montague [who married Lucy's eldest sister] and his wife kisses him all day and calls him her pretty dear. I tell Lucy she shall not do so, hers will be much such a pretty dear. Though his person is not taking, 'tis like to do very well. He was alone with me and I found his sense very good. I was told by a very understanding person that those who know him well, say he is a very honest, worthy gentleman. Nan Savile hath no regret but to be at her cousin's wedding. I think all is agreed upon now. The articles were signed yesterday, and the gentleman had leave to wait upon his mistress. Nan Savile is very comical about this business, sometimes they are great friends and very familiar. Mr. Pierpont has promised her that if he is so happy as to have Mrs. Pelham, and that she is willing, they shall come to Rufford this summer. This is an article of marriage that hath given great satisfaction."

"Her mother," she writes again, "is very well pleased with the marriage, and so is every one that is kind to her. Her father might have married her worse and cheaper." The marriage took place at Holland, the family seat of the Pelhams, in March, 1680, and Tom Pelham, the bride's brother, came to assure his aunt that all was well, and her niece as well pleased as anybody. The news was a great relief to Lady Sunderland, who owns she had felt a little fearful as to the result, and afraid her niece loved more compliments and mirth than she will ever find.

"I prepared her as well as I could not to expect it. He is not a pleasant man—very few are; neither is he the very next sort for entertainment. One thing pleased when he said, 'With all my worldly goods I thee endow,' he put a purse upon the book with 200 guineas; everybody puts somewhat, but this is the most I have heard. They will be here before Easter, and then you shall hear more."

True to her promise she writes to Henry Sidney in April:

"Our new-married niece is as well pleased as ever I saw anybody; she says he is as kind as she can desire. Notwithstanding Pierpoint blood, he is very willing to let her have everything to the uttermost of his fortune. He bids her buy what plate and furniture she will and he will pay for it. Her brother and I have had a serious discourse upon her management, which we both suspect, for she is giddy and delighted with liberty and money. We have resolved to give her the best advice we can, that she may not abuse his freeness to her, for his great rich relations will not think well of her if she is too expensive. She is a little too free and too merry in appearance, and he very grave and has an ill opinion of his own person."

All the same her mother "is much delighted with the marriage, and he is very fond of her." Here the writer adds:

"The rain and thunder is in extremity at this instant: it gives me ten spleens besides my own. This weather I hope will keep my sister in town a few days longer; she was always very kind to me, but her daughter's marriage has made her more so. If my love is worth anything, upon my honest word you have more of it than ever you had or can care for."

But a month later her tone changes and she confides her fears to Lord Halifax with some trepidation:

"Here is my secret: I fear Mr. Pierpoint will not prove a good husband he is yet fond of her, but so unquiet in his house and so miserable, the servants say, in all that is not for show that they are all weary and coming away. He calls the women all the ill names that are, and meddles with everything in the kitchen much. All this is at Montague's and will soon be everywhere. Yesterday I heard he would put away her woman for saying, 'God bless her mistress, she would be glad never to see her master again.'"

And when Lord Halifax urges Dorothy to give her niece good advice, she assures him that she has done

this, and thinks the girl herself is inclined to good.

"I have heard things that make me think she will have a hard task ; she does not complain and will not own what I know. Though it is not very kind I do not blame her for it. I have desired that she will not be more free with her other friends, my sister would be troubled and show it, and others would be glad and talk. She does observe him as much as possible. Severity well understood has no bounds. I long to see your lordship most violently, and love and pray for you as well as I can.

"D. S."

These letters show us Sacharissa as she was at sixty, true and good in an age of slandering tongues and corrupt morals, full of life and spirit, of good sense and wisdom, keen of insight but kindly in her judgments, apt, as she says, to get a little warm when those dear to her are attacked, but quick to forgive and make friends again, "ever agreeable," and therefore, in Lady Mary Wortley Montague's words, "ever beloved."

Her old friend Waller, being asked by her in jest when he would write some more verses like those he had penned of old for her, was so uncourtly as to reply : "When you are as young again, madam, and as handsome as you were then." But all the same, Sacharissa had still a strange fascination for him, and we find him constantly paying her visits and bringing her the latest news. He himself, "old Waller" as she calls him, was very much out of fashion, and we learn from Sir William Temple's letters that he had become the object of all the new wits' ridicule. But Lady Sunderland did not forget the friends of her youth, and was agreed with Temple that "some of the old cut-work bands were of as fine thread and as well wrought as any of our new point."

She herself had it in plain lost none of her charm, and although she liked to call herself "the poor old dolt in the corner," in point of fact she knew and heard all that was going on. Her intimate connection with the leading statesmen of both parties naturally

gave her a keen interest in politics and afforded her special advantages for hearing the gossip of the day. Not only were her son and son-in-law both in office, but Lord Essex had married one of her cousins, the Percies, and Sir William Temple, who with these three made up the number of the King's confidential advisers, was a nephew of Dr. Hammond, and had grown up with the Sidneys at Penshurst. At the same time Lord Shaftesbury, the unprincipled leader of the Opposition, had married as his third wife, Margaret Spencer, her first husband's sister. For this last-named statesman she had no love, and does not conceal her aversion to him, nor her satisfaction when she learns that her brother Algernon, who had been alarming her by his republican doctrines, has quarrelled with him and that "this is like to go as high as tongues can." As might be expected Lady Sunderland was constantly employed to send messages from her brother and son to Halifax, who after his wont had slipped away to Rufford, "liking the country air very well," in the spring of 1680, much to his colleague's vexation and her own disappointment.

"I am vexed at my Lord Halifax's not coming to town. I doubt not but that he will. I love things well timed, I hope some of his wise friends will persuade him. . . . I am sure he had resolved to be at Rufford all this spring and summer four or five months ago."

And at the same time she writes to Halifax :

"My brother Harry wrote to me, you being in the country is the worst news he has heard a great while ; he is so silly as to write to *me* to beg of you to come again. The mutineers say you will come no more till a parliament sits. As the Queen said of you, I hope you have not told them your mind, for they are your enemies and the nation's too, who wish not one honest man near the king."

For his benefit she repeats all the news she can glean ; how the King is as fond of the Duke of York's coming as if he were a mistress of a week's date ; how the Duke of Monmouth uses his wife barbarously and pays

court to Lady Wentworth's daughter ; how violent is the running against the Duke of York ; and how Mr. Hampden was heard to say we shall have the Prince of Orange here with an army ; and how her son has been dining with her, "which he has not done these seven years," and telling her how jealous every one is of Halifax's influence at Court. "I am so vexed to have your name abused by these common cheats that it has put me out of every little stuff I had to say. It has made me so hot, loving my friends as myself ; and if anybody did such a trick to me, I am sure I would never see them more." No wonder Halifax in his country house and Henry Sidney at the Hague were delighted with such a correspondent.

All that year there had been no meeting of Parliament, and Lady Sunderland's letters reflect the growing anxiety of the public mind as the spring and summer months went by and still Halifax lingered at Rufford. She talks gloomily of those, "who have designs that can never be compassed but by the whole nation being in a flame" ; and adds, "I wish I had no ground for this, but that it was only an effect of my spleen." "I pray God," she says further on, "the moderate, honest people may be the greatest number. If not, you are all undone. I am afraid good people will wish they had not been passive and given the advantage of time so much to the ill ones to act. I am old enough to remember the ill consequences of princes being deceived." At length on the seventeenth of September, Halifax came to town, to Lady Sunderland's great joy. "God send us a happy meeting and to you every good thing," she wrote on hearing the good news.

In October Parliament met amid great excitement, and the Exclusion Bill was passed by a large majority in the Commons, and taken up to the Lords by Russell "with a mighty shout, which made many present think of forty-one," and tremble lest they

were about to witness another great tragedy. Then it was that Lord Halifax, deserted by his colleagues, for Sunderland had at the last moment gone over to the enemy, dared alone to resist the popular cry and oppose the Bill in the name of justice, of reason, and of honour.

His speeches on that occasion were long remembered for their surpassing eloquence and reason, and old men far on in the next century were often heard to speak of them as masterpieces of oratory unequalled in parliamentary debate. In the words of one who was present he did "out do himself and every other man." The impassioned earnestness of the speaker, the silver tones of that clear voice, carried conviction with them, and the Bill was thrown out by a large majority. The fury of the defeated party knew no bounds. "Lord Halifax has undone all, and is hated more than ever the Lord Treasurer was, and has really deserved it," wrote Lord Sunderland's wife to Henry Sidney on the sixteenth of November, the day after the rejection of the Bill ; and an address was carried in the House of Commons, praying the King to remove Lord Halifax from his councils. No wonder Lady Sunderland's heart was deeply stirred, and that she wrote in generous indignation to her brother :

"I am full of my Lord Halifax, and will tell what perhaps nobody else will—that a day or two before the Duke's Bill was carried to the Lords, one of the great actors came to him as a friend I suppose, to tell him if he did speak against it he would be impeached by the House of Commons, or an address made to the King to remove him from his great place of Privy Counsellor. He answered, neither threatenings nor promises should hinder him from speaking his mind. How he did it, you who know may judge. In a point, he says he has studied more than he ever did any, and would have been glad if he could have gone the popular and safe way. He had company enough with him, but my Lord of Shaftesbury and Mr. Montague have singled him out of the herd of sixty-three that were of his mind, to desire to remove him from the King, having given no reason yet but that common fame said he had been for proroguing the Parliament,

and having very great parts, which made him the more dangerous. As he came out of the Lords' House, he was told that the House of Commons was upon this debate, which was very long. He said he would go home to dinner. He did not speak with one man, because they should not say he was making friends, and so he did. In the afternoon his house was full of House of Commons' men. My son was there at one time—that is the thorn in my side, though in everything else they agree; but it cannot be as I would have it, so long as my son is well with Lord Shaftesbury. . . . Halifax has desired the King to let him go. They will come much nearer to his Majesty's concerns than my Lord Halifax. In short, he says, he will speak his mind and not be hanged so long as there is law in England. I am not well—pardon this narrative. I were a beast if I were not concerned for so perfect and constant a good friend."

Then a week later she wrote again :

"You may perhaps hear from me some little truths that others have not leisure to write. I believe I was warm when I writ last, with the malice to my Lord Halifax. My son told me that they did repent it and were ashamed of it; but more than that, Tom Pelham, who must be violent or not live with Father Jones, told me the major part of the House was ashamed and sorry for it, but would not venture their credit for what they were indifferent to. So they went with the address, and yesterday the King sent them word my Lord Halifax was of his council, and he did know no reason why he should not be. If they did, the law was open and the Parliament sitting, and they might proceed. How they took the encouragement I know not: 'tis an answer as new as the charge which Tom Pelham owns to be without precedent. I could tell a hundred other things. My Lord Cavendish desired them to let one alone they had nothing against, for those they had. My Lord Shaftesbury disowns having anything to do in it and my Lord Russell. I heard it was Montague and the two lawyers, Jones and Winnington, who show their profession. . . . If they say any more he is ready to answer for himself. I tell him he would be talking. I believe it will do him good in the general, it was so malicious. One asked what shall we charge him with? Montague said, 'with being an enemy to his King and country.' Winnington said, 'let us take heed of that, we cannot prove it.' Yesterday the Duchess of Portsmouth went in her own coach with my Lady Sunderland to dine with our cousin Cheeks in the Tower. She may go where she will now she is a favourite of the House of Commons. She dined at my son's a few days ago, and after dinner the king came in as he used to do. I hope he is not angry. A great many who differ from my Lord Halifax as to the Bill, say few besides him that came within Whitehall could decide the House at this time.

My dear Mr. Sidney, take this ugly scribble in good part; 'tis so dark, though at noon, that I can neither see nor feel. Some things lie heavy at my heart. If you were in my corner you should know all my secrets. I durst trust you and love you well.

"D. S."

It was a critical moment, and other hearts besides hers were full of gloomy fears. On the twelfth of December, Mr. Evelyn looking out of his window towards the west at night, "saw a meteor of an obscure bright colour, very much in shape like the blade of a sword, the rest of the sky very serene and clear. What this may portend God only knows! But such another phenomenon I remember to have seen in 1640, about the trial of the great Earl of Strafford, preceding our bloody rebellion. I pray God avert His judgments." Before the month was over, the good and innocent Lord Stafford had died on the scaffold, condemned on the witness of perjurers, and no one knew who the next victim might be. A day or two before the execution, Sir John Reresby assisted at the King's *coucher*, and found him "quite free from care and trouble and in a very good humour, talking for two full hours as he put off his clothes, of the fallacy of those who pretend to a fuller measure of sanctity than their neighbours, and are for the most part arrant knaves."

But Lord Halifax had won the day. The King insisted on his retaining office and exalted him to new honours, while Sunderland was dismissed from all his posts, and compelled to retire to Althorpe, where he remained in disgrace for two years. "You'll be sorry," wrote his wife to Henry Sidney, "when you hear my lord is in so great a degree in the King's disfavour that he has not only turned us out but without letting us have the money my lord paid for it—a sort of hardship nobody has suffered from his Majesty but us." And she adds bitterly that "this is all Lord Halifax's fault." Dorothy must have looked with mingled feelings on her son's disgrace

and the triumph of her noble friend. But here Sacharissa's letters end. Whether the pains she speaks of as "troubling her old limbs mightily" increased so that she could write no more, or whether her later letters have been lost, we cannot tell. But she lived three years longer, and saw some of her worst fears justified, when first Lord Russell, and then her own brother Algernon, were brought to the block, and perished in spite of all Halifax's generous and untiring efforts to save these victims of party hate. Her "perfect and constant good friend" stood by her till death came to close

her troubled life, and she was buried in the vault of the Spencers at Brington, by the side of the "dear lord" who had been laid there more than forty years before. Her lot was cast in stormy times, and neither her goodness nor her beauty could save her from Fate's hardest blows, but in spite of these Sacharissa had her share of the best life has to give. Many will think it no small thing to have been painted by Vandyck and sung by Waller : a few will count it even more to have been the wife of Sunderland and the friend of Halifax.

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

CHRIS.

CHAPTER IV.

CHRIS had always hitherto been accustomed to perform her railway travelling in a more or less luxurious fashion. Her father had been a man who detested discomfort of any kind, and for such a journey as that from Cannes to Paris he would, as a matter of course, have engaged a *coupé-salon*. James Compton had no such extravagant notions. He remarked that it was nothing short of scandalous to make up an express train of first-class carriages only, and Chris agreed with him until he added, "If there had been any seconds, it would have been right for us, perhaps, to take advantage of them. Our joint expenses will, of course, have to be defrayed out of the estate, and they ought to be curtailed as much as possible."

After that, Chris thought there might perhaps be something to be said in favour of the French system.

However, she and her companion were made as uncomfortable as they could well be. The annual return of the pilgrims who leave England for the south on the approach of winter had set in: the train was crowded: the compartment into which Chris and her escort were thrust by a peremptory guard had but two vacant places: worst of all, Peter was borne off to the dog-hole, despite the entreaties of his mistress.

"If people will insist upon travelling with dogs, they must submit to these trifling inconveniences," remarked Mr. Compton, as he put on a velvet smoking-cap, and settled himself in a corner of the carriage.

He had taken care to secure a corner for himself. Chris was less fortunate, being jammed between

him and a corpulent Englishman, who fell asleep, snored loudly, dropped his head upon her shoulder, and seemed quite angry when she modestly asserted her rights by digging him in the ribs with her elbow. Altogether it was a most miserable journey; and, to add to its annoyances, shortly after leaving Marseilles Peter had the misfortune to bite the guard, who had been bribed to transfer him from the dog-hole into the van. It is absolutely certain that that official must have done something to deserve what he got, for Peter was not at all the sort of dog to bite any one, without good reason; but, of course, as justice is understood in the world at present, provocation is no more excuse for a dog who bites a man than it is for a soldier who strikes his superior officer. The guard, boiling over with wrath, came to exhibit his wound, and Chris had to pay up a hundred francs, besides offering the humblest of apologies.

"I expected this!" sighed Mr. Compton, as he handed over the money; which was an irritating and idiotic thing to say, because he could not possibly have anticipated anything of the sort.

On arriving at Paris in the early morning, Mr. Compton, who had slept profoundly all through the night, and asserted unblushingly that he had not even closed his eyes, declared himself to be fairly broken down with fatigue, which emboldened Chris to suggest that they should make a halt of twenty-four hours. "The extra expense to be laid upon the estate," she added demurely.

"Very well, Christina; if you insist upon it, let it be so," answered the man-of-law resignedly. "This change

of plans will, however, entail telegraphing to Mrs. Compton and Miss Ramsden, which will mean a further outlay of at least ten shillings, I suppose."

Chrissaid that probably that last half-sovereign would not break the estate's back; so they drove to an hotel and had a day of rest; and in the evening Mr. Compton treated himself to a stall at the *Variétés*, remarking to his niece that, in the melancholy circumstances, she would naturally not wish to accompany him to any place of entertainment.

She certainly had no such wish. After he had left her, she put on her hat and took Peter for a run to the gardens of the Tuileries, where perhaps she had no business to be walking all by herself at that hour, but where she met with no molestation. Indeed, it seemed to her that the passers-by surveyed her in a friendly, compassionate way, as if they knew that she was about to be carried off to a land in which friendliness is a plant of slower growth. The French people have their faults, and these, it must be confessed, have of late years been made more conspicuous to strangers than their virtues; but Chris, at any rate, had found them generous and warm-hearted, and now that she was upon the point of leaving France, where she had been so happy, she was inclined, like Mary Queen of Scots, to exclaim, "*Adieu, nos beaux jours!*"

She sat down upon one of the iron chairs, while Peter pursued busy investigations in the vicinity and scratched up showers of gravel backwards with his hind legs. "When shall I see Paris again?" she wondered. "When shall I be able to do as I like again? How I wish I knew what was going to become of me!"

It is only in very early youth that we desire to pry into the future. Long before we reach middle age we have learnt enough to know better than that; and if Chris could have

been told in what circumstances she was next to see that pleasant city, the information would scarcely have tended to raise her drooping spirits. It was a warm evening, and she sat still until after dark, thinking of old days and old friends, and resolving that, whatever fate might be in store for her, she would face it bravely; but it was a significant circumstance that as soon as she found herself thinking of Val Richardson, she jumped up, whistled to Peter, and walked briskly back towards the hotel.

On the ensuing evening the travellers reached Charing Cross, where they took leave of one another with little regret on either side. Mr. Compton, who had been wofully sick crossing the Channel, and who was even more sorry for himself than usual, offered to see his charge safely to her destination—"although it is a long drive and quite out of my way, and Mrs. Compton particularly dislikes being kept waiting for dinner."

"Pray don't think of it," said Chris; "if you will tell the man where to drive, I shall be all right. Good-bye"

"Good-bye," replied Mr. Compton. "If at any time you should have any observation or—er—complaint to make to me, a letter addressed to 192 Bedford Row will receive attention."

Chris, as she was driven away in the jolting cab, made a little grimace. "I dare say he has taken a lot of trouble, and perhaps one ought to be grateful," said she aloud; "but I can't like him and I don't. Do you, Peter?"

Peter grunted. He had made his opinion of Mr. Compton known at a much earlier stage of the proceedings, and such as his opinions were, he was not in the habit of changing them.

The drive was indeed a long one. Chris soon found herself in a part of London which she had never seen before, and of which the attractions were not such as to make her feel that

she had been a loser by not having seen it. Gloomy respectability appeared to be its chief outward characteristic, and unbroken monotony its doom: it was impossible to believe that in such a district, vast though it was, there could dwell a single human being of ordinarily cheerful temperament. Balaclava Terrace, when at length it was reached, proved to be a trifle more gloomy, though doubtless not less respectable than the neighbouring streets. To Chris it looked almost squalid in its mean ugliness. A row of small red-brick houses, each one the exact duplicate of the other, each with two windows on the ground floor and three on the first floor, each with a shabby little stuccoed portico—she could not help laughing for a moment at the oddity of the notion that she was going to live in a place like that.

The door-bell of No. 25 had to be rung twice before an elderly, plain-featured and somewhat sullen-looking woman, who wore a print gown and an apron, made her appearance. "You needn't tear the 'ole place down," she said resentfully to the cabman; "you ain't in such a desp'rate 'urry but what you can allow a person five seconds to climb up the kitching stairs, I suppose."

"Does Miss Ramsden live here?" Chris inquired.

"All right, miss; you're expected," answered the woman, "and you'll find Miss Rebecca in the parlour. Left 'and door as you go in. Praps you'd best pay the cabman first, though, and give him somethink extry for carrying the boxes up stairs." Then, in a perfectly audible aside, she ejaculated, "Dogs too! What next, I should like to know!"

Chris, having settled with the cabman, followed the directions given her, entered the house and announced herself.

The room into which she advanced was a shabby and scantily-furnished one; such furniture as it contained exhibited signs of extreme antiquity;

and so, Chris was amazed to see, did the lady who rose slowly and stiffly to receive her. She had never imagined that her father's sister-in-law could be such a very old woman. As a matter of fact Miss Ramsden had been by many years senior to her late sister; yet she was not nearly as old as she looked, being at this time scarcely sixty. She was, however, crippled by chronic rheumatism, and moved with difficulty, leaning on a stick. For the rest, she was not a prepossessing-looking old woman. Her rusty black gown seemed to have seen almost as much service as her sofas and chairs: her iron-grey hair was rough and untidy: her shaggy eyebrows overhung a pair of restless, suspicious black eyes; and her mouth, which was never still for a moment, had a querulous expression which was quite in accordance with her piping voice.

"I understood that you were to arrive yesterday," she said complainingly. "That lawyer man frightened me to death with his telegram: I am not accustomed to receiving telegrams."

Chris apologised, and explained that both she and her escort had been so tired by their journey from Cannes, that they had thought it as well to take a day's rest in Paris.

"You would have had plenty of time to rest here in a comfortable house, which would have been better than squandering your money in a foreign hotel, I should have thought; but your father's daughter was sure to be extravagant, and no doubt you will have your own way in everything, like your poor mother, and it isn't for me to speak. I said to that lawyer, 'I am willing to give her house-room and every comfort; but more than that you must not ask of me.' I can't change people's natures or make them go right if they are determined to go wrong. I am only a weak old woman, and nobody ever thinks of obeying me. Get off that chair this instant, you nasty, dirty little beast!"

This last apostrophe, which was uttered in a much shriller and more authoritative key, was addressed to Peter, who had stationed himself in an armchair and was surveying the speaker dubiously, with his ears cocked and his head on one side.

"Come down, Peter!" said Chris. She added in conciliatory accents, "He is a very good dog: I don't think you will find him in your way, Aunt Rebecca."

"I have consented to let you keep him," returned Miss Ramsden, with a sigh. "I have brought him upon myself, and I must put up with him. But he shall not destroy the furniture: that much I do think I have a right to require."

It did not take Chris many days to discover that her aunt was one of those persons who must needs have a grievance, and to whom it is wisest to concede that privilege without argument. Perhaps the chief reason why Chris made friends wherever she went was that she was so quick at reading character and so ready to allow for the failings and peculiarities of her neighbours. Many of us plume ourselves not a little upon an acquired philosophy which came by nature to this child. There is, however, one vice which young people can very rarely bring themselves to pardon; and this, as it happened, was Miss Ramsden's ruling passion. Chris suspected it when she was invited to partake of a cup of weak tea and a slice of bread and butter, instead of dinner: she was sure of it on the morrow, when it proved that Martha, the sullen-looking woman who had admitted her, was the only servant kept in the establishment; that dinner, which took place in the middle of the day, was represented by a couple of mutton chops and a wedge of uneatable cheese; and that half an inch of candle was considered to be amply enough to light her to bed. Nevertheless, she did not think of penning that remonstrance which her father's

executor had almost invited. She cared a great deal more for liberty than she did for food; and she soon perceived that her aunt was not likely to grudge the one so long as she was not pestered for a sufficient supply of the other. It is impossible to feel much affection or any respect for the niggardly; but it is possible to tolerate them, if they be not tyrants into the bargain, and Chris did her best to conciliate the unamiable old woman with whom she was constrained to dwell.

The result was a complete failure—the first failure of the kind that Chris had ever encountered. Miss Ramsden cared for nothing and nobody in the whole world, except money, and why she should have cared for that, considering how little it did for her, is one of the inexplicable mysteries of human nature. But although she had lost her power of love, she had not lost that of hate, and from the outset she and Peter became bitter enemies. In justice to her, it must be acknowledged that Peter was not altogether blameless in the matter of this prolonged and deadly feud. He knew, of course, that she disliked him, and knowing that, obeyed his natural instinct by doing all that he could to annoy her. He jumped upon the chairs, getting down with alacrity and with an air of innocent surprise when commanded to do so: he rubbed himself against her legs with a false air of friendship as soon as he discovered that she particularly disliked this habit: he lay in ambush for her when she was coming down stairs, and bounced out at her, barking loudly, in the hope of making her miss her footing. Also he would pretend to be overcome by fits of uncontrollable spirits, and would tear round and round the drawing-room, his legs flying in all directions, and his claws scratching the worn-out carpet, until she shrieked to her niece to stop him.

"That beast," she gasped, "will end by going mad and biting us all—I know he will!"

At dinner-time she took her revenge. Peter was accustomed to having a little meat with his dinner, as all dogs of his breed ought to have, and against this practice Miss Ramsden would protest vehemently. It was bad for "the beast": it was a sinful waste of food, which many a poor man would be thankful to have: it was not what she had bargained for when she had agreed to allow a dog into her house; and so forth. For the first two or three days Chris calmly disregarded these attacks: but then she began to find them insupportable. Only a very thick-skinned person can bear to listen to the same speeches at the same hour on every day of the week *ad infinitum*, and it was evident that Peter would have to be fed at some time when Miss Ramsden's soul would not be vexed by seeing him eat.

Thus it was that Chris arrived at an amicable understanding with Martha, to whom Peter had already become suspiciously civil. Martha, when taxed with her offence, pleaded guilty to the extent of "a few odd bits and scraps." She said, in an aggressive sort of way, that she wasn't going to see man nor beast starved on them premises, and though "not partial" to dogs as a general thing, confessed to a sneaking fondness for this one. With the mistaken kindness of her class, she would doubtless have fed poor Peter to death had she possessed the means of doing so; but, fortunately for him, she did not. To keep herself alive upon the daily dole of rations served out to her was about as much as she could contrive; yet she made no complaint, and was greatly displeased with Chris for suggesting that she was entitled to complain.

"Woman and girl, I've lived with Miss Rebecca these thirty years," said she, "and if she has her faults 'tisn't for me to lay my finger upon 'em. Maybe she's a bit near: who says she ain't? There's been spendthrifts as well as misers in the family, I understand."

However, she insisted upon surreptitiously supplying nourishment to the girl as well as well as to the dog; and it must be confessed the former often felt the need of it as much as the latter. "Don't you let on to Miss Rebecca, my dear," Martha would say, when she carried up a tray of refreshments to Chris's bedroom. "I know how to manage her, and if the bills comes to four or five shillings a week extry, why four or five extry shillings she will have to pay, and that's all about it."

To have conciliated Martha was something; but it was hardly enough to make life endurable to one who had hitherto lived in a world peopled by friends, and Chris could not but feel sore when week after week passed by and these friends gave no sign of remembering her. The newspapers told her that the Duchess of Islay, and Lady Barnstaple, and a host of others were in London, and that Lady Grace Severne had been presented; but none of them found their way to Primrose Hill, and Chris had nothing to do and nothing to look forward to except to take Peter for a walk in the Regent's Park every afternoon, and play *bésique* with her aunt every evening. Moreover, her aunt grumbled at her unceasingly.

"I have surrounded you with luxuries," the old woman would say (she pronounced the word "lugsuries," which somehow gave it a richer sound): "I do everything that I can think of to make you happy; and yet you look miserable and seem to consider yourself ill-used. That was just your poor mother's way. She didn't know when she was well off. She insisted upon marrying a man who spent her whole fortune in a year; and I fully expect that you will follow in her footsteps."

It really seemed quite possible. If Val Richardson had made his appearance at that time, Chris would probably have consented to marry him; and if he could have obtained control over her fortune, he would assuredly have

dissipated it within the period named. But the longest lane has a turning. One day, about the middle of the month of July, the denizens of Balaclava Terrace were startled by the apparition of a very smart victoria which dashed up to the door of No. 25, and out of it stepped a stout, homely-looking lady, who asked for Miss Compton.

"My dear," Lady Barnstaple said, when she had embraced her young friend, and had been introduced to Aunt Rebecca, who fixed a stony, covetous stare upon her diamond earrings, "you have been calling us all sorts of bad names, I am sure. But you see, I knew you could not be going out anywhere while you were in such deep mourning, and next season, when you discover what it is to have an engagement for every hour of every day, you will find it more easy to pardon us. But Heaven be praised! the season is almost over now, and next week I am going to take Gracie down to my little cottage in Devonshire to recruit. Will you come with us, if your aunt can be induced to spare you for a week or two?"

Miss Ramsden inclined her head solemnly and sorrowfully. "I should be unwilling," said she, "to prevent my niece from amusing herself in any way. I have done my best; but I cannot flatter myself that she has found my society amusing."

Lady Barnstaple smiled and looked as if that announcement did not greatly surprise her. "A little change is always good for young people," she remarked. "As far as amusement goes, I'm afraid we haven't much of that to offer you, Chris; but it will be a great pleasure to Gracie to have you with her again, if you will come. I ought to tell you that she has been bothering me to call upon you for weeks past. To-day she has gone to Hurlingham with one of her sisters. If you haven't seen us long ago, you must blame me and try to forgive me."

Chris, who at first had been a little inclined to hang back from the tardy advances made to her, was mollified when Lady Barnstaple took her hand and squeezed it and looked at her with a broad, good-humoured smile.

"I did think Gracie had forgotten me," she confessed; "but I'm glad she hasn't. and I should like very much to go to Devonshire with you, Lady Barnstaple."

CHAPTER V.

LORD BARNSTAPLE, who owned many acres in North Devon, was not particularly fond of visiting the county from which he took his title. He was a very rich man, owning estates in other parts of England upon which he was more or less bound to reside; moreover he had a moor and a deer-forest in Scotland which engaged his attention from the twelfth of August until late in the autumn. Lady Barnstaple however was wont, at the close of the London season, to betake herself for weeks, or even months, to Brentstow Cottage, which was hardly a cottage in the ordinary acceptation of the term. It may have started in life with some claim to that denomination; but it had been so frequently and so extensively added to that it could accommodate a considerable number of guests, despite its unpretending style of architecture and the smallness of its reception rooms.

Guests came to Lady Barnstaple, as guests do in these days, for two or three nights: there were arrivals and departures every morning and evening; but Chris was begged to stay on as long as she liked, and the invitation was so cordially given that she could not doubt its sincerity. The hospitality to which she was made welcome had been extended to her beloved Peter; so that she had no reason for wishing to return to Balaclava Terrace, whence Miss Ramsden never stirred from year's end to year's end. And

life at Brentstow was rendered very pleasant to her. Her time was her own to employ as she chose: she was neither neglected nor entertained, a mode of treatment which sounds simple and is difficult in practice, as many hostesses and many guests are aware: the great people who alighted for a while on their way to or from one of the neighbouring great houses, and whom she scarcely saw except at dinner-time, were kind and civil to her, and she got on very well with them all, though she had begun to understand that their class was not the same as hers. Her father's book-plates exhibited a coat of arms with numerous quarterings, and she had always imagined that the difference between her father and a duke was only one of degree; but now she perceived that fashionable people, whether dukes or not, live in a world of their own, from which unfashionable people are perforce excluded, and that there was no likelihood of her ever being admitted into that earthly paradise.

Even Lady Grace, unassuming as she was, had been a little changed by her season in London. The two girls resumed their friendship, but could not take it up exactly where they had dropped it. The one, being rather pretty, a good deal admired, and certain to marry well before long, accepted without elation a destiny which she had foreseen, and unconsciously assimilated the tastes and habits which belong to it: the other knew not what might be before her, only she knew that, such as her dreams had been, they could never now be fulfilled. It is always sad that young people should not have what they would like to have. We, whose youth is past, have ceased to be exacting: we know what is attainable and what is not: it does not occur to us to cry for the moon: we have watched the careers of our contemporaries and are thankful enough for negative blessings. Yet some of us, who have not forgotten the days when we were less

easily satisfied, can feel for boys and girls who before they have outgrown the age of illusions are made to understand that the world was not created for them.

However Chris, as has been said before, was something of a philosopher. The future being dim and somewhat gloomy, she wisely left it to take care of itself; and she was able to enjoy the present, notwithstanding that newborn consciousness of being "an outsider" and her inability to take part in conversations which dealt with men and matters whereof she was necessarily ignorant. Sometimes she went out riding with Lady Grace and one or other of the young men who appeared and disappeared like meteors; but more often she and Peter went out for a ramble by themselves after luncheon and appreciated the pleasures of a country life after their respective fashions.

Peter, poor fellow, had poaching instincts which he could not always control; but he tried harder than most of us do to curb his natural passions, and it was only when his mistress lost sight of him that temptation got the upper hand of his moral sense. For this reason, and in consequence of certain rather uncalled-for complaints on the part of the keeper, Chris took care never to lose sight of him, and one afternoon she made him sit down beside her, as usual, on the outskirts of a wood whence a view could be obtained of the long Atlantic rollers breaking against a barrier of grey cliffs and gigantic boulders. Having established herself comfortably with her back against the trunk of a tree, she drew a long letter from Madame Lavergne out of her pocket and began leisurely reading it through for the second time. She was laughing softly as she perused a passage in which her correspondent related how the Doctor had got himself into sad trouble by writing to the local papers to denounce the drainage of a certain quarter of the town as calculated to

produce pestilence, when she was interrupted by a volley of furious barks from Peter, who until then had been sitting disconsolately on his haunches, shivering all over and whimpering under his breath in token of his knowledge that there were rabbits in the neighbourhood and of his desire to make closer acquaintance with them.

The cause of his present excitement was evident: somebody close at hand was thrashing a dog. Chris could hear each blow as it fell, and the yells which followed might have been heard half a mile away. Up she jumped—for, by her way of thinking, the beating of a dog was an act which called for instant explanation—and, hurrying towards the direction from which the clamour proceeded, she presently descried in an adjoining field a tall, broad-shouldered young man who had got a Gordon setter by the collar and was administering castigation with no light hand.

"Leave that dog alone!" shouted Chris indignantly; and as her behest was unheard or unheeded, she started running towards the aggressor. "You there!" she called out again when she was within a few yards of him; "let that dog go at once!"

The young man raised an astonished face. It was a red face, partially concealed by a reddish beard, the face of a clown, though his appearance was that of a gentleman. He was dressed in a Norfolk jacket and knickerbockers and a deer-stalker cap, which last he lifted with the hand which held his stick when he saw that he was being addressed by a lady.

"Excuse me," said he, half politely, half angrily, "but perhaps you don't know that this dog belongs to me."

"I don't care who he belongs to," returned Chris; "you sha'n't ill-treat him like that."

Perhaps the stranger was tickled by the brave words and diminutive stature of his assailant; perhaps, and more probably, he was attracted by

her pretty face. At any rate he burst into a loud laugh, released his victim with a parting kick, and strode towards the fence over which Chris was leaning, while Peter trotted up to the setter to ask what it was all about, and got snarled at for his pains.

"You see," cried Chris, pointing to the two dogs, "you are ruining the poor beast's temper. That is what always comes of thrashing them."

"May I ask," the young man inquired deferentially, yet with a slight covert suggestion of insolence, "whether you have had a large experience in training sporting-dogs?"

Chris admitted that she had no such special knowledge. "But," said she, "I do know something about dogs in general, and I know that they are never thrashed in such a cruel way except by people who are too stupid or too brutal to be trusted with dogs at all."

"Well," returned the gentleman with the red beard, who did not look good-tempered, yet kept his temper in circumstances which most men would have found trying, "I may be stupid. All the same, I have broken in a good many dogs, first and last, and I have always had to lick them. How do you account for the fact that all my dogs are fond of me?"

"I don't account for it," answered Chris, not a whit appeased. "For one thing, I don't know that it is a fact; and if it were, it would only show how superior your dogs are to you. Why can't you have a little patience with them? If they disobey you, it is only because they don't understand what you want."

The stranger laughed again and seated himself sideways on the fence.

"We won't argue the point," he said. "I think you are mistaken; but I'll give your system a trial with this brute, if you like. Will that satisfy you?"

It was difficult to express dissatisfaction with a surrender so complete.

Chris relaxed something of the severity of her demeanour. "Only I wish," she remarked, "that I could make you feel a little ashamed of yourself. Don't you see that you ought to be merciful to animals who aren't big enough or strong enough to fight you?"

"They wouldn't know that unless they were taught it, and they know how to show fight, I can assure you. I've been bitten often enough."

"I am sincerely glad to hear it," Chris declared.

"Yes; but no dog has ever bitten me more than once. The long and the short of it is that they have to find out who is master. That's a nice little terrier of yours."

This last remark was pretty sure to be favourably received. Peter was called up and appeared to recognise a brother sportsman in the stalwart gentleman who made familiar little noises at him and sent him after an imaginary cat. Then Chris made friends with the setter, who crouched at her feet, looking up at her with piteous, beseeching eyes.

"Well," said his master, laughing, "he has had his last licking, anyhow. I don't suppose he'll ever be any use. Perhaps you would like to have him. If so —"

"Thank you," replied Chris gravely; "but you must not give him away, or you will have no opportunity of trying the experiment of kindness upon your animals. Besides, one dog is quite enough to keep in London."

"Do you live in London?"

"Yes. I am staying with Lady Barnstaple at present."

"Oh, old Lady Barnstaple! Is she here now? Upon my word, I ought to call on old Lady Barnstaple, and I will some day soon. My name is Ellacombe: I live at a place called Matherford, close by this. What time would one be likely to find you at home?"

"To find Lady Barnstaple at home, do you mean? As a general thing,

between five and six o'clock, I should think."

"All right: I'll make a note of it. And look here, Miss—might I venture to ask your name?"

"Compton."

"Miss Compton, I hope you won't set me down as a brute because you happened to see me licking a dog. You won't hear much good of me from the Severnes, I dare say: most of the people about here hate me like poison, and I'm sure they're very welcome. But I ain't so bad as they make me out—I ain't really."

Chris looked at him and thought that perhaps he was not altogether a brute, although there was evidently a strong spice of the brute in him. His forehead was low, his eyes were small, and his jaw was heavy; yet he seemed to be a gentleman, and he had a straightforwardness of manner which was not unpleasing. As, however, the result of her observation was scarcely flattering enough to be imparted to him, she contented herself with making him a bow and wishing him good evening.

On her way back to the house she met Lady Grace, who said she had been trying to arrange the dinner-table and had made a hopeless mess of it. "Would you mind coming in and helping me, Chris? As it is at present, it looks more like a slice of the kitchen-garden than anything else."

"Will there be many people to-night?" Chris asked.

"Oh, yes: a fresh batch has just arrived. Nobody particularly interesting, except my youngest brother Gerald, who has come here to pay his respects before going to Scotland. Gerald is in the diplomatic service: he is third secretary at Paris, and he has just got a few weeks' leave. He is much the nicest of my brothers, and I want to induce him to stay a short time, if I can, so perhaps I had better begin by putting him beside you at dinner."

Whether this arrangement, which

was duly carried out, produced the desired effect upon Mr. Severne or not, it was an agreeable one to Chris, who took a great liking to her neighbour. Gerald Severne was a well-dressed, well-mannered, and by no means ill-looking young fellow of five or six and twenty. He had the family fair hair, the family blue eyes, and a fairly good reproduction of the celebrated family profile. If he was not quite as handsome as his elder brothers, he had a pleasanter expression of countenance than they, and according to his mother he had the advantage over them in respect of qualities which are not merely skin-deep.

"Gerald," Lady Barnstaple confided to Chris before dinner, "is our good boy. He has never run into debt or made love to other people's wives or misbehaved himself in any way, and although it is dangerous to crow, I really don't believe that he ever will."

The good boy of the family is not always a fascinating person: sometimes he is very decidedly the reverse; and to be so described is a distinction little coveted by the young. But perhaps Gerald Severne was only good by comparison. He was at all events not so offensively good as to displease his companion, who listened to him with apparent interest, and in whom he, for his part, soon began to feel strongly interested. Discovering, as she presently did, that, like herself, he was a lover of dogs, she related to him how, that very afternoon, she had been instrumental in rescuing a beautiful Gordon setter from a method of treatment which could only result in ruining him; whereupon he disappointed her a little by answering: "Oh, I know the brute; and a hopelessly ill-conditioned brute he is."

"I don't think so," said Chris; "it seemed to me that he had only been misunderstood. If his master will keep his promise and have patience with him, he will find out what he is

wanted to do and do it, just like other setters."

"I was speaking of the two-legged brute," answered Gerald, with a smile. "I have no doubt you are right about the other."

"Well," said Chris, "I shouldn't wonder if the two-legged brute had been misunderstood also. I thought him rather nice in some ways."

"Did you? I doubt whether you would go on thinking so if you got to know him better. I haven't seen much of him since he grew up, because I'm hardly ever in these parts nowadays; but I hear that he has developed into pretty much what he promised to develop into as a boy. He always was a boor, and now they say he is a drunken boor, which doesn't sound like an improvement. However, you are not likely to come across him again; for he doesn't care to associate with people of his own class, and nobody ever meets him, except perhaps once or twice during the shooting-season."

"He says he is coming to call here some day soon," Chris remarked.

Mr. Severne whistled. "He does, does he? I'm afraid we mustn't flatter ourselves that that amiable intention is due to any charms of ours. Well, Miss Compton, if you succeed in taming him, you will succeed where everybody else has failed up to now."

"What monster has Chris been taking in hand?" inquired Lady Barnstaple, whom a pause in the general conversation had enabled to overhear her son's last words. And when an explanation had been furnished to her she laughed and did not look displeased. "Mr. Ellacombe is a bear," said she; "but I dare say he can be made to dance if the right person pipes to him."

Gerald shrugged his shoulders and remarked, "I can't imagine that it would be worth any one's while to pipe to Ellacombe, or to see him dance."

But his mother rejoined: "My dear boy, he has a very nice property. A great many people, I believe, have thought it worth while to try and put him through his paces; only, as you were saying just now, they haven't succeeded, and that has naturally embittered them against him. Most likely he isn't half as black as he is painted. I hope you told him that I should be very glad to see him, Chris?"

"I told him that you were generally at home at tea-time," answered Chris.

"Oh, he wanted to find me at home, then? After that, the least we can do is to ask him to dinner," said Lady Barnstaple laughing.

Lady Barnstaple was a kind-hearted woman, not more worldly than her neighbours, and, like her neighbours, given to valuing all bachelors by the standard of their possessions. Mr. Edcombe, who was but a country squire, albeit a wealthy one, would hardly have suited her as a husband for one of her own daughters; but she thought—and of course she was in one sense right—that he would be a great catch for this poor little friendless girl. What matrimonial chances can there be for a girl who lives with an old maiden aunt in the neighbourhood of Primrose Hill? Lady Barnstaple was really fond of Chris: she had after a fashion undertaken to befriend her, and she quite conscientiously thought that she would be doing remarkably well for the orphan by handing her over to a man who was a notorious drunkard and about whose moral character some unpleasant stories had been circulated in the county. It seems a little unfair to add—and yet it is probably the truth—that her ladyship would not have been very sorry if Miss Compton's early marriage should render it unnecessary to present her at Court and introduce her to London society. Which of us knows all his own motives or could be got to believe in them, if pointed out to him? So Lady

Barnstaple said to herself that a great many men begin by taking more wine than is good for them and get out of that and other bad habits when they are provided with a good wife. As for the unpleasant stories, they might be true, or untrue, or partially true. It is best not to inquire too closely into these things, thought Lady Barnstaple, who had not been brought up in a particularly straitlaced school.

Thus it is that elderly ladies are wont complacently to settle the destinies of their juniors, forgetting that they too were once young, and that at that time they were convinced of nothing more profoundly than of their right to settle their own destinies for themselves. While this elderly and short-sighted lady was seated in the drawing-room, keeping up perfunctory conversation with certain of her friends and thinking with self-approval how kind she was going to be to poor little Chris Compton, her youngest son, her Benjamin, whom she proposed to marry in due season to somebody good enough for him—to somebody, that is, who should combine the advantages of rank, beauty, and fortune—was strolling up and down the terrace outside with the impoverished orphan aforesaid, and was becoming more and more certain every minute that he had at last met his true affinity. He was not inexperienced: he had met with a host of women at home and abroad who had been accounted lovely and fascinating; and if he had not fallen a victim to the charms of any of them it was because he had always had his own feminine ideal. And here, at this improbable time and place, had appeared the realisation of it! It was really a bad look-out for him as well as for Lady Barnstaple; for the allowance made him by his father was only a modest one, and he had never been in the habit of denying himself any luxuries.

As for Chris, Mr. Severne was no more to her than an exceedingly pleasant young fellow whose tastes

and ways of thinking coincided with her own. She had no idea that she was doing anything at all out of the way by walking and sitting with him on the terrace there, looking down upon the moonlit sea and the dark outlines of the woods and cliffs.

But perhaps a different opinion was entertained by Lady Grace, who came out of the house at last and who said, with a perceptible ring of anxiety in her voice, "My dear Gerald, do you know that it is eleven o'clock? What have you been doing all this time?"

"Miss Compton and I," replied Gerald, "have been having a most delightful conversation. We have been comparing notes as to what we should do if we had ten thousand a year apiece, and the odd thing is that we are quite agreed at all points. We should live somewhere down here in Devonshire: we should do a little hunting in the Midlands during the winter: we should buy up all the lost dogs at Battersea, and"—

"What nonsense!" interrupted Lady Grace a trifle impatiently. "I don't believe either of you would do anything of the sort, and I know one of you who is very unlikely to have ten thousand a year until he is a gouty old ambassador. Meanwhile, how long are you going to stay with us, Gerald? Can you spare us three days?"

"I feel very much inclined to spare you three weeks," was the unexpected reply, to which Lady Grace did not respond with the enthusiastic gratitude which she would have expressed some hours earlier.

CHAPTER VI.

SOME people find out how to ride instinctively, just as some people know how to play the piano and others know how to draw or paint. In all of these arts there is, of course, a great deal which can only be acquired by instruction; but in all there is something, too, which can never be taught, and with-

out which proficiency in any one of them is absolutely unattainable. Chris had had very little equestrian tuition; but she had a firm seat, plenty of nerve and a light hand; all of which gifts were duly recognised and admired by Gerald Severne the first day that he went out riding with her.

"I really know nothing about it," she said, in answer to some complimentary remarks of his; "but it isn't very difficult to stick on a horse's back, and I can generally get on with them, because I understand how they feel."

"Ah," laughed Gerald, "that's the secret. One could get on with most animals, even with human beings, if one only understood how they felt. Unfortunately the lower animals can't tell us, and the humans won't."

"I don't see why they shouldn't," Chris declared. "The humans, I mean."

"Nor do I; and it would simplify existence immensely if they would. But unless everybody agreed to play the game, it would hardly do for one of us to begin, would it? If I were to tell you how I am feeling at this moment, for instance, you probably wouldn't believe me, and I am not sure that you would be pleased with me."

"I don't mind telling you how I am feeling," returned Chris: "I am feeling perfectly happy."

That sounded like a satisfactory announcement; but she spoilt the effect of it a little by explaining, "My idea of perfect happiness is to be riding a spirited horse over a grass country on a breezy day." Besides, it was rather disappointing that she should manifest no curiosity as to the condition of mind which he had professed himself reluctant to reveal.

"Company, I suppose," he remarked, after a pause, "is a secondary consideration?"

"Quite secondary," she replied laughing. "However, I don't complain of yours."

It must not be supposed that it was in the company of Mr. Severne alone that Chris was exploring the moorlands which dominate Brentstow. Lady Barnstaple, unsuspecting though she was, would never have countenanced such a proceeding as that; and a couple of hundred yards or so in the rear of this couple Lady Grace was entertaining an elderly nobleman, who said he enjoyed a gallop as much as anybody, but didn't see the fun of making yourself and your horse hot by pounding along at racing speed over treacherous ground, like a cockney on Hampstead Heath. Thus our heroine and her cavalier were efficiently chaperoned and at the same time left entirely to their own devices, which is a happy state of things permitted by the conventionalities of this country, and largely taken advantage of by those to whom it applies.

These young people, who, after all, were little more than a boy and a girl, had a half-mile race, which was won triumphantly by Chris, and which Gerald rode after a fashion which his backers, if he had had any, would perhaps have felt justified in inviting him to explain. Then they drew rein and returned at a foot's pace towards their companions, who said it was time to go home, but who did not interrupt their *tête-à-tête* for long. Lady Grace, it is true, made a feeble attempt to join her brother, and shift a burden which properly belonged to her on to the shoulders of her friend; but to such a change of partners it is essential that there should be at least two consenting parties, and Gerald was so quietly obstinate in his resistance, that there was nothing for it but to let him do as he wished.

"I'm afraid Gracie has been having rather a slow afternoon," he remarked to Chris, when they were once more alone; "but it can't be helped. Somebody must talk to that old duffer, and I don't see why it should be you or I."

"I doubt whether it would interest

him to be talked to by me," said Chris; "but I am sure he would be glad to hear all about French politics from you. I heard him saying at dinner last night that our relations with France were in a far more dangerous condition than is generally imagined."

"If that is the case, I mustn't venture to approach him. I should be sure to let out some state secret, and then I should get into a terrible row. Thank you very much for warning me."

So this cautious young diplomatist remained out of temptation's way, and prolonged for another quarter of an hour an interview in which neither caution nor diplomacy were conspicuously displayed. Chris and he, having cantered on ahead, had reached the gates of Brentstow when they descried a horseman advancing towards them across the park. He was apparently upon bad terms with his mount, a gigantic chestnut, who was plunging, rearing and bucking, and receiving in return a castigation as heavy as a heavy arm and whip could make it.

"Our friend, or rather your friend, Ellacombe," remarked Gerald. "I suppose he has been up to call, and is punishing his horse because nobody was at home."

Whatever may have been Mr. Ellacombe's motive for punishing his horse, he ceased doing so the moment that he caught sight of Chris, and the chestnut at once ceased plunging. "Sorry to have missed you, Miss Compton," he called out as soon as he was within speaking distance. "I thought you said you were always in at five o'clock."

"I said you would generally find Lady Barnstaple at home at that hour," answered Chris.

"Oh!" grunted Mr. Ellacombe, who looked sullen and dissatisfied. "Well, she isn't at home to-day, anyhow." And then, after a prolonged stare, "Isn't that Gerald Severne?"

Gerald urbanely acknowledged his identity, adding, "It's a good many

years since we met last, and I don't wonder at your not being sure of me. I knew you like a shot; but then you are an unchangeable sort of person—particularly in your style of riding. Your elbow doesn't seem to have lost any of its power."

Ellacombe threw him an angry glance, which he would probably have followed up by an angry word or two if at this moment Lady Grace had not joined the group, attended by her mature cavalier. Lady Grace, no doubt, took in the situation at a glance, and had her reasons for being polite to a man whom she particularly disliked; for she greeted Mr. Ellacombe quite cordially, and begged him to turn back and have a cup of tea with them, which invitation he at once accepted.

"Tea isn't very much in your line, is it, Ellacombe?" asked Gerald, with an innocent air.

"As much as it is in yours, I dare say," returned the other, scowling at his interrogator ominously.

Evidently the two men were ready to quarrel upon the smallest provocation. They went on sparring together all the way back to the house, and continued doing so after the whole party had dismounted and had grouped itself round the tea-table on the lawn, while the cause of their strife remained neutral and indifferent, being less interested in either of them than in making Peter climb up on to her shoulder and take a biscuit off her hat, an accomplishment which he had lately acquired, and of which he was pardonably proud.

After a time Lady Barnstaple returned from her drive, and getting out of the carriage, came forward to welcome her neighbour, which she did with unusual warmth. She would perhaps have pleased him a little better if she had not addressed him as "Mr. Widdicombe"; but one can't be expected to remember the exact name of a man to whom one has not spoken for three or four years, and but

for that trifling slip, her ladyship's graciousness would have left nothing to be desired.

Ellacombe rode away at length, with a strong and perfectly correct impression that the Brentstow people wished to cultivate him; and as soon as he had departed Gerald exclaimed rather irritably, "My dear mother, what possessed you to be so civil to that oaf!"

But in truth he knew as well as anybody what had possessed her, and the knowledge was far from being agreeable to him. How is it, he wondered, that good and kind-hearted women can complacently form projects from which even the coarsest of men would shrink back ashamed? The problem is one which has puzzled many observers besides Gerald Severne, and perhaps it has never been quite satisfactorily solved.

For the rest, it did not seem very probable that Miss Compton would lend herself to Lady Barnstaple's atrocious designs, and in a few hours Gerald was able to forget the existence of the obnoxious Ellacombe. To be in love is not, as everybody knows, unmixed bliss; yet it compares not unfavourably with other forms of human happiness, at all events during those golden days which mark the earlier stages of the passion. When the questions of marriage, of settlements and of communicating to one's friends the fact that one is no longer a free agent obtrude themselves, the alloy becomes as apparent as the true metal; but who thinks of troubling his head with such prosaic possibilities while he has as yet hardly ventured to dream that his love may some time be returned?

So Gerald Severne had his golden days like other people, and made the most of them. He rode with Chris: he sailed with her in the little half-decked cutter which his mother owned, but never used: he played lawn-tennis with her against all comers, and was uniformly victorious. Afterwards he

thought that he had never enjoyed life one hundredth part as much as he did during these days, although at the time they had their drawbacks. Chris was friendly with him; but he could not flatter himself that she was anything more, and he made acquaintance with the pangs of jealousy; for there were young men as well as old ones among Lady Barnstaple's guests, and the young men seemed to appreciate Miss Compton's charms.

One afternoon a prawning-party, consisting of Chris, Gerald, Lady Grace, and a certain Lord Forfar, who was youthful, wealthy, and the heir-apparent to a marquise, was organised with the approval of Lady Barnstaple, who thought that her daughter could not go prawning in better company and was curiously blind to the dangers incurred by her son. Prawning is not bad fun for those who have taken the precaution to put on wading-boots, but it is a form of sport in which ladies can hardly participate with comfort; and perhaps that was why Lord Forfar and Mr. Severne did not secure a very heavy bag. For form's sake they paddled about a while among the pools and rocks; but before very long they agreed that it was too hot for that sort of thing, and returned to the ladies, whom they had left under the shadow of the cliffs. Then, as was to be expected, they split into pairs, and Chris, accompanied by Mr. Severne, wandered along the shore to a promontory where the coast for miles to the northward and southward was visible, and Lundy Island could be descried upon the misty horizon.

There they seated themselves upon a broad, flat rock, while Peter barked furiously at the breakers; and there they would have contentedly remained for any length of time if they had not been startled by the sudden skimming past them of a stone, which had evidently been thrown from the cliff above.

"Confound that fellow!" exclaimed Gerald, jumping up; "he might have

cut your head open. Hi! there,—stop shying stones, will you, unless you would like me to come up and teach you a lesson in manners!"

"Hi, yourself!" responded a powerful voice from above. "Do you know you're trespassing?"

"I do believe it's that brute Ellacombe again," muttered Gerald. "Hang him! he's always turning up." Then he shouted: "Don't you be too sure of that. I may be wrong; but my impression is that this rock is the property of the Crown."

Mr. Ellacombe—for he it undoubtedly was, and his magnificent proportions were clearly defined against the sky—responded by an unintelligible bellow: immediately after which he was seen descending the face of the cliff precipitately by a zigzag path, dislodging small avalanches of pebbles on his way. As soon as he was within speaking distance of Chris he began a breathless apology.

"I'm awfully sorry, Miss Compton—I can't tell you how sorry I am! The truth is, I took you for a couple of those beastly tourists who come here to picnic, and leave their scraps of greasy paper and chicken-bones and things all over the place, don't you know?"

"I suppose that must be what we look like," observed Chris meekly. "One isn't flattered, but one is glad to know the truth."

"Are you in the habit of stoning stray tourists?" Gerald inquired. "If you are, and if you often hit them, I should think you would find it rather an expensive amusement."

"Oh, I knew I shouldn't hit you," Ellacombe answered. "I didn't intend to do that: I only wanted to attract your attention. And as for your looking like tourists, Miss Compton, I assure you you didn't look like anything from up there. All I saw was a couple of strangers, and of course, I never thought of its being you, alone with—with my friend Severne."

The last words were spoken so

savagely that Chris began to laugh; whereupon Gerald laughed also, and finally Ellacombe himself joined in a dubious sort of way in their merriment.

"Well," resumed the latter, after a pause, "since you *are* here, I hope you'll come up and have a look at my old barrack. There isn't much to show you; but the housekeeper will get you some tea, and you can walk home across the fields. It won't take you five minutes to get up the cliff," he added persuasively.

Gerald looked reluctant; but Chris thought she would rather like to see Hatherford Manor, and as at that time Chris enjoyed an absolutely despotic power over both men, it was not long before they were mounting the path by which Mr. Ellacombe had effected his rapid descent. From the summit of the cliff they descried Lord Forfar and Lady Grace, to whom they made signals to join them; and so, after a walk of about a quarter of an hour, the whole party entered that bare and desolate drawing-room where Mr. Ellacombe's mother had been wont to receive the neighbouring nobility and gentry in days gone by.

The present owner of Hatherford had not been unduly modest in stating that he had little to show his friends therein. It was a large and rather sombre edifice, built of grey stone, and surrounded by a neglected garden. The exterior was more or less imposing by reason of its size; but the reception-rooms had not even that merit. To be sure, there were a good many of them, but they were comparatively small, they had low ceilings, they were shabbily furnished, and had a dreary, uninhabited look.

"I live in my own den: I never put my nose in here from year's end to year's end," Ellacombe explained apologetically, as he conducted Chris through the ground-floor suite and pointed out to her a few pictures which he said were "considered good by the fellows who know about those things."

"I don't wonder at it," returned Chris frankly. "I wouldn't live all by myself in a huge place like this for any money."

"Well," said Ellacombe, "I don't know that I particularly enjoy living alone; but I dare say it's a little better than marrying some woman who doesn't know a horse from a cow, or a spaniel from a bull-dog."

Chris agreed that perhaps it was; whereupon her interlocutor heaved a prodigious sigh and remarked, "It would be different if all women were like you, Miss Compton."

The entrance of the butler with the tea-tray interrupted a colloquy which threatened to become embarrassing. Lady Grace poured out the tea, and very bad tea it was. Probably it was a beverage not often asked for in that house.

"I'm afraid it's too weak, or too strong, or something," Ellacombe said anxiously. "I'm not a tea-drinker myself."

Perhaps it was rather rude of Gerald Severne to break into an abrupt laugh at this speech; but Gerald, poor fellow, was not in the best of humours. While Chris was being shown the Claudes and Rembrandts collected by some defunct Ellacombe of artistic proclivities, he had been wandering about the drawing-room, and had been annoyed by the sight of a printed invitation-card which lay upon one of the tables: "The Countess of Barnstaple requests the pleasure of Mr. Ellacombe's company at dinner, on Thursday, the 10th inst., at eight o'clock." To Gerald this missive appeared altogether uncalled-for, and he began to doubt whether his mother was the superior woman that he had always hitherto imagined her to be. He said to himself: "It's downright disgusting! Fancy making up to a drunken sweep like that just because he has a few thousands a year! She must know perfectly well, too, that he isn't fit to associate with any lady."

So when Mr. Ellacombe confessed that he didn't like tea, Gerald Severne

laughed offensively, and the laugh was followed by an uncomfortable interval of silence. Chris probably did not understand why her entertainer scowled so ferociously; but during the succeeding quarter of an hour she could not help seeing that Gerald was trying hard to pick a quarrel with him, which made her treat him with more cordiality than she might otherwise have shown.

By the time that Ellacombe had exhibited his stables and kennels he was in high spirits, and felt that he could afford to pity and despise his rival. "I shall see you again on

Thursday," he said to Chris, when he shook hands with her and bade her good-bye: "I'm going to dine at your place."

As the party walked away, Gerald muttered something which Chris did not catch, and which she begged him to repeat. He did not see fit to comply with her request, so she remarked: "I think you are rather ill-natured. Mr. Ellacombe seems to me to be a rough diamond."

"Then the sooner he is cut the better," retorted Gerald, with a brilliant flash of wit, which somehow failed to provoke any appreciative laughter.

(To be continued)

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1888.

EARLY DAYS OF DARWINISM.

READING the interesting chapter contributed by Professor Huxley to that work¹ which at the present moment is in almost everybody's hands, my thoughts irresistibly reverted to the time when the now celebrated doctrine of Natural Selection first became known to me, and to the circumstances which on my part led to an immediate acceptance of it—an acceptance that I believe to have been unqualified by any scruples that then occurred to me, and an acceptance that I have never to my recollection regretted, or hesitated, when occasion required, to declare. The story I have to tell may to some appear impudently egotistical; but others may possibly be able to read it without annoyance on that score, or may even find some satisfaction in being thereby reminded of their own frame of mind when the new doctrine, or theory as it was more modestly called in those days, was first presented to their notice. There is an additional reason why, on being asked to furnish this Magazine with some remarks on the late Mr. Darwin's *Life and Letters*, I should throw them into the personal form just indicated. These volumes have already been the subject of so many reviews that nearly all their "plums" have been picked out by the Jack Horners

of criticism, and this notwithstanding that one of the best judges of books is said to have pronounced Mr. Francis Darwin's work to be one "to read rather than to review."

It was just about thirty years ago, namely early in the year 1858, when a friend of mine, whom I had formerly joined in investigating the ornithology of Lapland, agreed with me to go to Iceland and carry on there an inquiry of a very special and limited scope. That friend was a man of an exceedingly philosophical turn of mind, and though he had never been called to the bar or graduated as a physician, he had gone through the legal and medical training which would have qualified him to practise either of those professions. He was cut off by an insidious disease before he had the opportunity of establishing a reputation that would have placed him, I believe, among the first naturalists of the age; and a short memoir² very imperfectly sets forth the powers of which he was possessed. Of our inquiry in Iceland I need not say more here than that it was into the supposed recent extinction of a species of bird, and into the causes which had brought about that result.³ The prosecution of the inquiry, how-

² Memoir of the late John Wolley (Ibis, 1860, p. 172).

³ Abstract of Mr. J. Wolley's Researches in Iceland respecting the Gare-fowl or Great Auk (Ibis, 1861, p. 374).

¹ The *Life and Letters of Charles Darwin*. Edited by his son, Francis Darwin. 3 vols. London, 1887.

ever, required our stay for nearly two months in a fishing-village, which, notwithstanding the kindness we met, was to neither of us a very agreeable place of residence. The country about us was barren even for Iceland, the scenery tame, and, above all, the weather was generally wretched. Life, both animal and vegetable, was scarce, and we had few or no books.

The upshot of this was that, when not actually engaged on our inquiry, we were thrown almost entirely on our own resources to pass the time; and discussions on all manner of subjects arose, whether in our contracted and uncomfortable quarters, or as we were riding or walking over the very desolate "heaths" and lava-streams of the neighbourhood. Both of us taking a keen interest in Natural History, it was but reasonable that a question, which in those days was always coming up wherever two or more naturalists were gathered together, should be continually recurring. That question was, "What is a species?" and connected therewith was the other question, "How did a species begin?"—the last a question all the more naturally arising from the fact that our particular business was to find out how a species had come to an end, or at least was thought to have done so. Now we were of course fairly well acquainted with what had been published on these subjects. We knew the views that had been expressed by Lamarck, and by the then unknown though not unsuspected author of the *Vestiges of Creation*. We knew also how strenuously Sir Charles Lyell and our own Professor Sedgwick had argued against them, and had shown them to be hypotheses with little or nothing to rest upon. In addition to that we had read—at least I certainly had—the interesting but inconclusive little work on the *Variation of Species*, which Mr. Vernon Wollaston (a friend of my friend's) had not long before published; and there was Mr. Darwin's famous *Journal of Researches*, telling of what seemed to be the extraordinary and completely

unaccountable creational activity of which he had found indications in the Galapagos Archipelago, where each island appeared to have its own peculiar species, not found in any of its neighbours. Moreover, in the preceding year, I had visited North America, and while there had been frequently impressed, by hearing of them from the scientific men I met, with the opinions of the late Professor Louis Agassiz, which I had found to be accepted almost everywhere in that country, though, if I am not mistaken, they had few upholders among British botanists or zoologists. Expressed briefly, these opinions were not that each species had had its one Centre of Creation, but that many—perhaps most—species must have been created in several places, at sundry times, and possibly in vast numbers, though not a single act of creation had ever knowingly been witnessed by a human eye. Beyond all this was the uncertainty that beset the definition of a species, which, in the case of Ornithology (the branch of Natural History with which my friend and I more particularly concerned ourselves), had become a thing of almost pressing need, having reference chiefly to the labours of certain continental writers, and especially of the late notorious Dr. C. L. Brehm, who had been at the pains of raising the number of species of European birds from below five hundred, at which most authorities were inclined to reckon it, to one thousand or more, for indeed in each successive publication of his the number had risen higher and higher. It would be useless to indicate the line, even if I could be sure that I remember it, which these frequent discussions took. In a general way I think we used to exhaust ourselves in wonder over some particular cases—the prevalence of blue Foxes in Iceland, the relations between the Red Grouse and the Willow-Grouse, and so forth. Of course we never arrived at anything like a solution of any of these problems, general or special, but we felt very strongly that a solution ought to be

found, and that quickly, if the study of Botany and Zoology was to make any great advance.

Arrived in England, I, on my way home, stopped to visit another friend (then rector of Castle Eden, and now a canon of Durham), who had but lately returned from the first of those journeys of exploration whereby so much light has been thrown on the Natural History of the Holy Land. Before making his pilgrimage thither, Canon Tristram, to give him his present title, had passed two winters and springs in Algeria or Tunis, and had diligently collected specimens in those countries. The consequence was that he had amassed such a series as had never before been seen. Among those that most interested me were the so-called Desert-Forms of various animals, especially reptiles, birds, and mammals. In several groups of each of these classes examples were to be seen of individuals from the desert which differed chiefly or only in coloration from those inhabiting the surrounding country, or the oases which the desert itself surrounded; but then this difference was constant. The most striking examples were presented by the birds, and among the birds by the Larks and the Chats—the last being birds allied to our Wheatear. Generally the inhabitants of the desert took a dull drab, but occasionally a warm or sand-coloured hue, while those which did not dwell in the desert wore a suit of much more decided and variegated tint. Strange to say, moreover, there were a few cases in which the desert-form put on a sooty appearance, though not the deep glossy black seen in birds otherwise similar that frequented the fertile districts. In regard to the drab and sand-coloured birds I was at once reminded of what, in a less degree, I had been shown and told the year before at Washington by the late Professor Baird, who pointed out to me the variations exhibited by examples of the same species of several groups of North-American birds, according as they came from woodland,

prairie, or elevated plain-country, of which there was a very considerable series in the Museum of the Smithsonian Institution.

Among all these there were indications of a similar general law. The woodland examples were the most highly coloured. Those from the prairies were less deeply tinted; while those from the high plains—districts which, from what I heard, seemed to approach in some degree the condition of a desert such as is found in the Old World (Mauritania or Palestine)—exhibited a fainter coloration. Here then was a sign that like causes produced like effects even at the enormous distance which separated the several localities. The effects were plainly visible to the eye; what were the causes? The only explanation offered to me by Professor Baird, so far as I remembered, was that the chemical action of light, uninterrupted by any kind of shade, produced the effect that was patent. With this explanation, though it hardly seemed satisfactory, one was fain to be content.¹

Another exceedingly curious series of specimens, which I had seen partly in Washington and partly in the Museum of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, could not be brought under the same ruling. This series began with examples of the common Flicker or golden-winged Woodpecker of Canada and the northern states of the Union.² In the southern parts of the United States, and in Mexico, a very similar and clearly allied species of Woodpecker,³ easily recognised by the brilliant red of some of its parts, had long been known to exist. Now a large series of specimens collected from many localities about the head-waters of the Missouri River showed almost every intermediate

¹ Mr. Gould had already made some remarks to this effect (Proc. Zool. Society, 1855, p. 78). Dr. Gloger's views, long before published, were probably familiar to Professor Baird, but I was wholly ignorant of them.

² *Colaptes auratus* of authors.

³ *Colaptes mexicanus* or *rubricatus*.

stage between the gold-spangled examples of the north and the ruby-tinted of the south. Moreover it was evident that the specimens from almost each valley bore a family likeness, resembling one another more closely than they did either those of any other valley or the normal northern or southern form. The late Mr. Cassin of Philadelphia, a most expert ornithologist, following the theory of Professor Louis Agassiz, was inclined to believe that every one of those valleys had its own peculiar species. Professor Baird, on the contrary, was disposed to hold that these intermediate examples were the result of hybridism between the northern and southern forms, the range of which there inosculated. But neither of these great ornithological authorities felt himself at all at liberty to pass a decided opinion on the point, and of course it was not for me to step in where they feared to tread.

To return however for an instant to the Larks. I ought to say that Mr. Tristram's series showed that, coloration apart, there was much structural variation to be observed; and as regards bill and feet, a complete series of forms could be plainly traced, which, beginning with birds having those features of moderate proportions, ended with those in which they were enormously exaggerated.¹ If one had then thought of looking at the structure of the wings the same thing might have been noticed, but I cannot say that it had then occurred to me to do so.

Not many days after my return home there reached me the part of the Journal of the Linnean Society which bears on its cover the date, 20th August, 1858, and contains the papers by Mr. Darwin and Mr. Wallace which were communicated to that Society at its special meeting on the first of July preceding, by Sir Charles Lyell and Dr. (now Sir Joseph) Hooker. I think I had been

away from home the day this publication arrived, and I found it when I came back in the evening. At all events I know that I sat up late that night to read it; and never shall I forget the impression it made upon me. Herein was contained a perfectly simple solution of all the difficulties which had been troubling me for months past. I hardly know whether I at first felt more vexed at the solution not having occurred to me, than pleased that it had been found at all. However, after reading these papers more than once, I went to bed satisfied that a solution had been found. All personal feeling apart, it came to me like the direct revelation of a higher power; and I awoke next morning with the consciousness that there was an end of all the mystery in the simple phrase, "Natural Selection." I am free to confess that in my joy I did not then perceive, and I cannot say when I did begin to perceive, that though my especial puzzles were thus explained, dozens, scores, nay, hundreds of other difficulties lay in the path, which would require an amount of knowledge, to be derived from experiment, observation, and close reasoning, of which I could form no notion, before this key to "the mystery of mysteries" could be said to be perfected; but I was convinced a *vera causa* had been found, and that by its aid one of the greatest secrets of creation was going to be unlocked. I lost no time in drawing the attention of some of my friends, with whom I happened to be at the time in correspondence, to the discovery of Mr. Darwin and Mr. Wallace; and I must acknowledge that I was somewhat disappointed to find that they did not so readily as I had hoped approve of the new theory. In some quarters I failed to attract notice: in others my efforts received only a qualified approval. But I am sure I was not discouraged in consequence; and I never doubted for one moment, then nor since, that here we had one of the grandest

¹ See article "Lark," in *Encyclopædia Britannica*, ed. 9, vol. xiv.

discoveries of the age—a discovery all the more grand because it was so simple.¹

First of all, here was an answer, at any rate plausible, to the question, "What is a species?" A species was an assemblage of animals—for, not being a botanist, I may leave plants alone—which were sufficiently alike to be capable of being described in a set formula of words such as is technically called a diagnosis, without reference to their ancestors, to the way in which they had come into existence, or to what sort of appearance their progeny might assume. If this diagnosis were carefully drawn up, it would follow that animals which were so constituted that the diagnosis did not hold good as regards them would have to be considered different species. So far, indeed, this was no great advance on the creed of most of the older naturalists; but it was a real relief to feel that the need of considering other qualities, some of a more or less occult kind or of a kind not easily perceptible, was swept away. A species would be merely that which could be described, or, to use a more learned word, differentiated as a species, and nothing more. Here was an enormous gain to the ordinary working zoologist, who, if he accepted the new theory, need not further trouble himself with recon-dite ideas of what a species was capable.

Next, to apply the theory to some of the particular cases about which our brains had been so much perplexed of late. The theory explained why the Red Grouse in the British Islands did not in winter assume the white plumage which was invariably at that season put on by its congener, the Willow-Grouse, throughout the whole of its range from Norway and Sweden, across the north of Russia and Siberia, to the coast of the Pacific, and again on the other side of that ocean, from Alaska through Canada to Newfoundland. In

all that immense tract of land a Grouse that did not become white in winter would be an object so conspicuous on the six or eight months' snow that it could not possibly maintain its existence against its enemies, any more than a Grouse, if it did turn white, could survive in those parts of the British Islands where the snow does not lie so long on the ground. Again, with the Foxes of Iceland. Owing to the climatic conditions of that island, and chiefly to its discontinuous snow in winter, a blue Fox would not be at the same disadvantage in approaching its prey that one of similar colour would be in Greenland, Lapland, or Siberia, and consequently one could understand why the proportion of Foxes with a coloured pelt was so much larger in Iceland than in those other countries.²

Just in the same way the necessity, one may say, of the Desert-Forms of animals, and especially of birds, was at once perceptible. The Lark or Wheatear with the ordinary plumage of its kind would be far too conspicuous an object on the sandy soil, and it could only make good its existence by adopting a coloration suited to its concealment. But more than this, for indeed the purpose of this protective coloration in all these cases had long before been surmised, the way in which it had been brought about was made known by the new theory. The way was by the gradual elimination of those individuals which conformed the least to the conditions in which they found themselves; while so successfully had conformity been carried on by those which now peopled the deserts that it had led, as I afterwards learned, to the almost total disappearance of every bird-of-prey. All this seemed to be clear on the principle of Natural Selection as regards the drab and sand-coloured Desert-Forms. The presence of the black Desert-Forms was not explained to me until some time

¹ I should add that at this time I had no acquaintance personally or by correspondence with either of the discoverers.

² Of course I refer to the Arctic Fox (*Canis lagopus*). The ordinary Red Fox does not occur in Iceland, nor, so far as I know, does it anywhere assume a white pelt.

later, when Canon Tristram suggested, with what seems to me great plausibility, that they escape the observation and therefore the attack of their enemies by resembling the dark spots in the inequalities of the surface. In "that fierce light which beats upon" the ground and "blackens every blot," the sooty-hued Lark or Wheatear, crouching close at the sight of the passing Hawk, would to its enemy be indistinguishable from "the shadow of a rock in a weary land."

Then, too, the American Woodpeckers. If the theory were true, there must have been a time when all existing species were more generalized. Might not that time for these Woodpeckers be the present? At any rate these variable intermediate forms, occurring on the confines of the range of the two specialized forms—the golden-winged and the ruby-winged—were just what one might expect to find here and there in the animal kingdom where already differentiated forms meet. This case was the more important, for to me it always seemed to answer an objection so commonly raised in those days: "Where," it used to be said, "can you point out a case of variation in course of progress?"¹

But it may be said that, after all, such difficulties as I had now found so easily solved were of a kind almost contemptible and beneath the notice of any but a "species-monger." The new theory of Natural Selection might serve perfectly well to explain how one variety or even race could pass into another: it might even serve to establish a Transmutation of Species, on a low view of species; but was it capable of doing more than this? And especially could the process of almost invisible steps, asserted by Mr. Darwin and Mr. Wallace to be thus continuously going on, be attended by such momentous results and end in pro-

ducing effects so stupendous as those which we now-a-days express by the word Evolution?

That the doubt thus implied was occasionally staggering I do not deny; but I always found that, even if for a time I reeled under it, I could by further reflection recover my balance and resume my position. The consideration which thus enabled me to keep, on the whole, a steady attitude was one furnished by a very small amount of mathematics acquired in earlier days and fortunately yet borne in mind. One has not to go far in the study of algebra before one meets with a theorem in which one finds that certain properties can be proved for certain definite numbers in succession. If an indefinite number be taken, the same property can be proved to exist for the number next to it. Hence mathematicians (those most sceptical of men) conclude that this theorem is universally true. Now, to apply this. The existence of variation, however slight that variation might be, once accepted (and a very moderate amount of experience showed that variation did exist) who could doubt that variation might in certain circumstances go on indefinitely? Whether it would do so or not was another matter; but what naturalist had ever with good reason attempted to set a limit to variation? Until such limitation, or cause for limitation, was shown, I felt I was justified in concluding that variation might go on indefinitely—that variation might extend, as indeed there was some positive evidence of its doing, from coloration to minor points of structure, and from minor to major points. Thus it seemed to me that, if mathematicians were right in admitting the truth of Euler's proof of the Binomial Theorem, I could not be very wrong in accepting the truth of Evolution by means of Natural Selection. When afterwards I came to read Mr. Darwin's *Animals and Plants under Domestication*, the aptness of my application of the mathematical reasoning seemed to be more

¹ To say nothing of other animals, it is now well known that a similar state of things obtains in many groups of birds, as in the genera *Parus* (Titmouse), *Phasianus* (Pheasant), and *Corvus* (Raven).

and more perfect. In those domesticated animals and plants of which the origin was perfectly certain, we had the definite quantities required for the illustration: in the domesticated animals and plants of which the origin was not so certain, we had the indefinite quantities: in the wild animals and plants the unknown quantities. We could prove by experiment that such and such results followed from any next step with regard to our known quantities, and by experiment could prove that similar results followed from the next step with regard to our indefinite quantities. Were we not justified then in concluding that the like results would follow from our unknown quantities? ¹

A thought not very dissimilar occurred to me when I came to read the latest of his works, *The Formation of Vegetable Mould through the Action of Worms*, wherein he so admirably exemplified the well-known words:

"What great events from little causes
spring!"

But to return to those earlier days.

¹ I had often wondered that this obvious illustration had not occurred to Mr. Darwin, in none of whose works have I noticed any allusion to it; but the cause of the omission I did not suspect until I read his *Autobiography*. It was probably due to the fact of his not having made sufficient progress in mathematics to become aware of this simple theorem and its proof. He has told us (vol. i. p. 46): "I attempted mathematics, and even went during the summer of 1828 with a private tutor (a very dull man) to Barnmouth, but I got on very slowly. The work was repugnant to me, chiefly from my not being able to see any meaning in the early steps in algebra. This impatience was very foolish, and in after years I have deeply regretted that I did not proceed far enough at least to understand something of the leading principles of mathematics." He goes on to declare that he did not believe he "should ever have succeeded beyond a very low grade." To this belief we may perhaps demur. Under good tuition there seems no reason why he should not have derived as much satisfaction from algebra as he tells us a few pages before (i. p. 33) he did from geometry, and as much delight as when the principle of the vernier was explained to him.

For more than a year after I had read the *Natural-Selection* papers in the *Linnean Society's Journal*, I lived in great comfort of mind. My immediate difficulties had been wholly, I think I may say, solved; and though undoubtedly from time to time others occurred to me, my faith was strong that they would be successfully dissipated on the appearance of Mr. Darwin's promised book, in which the whole subject of *Natural Selection* was to be fully treated. In due time, November, 1859, this book, the ever-celebrated *Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection*, was published. Its contents I devoured and felt happier than ever, for now I began to see that *Natural History* possessed an interest far beyond that which it had entered into my mind to perceive. The paleontological portion alone, brief as it was, was pregnant with meaning for those who could look backward. The generalized forms—parents of generation after generation successively becoming more and more specialized—here dimly outlined, possessed a fascination that was almost overpowering, the more so since the intricacy of the problems therein involved was, even if not answered, by no means shirked, but boldly faced, and the many proofs of the "imperfection of the Geological Record" were delightful; for to me, ignorant as I was (and am) of Geology, the strongest objection to the theory of "Descent with Modification" had seemed to be that which could be drawn from *Palæontology*, and it was pleasant to see how the force of this objection was reduced when fairly stated. I should be wrong if I said that it then wholly disappeared. Its disappearance was due to discoveries more recent—that of *Archæopteryx* being the first and most notable, while the affiliation of the birds to the Dinosaurs, and the "crowning mercy" of the discovery of the Horse's pedigree, are events of the last few years only. The Darwinian of the present day, instead of looking upon Geology

with suspicion, finds in her one of his firmest allies.

I may mention here that the objection from the supposed sterility of hybrids never seemed to me, as I know it did to some of my friends, very strong. I had fortunately been able some time before to establish the fact, from the experience of one of my brothers and myself, that in one case the first offspring of perfectly distinct species, or (according to some systematists) genera, were *inter se* perfectly fertile,¹ and I could not look on this case as exceptional. Moreover I was perfectly aware, from the same experience, of the difficulty occasionally encountered in inducing the tame-bred pure offspring of a species to propagate in confinement; so that I was quite inclined to believe (as I still do believe) that much of the asserted sterility of hybrids is due to some other cause than the mere fact of their being hybrids, and I have long regretted my inability to make further experiments in this direction, or to induce others more favourably situated to make them.

The various reviews of Mr. Darwin's book which I read (nearly all of them, as is well known, unfavourable to his views) produced little or no effect on me, except to lower my estimate of the general run of critics. The ideas expressed by some were fatuous, by others distinctly false. The most violent were those who knew least of the subject; and there was one notable case in which a distinguished man was found who could not even make sense of the "brief" with which he had been furnished by a learned authority who ought to have known better. This was the more remarkable because, a few days before the review appeared in print, not only its substance but much of its phraseology had been heard by me and others to issue from the eloquent lips of the late Bishop Wilberforce in the ever-memorable discussion at the meeting of the British

Association at Oxford. It is fortunate for the reputation of some of the speakers that no accurate report of that discussion seems to exist. I do not profess to remember the words used by Professor Huxley in his reply to the taunting but nonsensical question of the bishop, but I well remember its withering effect; and from that moment there was no doubt which side would eventually win its way in public favour—not of course that such a consideration would for a moment weigh with a reasonable man. The scene of the conflict was very impressive—the passive features of the learned gentleman from New York, Dr. Draper, whose "paper" (a long-winded and dull essay, read from a ponderous volume of manuscript resting on a massive desk) was the nominal cause of the discussion, but whose remarks were scarcely referred to by any speaker in the course of it: the comic attempts of the President of the Section, Professor Henslow, to see justice done upon, as well as to, his old pupil and friend: the pathetic earnestness, unsupported of course by a single argument, with which Admiral Fitz-Roy, Darwin's former captain and shipmate, deprecated any share in the flagitious opinions lately promulgated by the whilom naturalist of the Beagle: the ardour which, equally to the surprise as to the delight of the crowded audience, showed that scientific men like the Dr. Hooker and the "young Mr. Lubbock" of those days could be ready in debate. Only one of those who had a place on the platform seemed to be dissatisfied with the part he was playing; and I was not alone in thinking that this might chiefly be because the solution of the mystery which his writings show him to have been long seeking to penetrate had not fallen to him. One of the egregious announcements which he then had the temerity to make or repeat must have caused him regret some months afterwards when its fallacy was exposed by his rival; but of that I need say nothing more

¹ Proceedings of the Zoological Society, 1860, p. 338.

here. On the whole it seemed to be a drawn battle, for both sides stuck to their guns.¹ It was very different two years after when the hostile forces were again arrayed at Cambridge. Then the Anti-Darwinians were smitten along the whole line, and their rout was evident to all.

Thus passed on the time. One by one I found most of my naturalist friends gradually coming to regard Darwinism as a true creed. Some few remain still without the pale. I honour their adherence to the ancient form of faith, for in nearly all cases I know it to be sincere; but I am at a loss to understand their position now that so much new light has been thrown on the most obscure questions by recent discoveries, and especially those which are the result of the much-extended study of Embryology and the shooting up of an almost new branch of science. I have watched the rise and progress of Morphology with the same kind of interest that may be excited in the mind of a lame man who watches a

skating-party or a cricket-match, even though he can take no active share in the amusement; for I am too old to go to school again even under the tuition of my most brilliant pupils, and the new biological learning must be begun at the beginning.

Whether this presumptuously personal narrative be worth a recapitulation I hardly know; but it will be seen that my ready and unfaltering adherence to Darwinism arose from my finding it to supply an explanation of all the difficulties which I had encountered in an honest attempt to understand the causes of a limited number of observed facts—facts that, taken alone, were exceedingly trivial, and yet incapable, as I then believed and have ever since found, of explanation on any other hypothesis. Moreover, infinitesimally small as were these observed facts when compared with the majestic grandeur of Nature, they led me, fortunately aided by an equally small portion of mathematical knowledge, to a conception and interpretation of that grandeur which I believe that I otherwise could not have reached. If a moral be wanting it is that hardly any observation of the processes of Nature should be despised, however humble it may seem; but that such observation, to be useful and intelligible, must be accompanied by reflection, which can only be ensured by study of a very different kind.

ALFRED NEWTON.

¹ The fact, as I believe it to be, is not mentioned in Mr. Darwin's Life; but the principal discussion, which took place on Saturday, June 30th, 1860, was adjourned until the following Monday. In the time which intervened some arrangement was, I suppose, made by the leading men of the Association to let drop the matter, which had excited such strong feelings. At all events the discussion was not renewed; a wise termination, no doubt, but disappointing to a good many besides myself.

MR. KINGLAKE'S INVASION OF THE CRIMEA.¹

A YEAR or two ago Professor Seeley, replying to the toast of The Literature of the United Kingdom at the Literary Fund dinner, delivered an elaborate address on the absence of perfection in form among modern English writings. Whilst I was listening to the speech, there crept over my mind a conviction, which has gathered strength the more I have thought over the matter since then, that Mr. Seeley in that Jeremiad had not merely exaggerated his statement but had reversed the facts. An age to which Mr. Ruskin, Mr. Froude, Mr. Matthew Arnold speak, I had almost said sing, may be under influences bad or good, false or true; but to say that, whatever the defects of the work of each of those men may be, the form of their literary product is defective, seems to me simply mistaken criticism and false analysis. Nor would it, I believe, be difficult to show that the three cases I have chosen are typical of the general characteristics of the literature of our time. Our guides are much less sure of what they mean than those of our fathers were: they are much more careful of the manner in which they express what they have to say, such as it is.

One is almost forced into these reflections by the very appearance, still more by the perusal, of the two volumes with which Mr. Kinglake completes the colossal monument he has raised to the memory of—a fraction of the Crimean Campaign. Where and when has writing been more

polished and repolished? where and when has the file been more carefully applied? where and when has the Horatian rule been observed with a more exaggerated deference? For after all, when one realises to the full the anxious endeavour which Mr. Kinglake has used to collate all possible evidence for his facts, to listen to all sides of questions that have already almost “fallen dead,” to perfect and complete each logical position that he takes up, one yet feels that it has not been in the work of producing, or even of seeming to produce impartial history, that all this care has been expended.

Whether the writing of impartial history is a thing possible, whether it is even desirable, may be perhaps an open question. Mr. Kinglake at all events does not in the least disguise from us that he loathed, and loathes, the Emperor Louis Napoleon and all his works; that he despised, and presumably despises, Marshal Canrobert; that he had, and has, a very decided dislike to Sir George Brown; that he has a kind of humorous appreciation of the bluff Pélissier; and though he cautiously avoids any attempt to exalt his proper hero into a great general, he makes us feel the profound admiration which the stately courtesy and happy tact of the high-minded Englishman who commanded our army, a Tory of the Tories, won from the ultra-Radical Member of Parliament who closely watched him then, and, though he himself has passed through such changes as thirty years bring with them, loves his memory now. To every one who writes the Crimean story, no matter of what nation he may be, so long as he has any eye for measuring the moral stature of men, Todleben, as a man, stands out as the

¹ The Invasion of the Crimea: Its Origin and an Account of its Progress Down to the Death of Lord Raglan. By A. W. Kinglake. Vol. VII.—From the Morrow of Inkermann to the Fall of Canrobert. Vol. VIII.—From the Opening of Pélissier's command to the Death of Lord Raglan. Edinburgh and London. 1887.

central figure. There is nothing therefore peculiar in the fact that, in the two volumes which have just appeared, dealing as they do with the very period of Todleben's most successful work, though not with that of his most masterly decisions, the Colonel of Engineers should tower over all his compatriots and over all his opponents. Nevertheless it may be doubted whether the full effect of all that Todleben did had ever till now been brought so clearly before the eyes of men. Here at least the subject was worthy of the pains bestowed by the careful sculptor, and the effect is what it deserved to be.

One sometimes wonders whether, if these later volumes could have been written by the Mr. Kinglake of 1854, their tone would have been what it is now. I have spoken of the effect which the personality of Lord Raglan has manifestly exercised upon Mr. Kinglake's mind; but the force, the influence, the power which Mr. Kinglake ascribes to his hero is by no means only that of a man of personally commanding presence influencing other men by his self-possession and his great character. It is quite as much the influence of a man, by habit, by training, by social position, accustomed to exercise and to be worthy of authority. In the gloomiest period of the siege, when the French army had reached a stage of the deepest depression, when Canrobert had completely sunk under it, so that he could not even in the common councils of the allies refrain from giving expression to his despair, Mr. Kinglake records the contrast :

"It is," he says, "amongst men ground down to a state of what the French call equality that panic revels and spreads. The greater the diversity of character, sentiment, habit, and social station between any two men in council the abler will one of them be to allay the other's despondency. "In those times of trial" Lord Raglan "ceased to be equal with other men. Without dissembling facts he would calmly withhold his assent to all gloomy apprehensions, and manfully force attention to the special business in hand, and thus, or rather perhaps by a kind of power that cannot be traced or

described in words, he threw upon those who conversed with him the spell of his own undaunted nature. Men went to him anxious and perturbed; they came away firm."

I quote this passage, part of which is taken by Mr. Kinglake from the words of a personal friend of Lord Raglan, because it seems to me typical of at least one very distinctive characteristic of Mr. Kinglake's power as a writer in dealing with the men he describes. We none of us can forget certain epithets of Carlyle, "the sea-green incorruptible" and the like. The outward presentment of his characters, very often by the force of caricature and of iteration, are stamped on English minds in a way that probably hardly any other *dramatis personæ* but Shakespeare's are stamped on them. Mr. Kinglake, at least in these later volumes, hardly attempts to force upon us any impression we do not choose to carry away. He describes with the utmost care and with much graphic force the outward appearance of the men whose actions he records, but he gives them once and for all. We have not even repetitions here such as "Marshal St. Arnaud, formerly Jacques le Roi." A notable instance is the carefully drawn sketch of Pélissier with which the concluding volume opens :

"This short, thick-set, resolute Norman had passed his sixtieth year; but the grey, the fast-whitening hair that capped his powerful head, and marked the inroads of Time, wore a strange, wore an alien look, as though utterly out of true fellowship with the keen, fiery vehement eyes, with the still dark and heavy moustache, with all the imperious features that glowed or seemed to be glowing in the prime or fierce mid-day of life. His mighty bull-neck, strongly built upon broad, massive shoulders, gave promise of hard, bloody fights, gave warning of angry moods, and even of furious outbursts."

It is an admirable pen-and-ink sketch. As you read it you can picture the man to yourself—as he stood among his soldiers, or entered the council-chamber of the allies, or received the mischievous despatches of his sovereign. But if you want to

have the details of the man's appearance before you, you must recur to the picture again and again. It is not through an effort to press details on you, such as you get in Carlyle's letters, of almost all his contemporaries cut out of stone with a tool dipped in vinegar, that Mr. Kinglake's characters make their mark. You feel throughout his work the impression left on him by living men whom he has known, some of whom he hates, some of whom he loves and admires, but to all of whom he introduces you as a friend introduces you to an acquaintance of his whom, whether for good or ill, he knows well.

In this way and in this sense Mr. Kinglake's men, as he has introduced them to us, seem to me to have more that is human and realisable about them than those of any other of our historians. He has not, among those who played the chief parts, any men to describe whose influence on the world has been very great. It is only in the sense in which George Eliot says, "The times are great; what time is not?" that at first sight one can feel the theme to have been worthy of such pains. Mr. Kinglake himself says that there was a period when Todleben's success seemed so pronounced, and the progress of the besiegers so slow, that men began to look upon the siege of Sebastopol as a kind of siege of Troy, destined to last its ten years at least. In many respects, even as the case stands, the comparison seems not inappropriate. It is a siege which was representative of the contest of forces altogether out of proportion to the direct result attained and the time spent over it. If this story lives it will be due to the power of the artist: Homer, and not his own deeds, will have given immortality to the Crimean Agamemnon. Yet England, France, Turkey, and Sardinia ranged against Russia, represented a power on either side which ought at least to have been the equivalent of the forces employed in the campaigns of 1866 or 1870. Every one now talks as

if the wars of Prussia against Austria, or of France against Germany, were so great that the Crimean contest sinks into insignificance. Yet Russia at least put forth the full power she could exert; and even if with the allies it was mainly a question of expenditure, it is well to remember that during that first terrible winter we could not feed the men we had landed, and that therefore no additional numbers would have been of any service to us.

Mr. Kinglake has in his earlier volumes shown that for the fact that we could not feed our soldiers, and therefore could not employ for the first winter larger numbers, one man, Sir Charles Trevelyan, was directly responsible. It was his decision, and no one else's, which forbade the purchase of the necessary forage. He did it, as all such things are done, from well-intentioned ignorance of what he was really doing. A strange system gave him such authority as relieved him of all nominal responsibility. But actual authority and moral responsibility can never be divorced. Had Sir Charles Trevelyan chosen to sign a paper which he had full authority and power to sign, the men who starved in the Crimea would not have starved, and we could in that case have increased their numbers.

It is by measuring the power which Russia exercised in Europe prior to 1854 that we realise how great the struggle really was. The power ultimately employed against Russia was greater than hers, and forced her to bend to it. Therefore in estimating the real importance of the theme it is useless to reckon the numbers of men engaged, and to judge of the Crimean war as if the sum totals of the combatants fixed the nature of the forces employed on both sides.

In 1870 it was France that struggled against Germany. If a new contest for Elsass-Lothringen is to arise it will be again a struggle between the same mighty opposites. Yet, as Sir Charles Dilke has recently shown with

admirable force and clearness, the numbers of men which can now be placed on the French frontier by Germany are just tenfold those which in 1870 France could put in the field. France has similarly been developing her fighting-power. The change in the character of the struggle of the armies thus foreshadowed is portentous enough. But behind the armies in each instance stand the nations, and the deep interest of the struggle lies in that fact. So, in the Crimea, the struggle of the allies was against the whole strength which could there be exerted by the mighty empire which had struck down Napoleon in the zenith of his power as the master and the conqueror of Europe. Therefore, to one who looks a little below the surface, the theme does not seem unworthy of any pains that has been bestowed on it. All the hosts of Germany would not in the Crimea, against the will of France or England, enable her even now to use such power as was there employed in 1854. What Mr. Kinglake has here worked out for us, in volume after volume as they have come out, is no mere record of a fight in which, to take the period immediately preceding that covered by these later volumes, just before Inkerman, sixty-five thousand English and French troops represented the whole might on land in the Crimea of the two monarchies; while all the forces which Russia could there gather were one hundred and twenty thousand men. All the circumstances of the Crimean campaign, its very failures, the passionate interest in it of the whole English people, their earnest determination to find out where mistakes had been made, the peculiar effect of the *Times* newspaper on the war, on the nation, on the commanders, on the army, the descent of the ladies and their marvellous effect in saving the lives of the men and so adding force to the armies in the field, the continued victories of small numbers over large, the siege without investment, without numerical superiority, the

slow bleeding of Russia, the death of the great Czar under the consciousness of hopeless failure,—all these and many other features peculiar to the war give to it a dramatic interest rare even amid the struggles of such mighty powers. And yet on the whole, so confused, so conflicting, so varied were the incidents, so ponderous had been the efforts made by successive committees and commissions to sift out the truth, that over all the story there had gathered a kind of mirage or desert-haze, distorting the true proportions and making it most difficult, even where the truth and the lesson to be derived from it were in reality most certain, to distinguish the dust that rises up and is lightly laid again from the solid facts of value for all time.

It seems to me that the great merit of Mr. Kinglake has been that, despite the elaborate finish of his details, his purpose and design everywhere has been to make them subordinate to the bringing out of the solid and substantial whole, to show how here as elsewhere those laws which are not of to-day nor yesterday have asserted their supremacy.

It is, as I think, because of this permanent quality that, to those of us who are most deeply interested in the questions of 1888, Mr. Kinglake's last volumes come as a welcome gift, touching so closely on the very issues of the day that it seems to us for the moment that hardly in any year since 1855 could they have been more valuable. There are not a few of his words that will seem as if they had been written of design to enlighten Englishmen as to the part which it most behoves their country to play at the present hour; still more there are, both in these concluding volumes and in those earlier ones to which one may hope that these will again direct attention, lessons of the most profound interest as to the perennial dangers, the perennial strength, and the perennial weakness of England. How largely false impressions of the in-

ferences to be drawn from the Crimean campaign threaten to affect our policy at present, it will be easy to show before I conclude. How much, besides correcting those false impressions, Mr. Kinglake has to teach us, I may also be able to suggest. But it will be convenient first to trace the story as he tells it.

The earlier volumes had revealed the Crimean campaign to the end of the battle of Inkerman. But between the story of the battle of Inkerman itself, which occupies the fifth volume, and the story to be told in these volumes, there is interposed an account of the difficulties of the first Crimean winter, due to sickness, starvation, bitter cold and damp, against none of which any adequate provision had been made. This occupies the sixth volume, which was published seven years ago. It covers a period of time which, at least in part of the investigation necessary, extends beyond the end of the war, and goes back at least to the first days of the Crimean invasion. It therefore in part covers the same period as that occupied by the seventh and eighth volumes, which, though they complete the record of one period of time, represent each rather a particular subject than a particular section of the siege between date and date.

The subject of the seventh volume is, in fact, the effect on the war of the mission to the Crimea of Marshal Niel. Canrobert, who from the time of the death of Marshal St. Arnaud commanded the French army, though he has always had the reputation of being one of the most personally brave of men, appears to have lacked the moral courage for the command of an army in the field. The Emperor Louis Napoleon, on the other hand, always imagined himself a great general, and was thirsting for the opportunity to appear before the world as such, if only he could obtain the chance without running the risk of failure. Steadily therefore he gathered in the neighbourhood of Constantinople large

reinforcements for his troops in the Crimea, with which he designed himself to land in the course of the spring and to take command of the whole French army. The miseries which both English and French armies endured during the winter, the long weary work of the trenches, the apparent uselessness of the successive victories as long as the Russians were able securely to replenish their supplies both of men and materials, seem to have suggested the opportunity for just such a *coup de théâtre* as the Emperor desired. If only, landing with fresh forces in the Crimea, lavishly pouring in supplies of all kinds that should restore comfort and health to his unfortunate army, he could, as his uncle had done in 1815, appear among his soldiers "with the violets in the spring," he might, by defeating the Russian army in the open field, cut off Sebastopol for the first time from the resources of Russia, and, trusting to the overwhelming materials for bombardment which would in the meantime have been accumulated, might bring the siege to a rapid conclusion. It was a tempting chance. To make the contrast as sharp as possible between the previous darkness and the brilliancy of the transformation scene blazing upon the eyes of astonished Europe at the touch of the magician's wand, it was necessary to ensure that no great success should be achieved before the wand was waved. For this purpose Niel was despatched to the Crimea. It is because of this scheme that Mr. Kinglake describes the French army as, throughout all these months, "an army in waiting," an army, that is, dancing attendance on an emperor and prepared for a court-ceremonial. It would, however, be absurd to suppose that, though Niel and Canrobert were warm personal adherents of the Emperor, they would have committed themselves with eyes open to all the ruinous consequences which in fact followed from their submission to these proposals. There were most plausible reasons why

the Emperor's proposal in its broader outlines should seem wise.

The danger of carrying on the siege without cutting off the garrison from the resources of Russia was clear enough. It does not require any recondite application of the principles of war to understand that, when all the efforts of human skill have been exhausted in making it easy for a small body of men to bring death and destruction upon any who shall attempt to attack a carefully prepared fortress, it needs to ensure the taking of such a place many more men to attack than to defend it. Yet the effect of leaving Sebastopol open was to enable the defenders greatly to outnumber the assailants. Open operations in the field, against the army with which Prince Menschikoff was covering the siege, could hardly be undertaken till the spring. Any attacks made upon Sebastopol itself during the winter must cost the lives of many men. Therefore, if Sebastopol could only be taken when it had been isolated, it was easy to maintain that the right course was to wait till the army in the field could be defeated by the new army which the Emperor was preparing for that purpose. Obviously, as it was very easy to feed these new forces in the neighbourhood of Constantinople, and very difficult to feed them before Sebastopol, there were good reasons for not landing them in the Crimea till they could be employed with effect.

That there were elements in the question which the Emperor had not taken into account, that on the whole the effect of his policy was disastrous, has, I think, been clearly shown by Mr. Kinglake. I do not think that he has shown with equal certainty that the Emperor's view of the question was so obviously false, that it might not be honestly held by men like Niel and Canrobert when it was first propounded to them. I cannot see that, assuming such loyalty to the actual chief of the state as, apart from the partisanship of conspirators, was

their obvious duty, they might not think the scheme on the whole the one that promised the best for France. I do not think Mr. Kinglake has set forth with sufficient fairness the grounds that they might well have for entertaining such an opinion. To take a familiar illustration. Joab no doubt was a sufficiently unscrupulous partisan; but have we usually thought much the worse of him for writing to David to come and take command of his army in the nick of time, "lest I take the city of waters and it be called by my name"?

The elements which the Emperor had omitted from his calculation were, first, the terrible effect on the French army of the depression engendered by being kept in "a state of impuissance," whilst works were growing up in their front which they could easily have mastered had they been allowed to attack them before they were finished: secondly, the genius of Todleben: thirdly, the advantage to Russia of gaining time both in order to transport her armies to the Crimea and to perfect the works of Sebastopol: fourthly, the injury to the alliance of the deception practised upon us by the nominal undertaking of attacks that were never intended to be carried through to any result: lastly, happily, as it proved, he had not reckoned upon Pélissier. For though the Niel plot collapsed with the fall of Canrobert, the story told in these two volumes is connected by the fact that Niel's continued presence throughout the whole period with the French army represented the persistent attempt of the French Emperor, during all that time, to enforce his will. In the seventh volume we see his action dominating the conduct of the siege during the period of authority of the submissive Canrobert; and in the second we see the self-willed Pélissier breaking through the meshes of the intrigue, and governing the army in despite of the Emperor. Mr. Kinglake, who never loses an opportunity of making the Emperor appear as the enemy of France, skil-

fully sets forth the contrast between the disasters which attended Canrobert's submission, and the happy effects which resulted from Pélissier's rebellion. Nevertheless the utter failure which attended Pélissier's attempt upon Sebastopol on the eighteenth of June, the day of our own first attack on the Redan, went far towards seeming to justify the Emperor's objections and Canrobert's refusal to undertake such efforts. It is hardly fortunate for the complete establishment of Mr. Kinglake's case, that his record of the siege should end just at the moment when that disaster had followed upon Pélissier's resolute carrying out of his own designs.

It is, however, clear enough that the actual scheme of campaign which the Emperor had designed for his armies in the spring was crude in the extreme; that it involved a march into unexplored and most difficult country of which no maps existed; that it entirely ignored the necessity the allies were under of defending their stores and works before Sebastopol; and that it would have exposed them to the danger of being attacked by the whole force of the Russian field-army and garrison, before they could be supported by the army which the Emperor proposed to launch into the distant wilds to the north of the Crimea.

Mr. Kinglake, thanks to his marvellous industry and research, has had the opportunity, in filling out the details, to supply in not a few instances matter absolutely new and of the deepest interest. Of all these by far the most striking incident belongs to that dreary period of the actual manning and pushing forward of the approaches against Sebastopol, strictly speaking to the period of the April bombardment. From the sixth of November, 1854, the "morrow of Inkerman," onward, the allies, impressed by that battle with a conviction of the numbers of the Russians with whom they had to deal, accepted the fact that they must now settle

down into a long siege. Canrobert had on the day of Inkerman utterly refused to follow up the English victory, or even to take part in its later phases. The fruits of victory had been allowed to slip from the grasp of the allies. The design with which they had at first moved to the south front of Sebastopol was to surprise the garrison. They had surprised it. But they considered it necessary, instead of taking advantage of that surprise, to accumulate against it first an overwhelming force of artillery. The long delay which that had entailed on them had given the Russians time to recover, to bring up their ship-guns, and to increase the power of their batteries; and now, instead of the surprised and disconcerted handful of men who had been left, as they themselves believed, the hopeless task of defence against a victorious army, there confronted the commanders a formidable fortress, manned by an adequate force, in full communication with an army in the open field superior in numbers to the whole of the allies. The inevitable result was a recourse, on one side of the French attack, to a system of mining and counter-mining, in which Todleben proved greatly superior in knowledge of the craft to those who opposed him, and, throughout the general front of the position, to a series of operations, in which Todleben, "manœuvring his earthworks as other men have manœuvred armies," proceeded to advance against the allies, to make his great fortress continually occupy and command more and more ground, and to deprive the allies of every point of vantage from which they could assail his chief works. Canrobert's continual dread of attacking these new "approaches" as they were thrown up, allowed Todleben to send out his engineers by night, and, by working hard till daylight, to force the besiegers to discover in the morning that his new works had been so far completed that, from that time onward, they would daily grow in strength till he was ready for some

new advance. The only mode in which the allies were now able to meet these efforts was by slowly accumulating guns and ammunition for successive bombardments. With these, as soon as an adequate collection had been made, they pounded the besieged. The effect in causing loss of life to the Russians was appalling, because they were always obliged to keep large numbers of men in the works ready to resist any assault. But actual progress in the siege during all the winter months was, thanks to the improved defences, practically more in favour of the garrison than the besiegers. After every bombardment Todleben succeeded during the night in so far restoring his shattered parapets and replacing his dismounted guns, that the actual work of assault was as dangerous and difficult as ever.

Yet in the midst of all this time of deepest difficulty for the allies there were brilliant episodes; and Mr. Kinglake, by the glowing enthusiasm and the happy art with which he has described them, has made what has always seemed the dullest period of the siege alive with human interest and noble example. At the time of the April bombardment the allies had accumulated in all five hundred and one pieces of artillery: the Russians had mounted nine hundred and ninety-eight, but of these only four hundred and sixty-six could be brought to bear on the threatened side. Most of the English guns were in the "first parallel," one thousand three hundred and forty yards from the Great Redan, the immediate object of their blows. But beyond this a nearer second parallel had been pushed forward, in which there were no guns. Yet again beyond this, and only seven hundred yards from the fortress, a third parallel had been constructed. The bombardment began on the ninth. On that day no guns were mounted in the third parallel. But by immense efforts during the night between the eleventh and twelfth of April, Captain Oldershaw, of the Royal Artillery, succeeded in

moving five thirty-two-pounder guns into this third parallel, about half-way between the fortress and all the other guns that could in any way support them. One of the guns was disabled next day before it could be put in a position for use, or, as we say, mounted. Before night-time on the twelfth some experimental fire was made from this battery against the fortress; but as the fire was very soon ordered to cease, on the ground that the battery in its exposed position and unsupported "could be of no service," the only effect of that evening's fire was to draw the attention of the Russian gunners to the fact of its presence, to enable them to perfect their ranges, and, as it happened, to deprive the guns of the protecting "mantlets" which, hanging in front of the open embrasures, had been intended to some extent to protect the gunners employed when not actively engaged. The battery being on very low ground, was completely commanded by all the batteries, with one exception, against which it could be engaged. It could be fired into by one hundred and thirteen well-protected fortress guns: it was within effective range of rifle fire. Nevertheless, on the evening before the thirteenth of April, Captain Oldershaw was ordered on that day "to work the battery to extremity."

How he did it has been told by Mr. Kinglake with such majesty of language,—he has selected such choice words to convey to all men the impression of what such a fight is,—that, except to induce the reading of the description as a whole, one is almost afraid to touch the subject. Though all the enemy's sharpshooters and twenty heavy guns opened upon the battery, though the shot which began the contest was a sixty-eight-pounder, which shattered to pieces the sergeant, at the moment speaking to Captain Oldershaw, and, by sending a sand-bag against them, carried himself and two of his men off their legs and deposited

them on a pile of shot, the four guns were so calmly and steadily worked that they had, after two hours, silenced one of the enemy's batteries. This of course immediately increased the severity of the enemy's fire. Thirty guns were turned upon the four. Nevertheless, with two out of his four disabled, Captain Oldershaw fought on. As one incident of the fight, whilst he was himself laying a gun, a shell, bursting through the embrasure and "killing two, wounding the rest, and yet sparing the captain himself, laid the whole of the 'gun detachment' at his feet," besides utterly disabling the gun. Only one of the four now remained; yet this was served till it too was rendered unserviceable. At last, after five hours' contest, Captain Oldershaw was ordered to withdraw.

Of sixty-five gunners who originally went down into that battery, eighteen had been sent away in charge of wounded men.

"So that thus the number of gunners destined to be in the battery, without being sent away from it in the course of the fight, was no greater than forty-seven. Of those forty-seven the enormous proportion of forty-four were either killed or wounded; and so on the whole it occurred that the remnant of the original body of sixty-five gunners with which Oldershaw at last marched out of the battery had a strength of only three men."

Next morning, by some blunder, a new body of men, told off for the purpose, was ordered, "under the command of Captain Oldershaw, to fight the advanced No. VII." He was preparing to go on parade. None of those who had been with him were of the party. The corporal on duty in the artillery-camp brought him a message from the twenty unwounded men who had in all survived the fight: "The men who fought with you yesterday, sir, wish to fight again with you."

The strange part of the story remains. In consequence chiefly of Captain Oldershaw's reticence, and partly of an extraordinary memorandum of the artillery-staff, containing, as Mr. Kinglake notes, "a com-

pact little parcel of official mistakes—I count eight of them, and all of a serious, misleading sort, compressed with much neatness into the space of only an inch or two," this fight absolutely escaped official notice, and the honours of it were given to others. It has been till now unknown to any but a few eye-witnesses. I only know one story just like it, whereof it has been said,

"God of battles,—was ever a battle like this in the world before?"

Only Captain Oldershaw's men, when they had the chance of continuing the fight, did not, like the splendid fellows of the Revenge, declare when,

"He said, 'Fight on, fight on!'

'We have children, we have wives,
And the Lord hath spared our lives.'"

Major-General Oldershaw retired from the Royal Artillery in May, 1886, and still lives. It is largely to Sir Gerald Graham, then a subaltern of Engineers, who, characteristically enough, at the time when three of the guns had been disabled, "seeing how our fire had slackened, visited the battery," and was promptly knocked over by a round-shot and taken up for dead, that Mr. Kinglake owes the story.

The other most striking account of pure fighting which Mr. Kinglake has to record in this concluding part occurs in the final volume. Our men had taken "the Quarries," one of the advanced works which Todleben had pushed forward after the fashion already described. A change had in the meantime come over the whole scene. The French were no longer under the meek Canrobert. Pélessier, even while yet Canrobert nominally ruled, had so far forced his hand that he had succeeded in persuading his chief to allow him with his own corps to capture two of Todleben's counter-works. Canrobert, at last breaking down under the sense of his own "impotence," notably under the wrath which had attended his recall of the first expedition to Kerteb, had surrendered the command. Pé-

lissier had at once signalised his assumption of authority by giving sanction to a renewed expedition to Kertch, of which it will be more convenient to speak separately, and by a vigorous prosecution of the siege. As one of the incidents of this we for our part had, after bombardment on the sixth and seventh of June, attacked and carried "the Quarries." The numbers employed in the attack were apparently ridiculously small as compared with the Russians holding the works; but these latter had been so terribly pounded by artillery-fire that the dashing assault upon them, under the general command of Colonel Shirley, by two separate bodies of two hundred men each, with three hundred sent against collateral entrenchments, supported by six hundred more, all drawn from the Light and Second Divisions, proved sufficient to carry the intrenchments. Colonel Campbell of the Ninetieth, and Major Armstrong of the Forty-ninth, drove out the Russians, and were soon supported by working parties of the Fifty-fifth, intended to make good our hold upon the captured position, but soon obliged to lay down their tools and take to their weapons. The problem was how to maintain the hold on the work thus gained. All through the night the Russians alternately poured upon our men columns of infantry and overwhelming artillery-fire. Work had all the time to be carried on, in order that when day dawned there might be cover enough gained to resist the yet more effective fire which would then be poured from the fortress. Even as it was, so terrible was the effect of the guns, that even the approach of the overwhelming masses of the Russian infantry was felt to be a relief, because while they were advancing the guns could not fire. Sheer exhaustion from overwork soon supervened. At last, after the fight had gone on all night, with column after column of the enemy resolutely pushed on to retake the work, a fresh Russian column not long before daylight ad-

vanced to the attack. The great body of our men had from sheer fatigue been stricken by a kind of syncope. Only a number of terribly exhausted men, variously reckoned at from twenty to sixty in all, could be roused by the few officers still present and able to act, amongst whom were Colonel Campbell and Captain (now Lord) Wolseley, who had already been wounded during the fight. Nothing remained but by sheer bravado to prevent the enemy from realising that there was no force to oppose them. By shouting, by firing their pistols into the column, by vehement cheering, aided by one bugler sounding continually as if troops were advancing, favoured by the darkness, they succeeded so completely in imposing on the Russian column, that the utmost efforts of the officers failed to lead them on. As Mr. Kinglake puts it: "though Fortune took part in the fight, she at least (as is often her wont) ranged herself on the side of bold men—men who hardly, it seems, entertained any rational hope, yet, superbly deficient in logic, refused nevertheless to despair." So absolute was the strain put upon human powers of endurance, that as soon as the victory was over, Colonel Campbell collapsed and did not fully recover for five weeks, while Captain Wolseley, "unable to stand, fell helpless amongst the slain; and when lifted up by the strength of others, stood only to fall again. He was conscious, and could speak, but only in a very faint whisper."

The successive captures of the works, which Todleben ought never to have been allowed to complete, represented, with the bombardments, the chief incidents of the siege up to the moment when the time came for what was intended to be a general assault on the eighteenth of June. Mr. Kinglake has shown clearly that, on that unhappy day, the first great cause of the disaster arose from a sudden and wilful resolution of Pélissier to attack with his infantry without any immediately preceding artillery-bom-

bardment. A very heavy bombardment had occupied the preceding days; but long experience had shown that Todleben, when not hampered by artillery - fire continued up to the moment of assault, could, during the night, so completely restore his works as to make assault hopeless. An agreement with Lord Raglan bound Pélissier to carry out the principle of a heavy bombardment on the morning of the eighteenth directly preliminary to the assault. Nevertheless, for some reason which does not seem to have been clearly ascertained, he made up his mind to launch his infantry to the attack during the early dawn without waiting for the artillery. Confusion worse confounded of all kinds attended the several French attacks: Lord Raglan felt himself bound in honour, despite his better judgment, to send our infantry to their support, and the attempt upon the Redan, hopeless from the first, ended, like all the French attacks, in utter discomfiture.

There seems very little doubt that the failure hastened Lord Raglan's death, which followed it very closely. The end of his career thus recorded makes this the best moment to consider what Mr. Kinglake has established as to his general responsibility in relation to the campaign.

In the first place, it seems clear enough that had Lord Raglan been in command of a single army, able to utilise the force of the expedition as a whole, the allies would have marched straight from the battle of the Alma upon Sebastopol. They were in fact prevented from doing so by the illness of Marshal St. Arnaud, not even by a conflict of judgment between the two leaders. St. Arnaud felt himself unequal personally for the task that would have been laid upon him. He did not wish to resign a command for which he felt himself unfit. Therefore, and therefore only, he refused to undertake what was the obviously right course for the allies. Had they then marched on Sebastopol, it is abundantly

clear, on the evidence of Todleben and on other Russian evidence, that Sebastopol would most certainly have fallen at once. No one within Sebastopol then thought it possible to defend it.

Again, when the flank march from the north to the south side of Sebastopol had been accomplished, it appears to be at least reasonably clear that Lord Raglan would have wished to attack the place on that side at once, without waiting for the long process of disembarking the siege-train and preparing the batteries for it, which, surrendering to the Russians three precious weeks, enabled them to so improve the defences of the place in men and material that afterwards the strangest siege in history became inevitable. In this case also it is clear, again on the evidence of Todleben and on other unanswerable Russian evidence, that the place must have fallen. No one within the town believed resistance to be possible.

Had either of these events taken place, that language which Mr. Kinglake quotes from the Times as having been delivered to the world on the reception of the false rumour of the fall of Sebastopol immediately consequent upon the Alma, would hardly have even now seemed extravagant. It would have almost appeared as "the most splendid achievement of modern warfare—an exploit alike unequalled in magnitude, in rapidity, and in its results." That instead of this there followed the long, slow siege was, as Mr. Kinglake has now conclusively shown, due, first, to the depression produced on Canrobert by the explosion in the French lines during the first bombardment, which prevented an immediate assault at a time when Todleben has declared that he could not have resisted it; and, secondly, to the long intrigue represented by the presence of Niel with the French army.

The more this story as a whole is studied, and its mere casual impressions swept away, the more clear, I believe, will it become that the story

of Sebastopol does not justify those conclusions which have in fact been drawn from it, and have produced a most unfortunate effect upon English politicians.

That for the time being the command of the French army was in the hands of men not selected because of their military capacity, but because of their connection with the *coup d'état*, is at least clear enough. That in any case, an army not commanded by a single man, but confused in its leading by conflicting counsels, is utterly unfit for prompt decision and rapid execution, is not a new lesson of war. The real lesson is to be found in the enormous power that might have been and would have been exerted under the command of a single able chief by such an army, sixty thousand strong, as landed in the Crimea, supported by a fleet which held the command at sea.

Of that power Mr. Kinglake has given us, on a smaller scale, a most striking example, and has accompanied it with observations most wise and pregnant with present importance. The second expedition to Kertch, in which, without the loss of a man, a combined naval and military expedition, under command of Admiral Lyons and Sir George Brown, achieved results of surpassing magnitude, is an episode complete in itself; but it precisely represents what, except for conditions which in any circumstances and at all times must bring armies into difficulties, ought to have been the story of the greater expedition. The words in which Mr. Kinglake describes the causes to which the failure of Baron Wrangel, the Russian commander, were due, cannot be too earnestly pressed just now upon the attention of Englishmen.

"He succumbed to the power (of which the world will learn much in times yet to come)—the power an armada can wield when not only carrying on board a force designed for land service, but enabled to move—to move swiftly—whether this way or that, at the will of the chief, who thus, so to speak, can

manœuvre against an army on shore with troops not yet quitting their ships. The power would be one of great cogency, under many conditions, but especially so if it happen that the defender of the coast has in charge two highly-valued possessions divided the one from the other by several miles of ground."

How much more, therefore, if he have a dozen or more, as any Russian commander on the Black Sea littoral must now have, separated by many hundred miles of ground!

As a result of that expedition to Kertch there resulted, without loss to the allies, the capture of many coast-batteries and over a hundred guns, the ruin of the Kertch squadron, of vast quantities of corn, of seventeen thousand tons of coal, of nearly five hundred ships, of vast amounts of property prepared by the Russian government for the service of war, the entrance into the Sea of Azof, and the destruction there of what would have furnished rations for four months to an army of a hundred thousand men, and finally the immediate fall of two sea-board fortresses, Soudjak-Kali and Anapa, the last held by Russia on the Circassian coast. As Mr. Kinglake further puts it:

"The simple truth is, that in regions where land and sea much intertwine, an armada having on board it no more than a few thousand troops, but comprising a powerful fleet and propelled by steam-power, can use its amphibious strength with a wondrously cogent effect; and engaged as he was at the time in defending Sebastopol, the troubled Czar, after all, was not a potentate strong enough to withstand such an engine of war."

But the lesson of both alike, of the great expedition with its long weary delays, and the smaller with its rapid and brilliant success, is the same. In order that the amphibious power, which England can, if she will, apply with such cogent effect to the mightiest empires, may be effective, it must be in a condition to strike rapidly. The army that is required to act for such a purpose must be complete in all its parts, an army ready to take the field and move for action. The whole power is lost if long delays supervene; for the

power lies in rapidity of movement, in gaining time. Let in any circumstances that time be thrown away, and all is lost.

Into the causes which tend to prevent England from so exercising her power, Mr. Kinglake has supplied us with an exhaustive inquiry. His volume on the "winter troubles," the seventh of the series, comprises almost all that can well be said on that subject: there are, however, others on which I must touch as being specially important at the present moment. One is the story of Inkerman, and the evidence which Mr. Kinglake supplies that the Russians had at the time of it to the best of their ability adopted, or endeavoured to adopt, the very form of action employed afterwards by the Prussians in 1866 and in 1870, that of the "company column." This is so curious an illustration how little forms serve to assist soldiers, when not adapted to national characteristics and to trained habit, that it should not be ignored at a moment when we may before long again see Russian soldiers at war. In the same fight the marvellous success of the skirmishing mode of fighting instinctively employed by our own men shows, in Mr. Kinglake's graphic details, how easily our soldiers may adapt themselves to such conditions. If I have not misunderstood what one very careful student of the Russian army appears to consider the great change wrought in it by modern times, a little study of the details of that battle may be commended to him before he condemns English officers for looking upon it, rather than upon the days of Frederick and Napoleon, as indicating the present fighting-power of the Russian infantry.

Mr. Kinglake's vindication of the loyalty of Austria during all the transactions of this period, is a correction

of ancient prejudices so important that it ought earnestly to be pressed upon the attention of all who concern themselves with the politics of the present hour.

Lastly, there are words which occur in Mr. Kinglake's second volume as a deduction from the result of the fight at Giurgevo, of which he makes the Czar say, "Heaven lays upon me more than I can bear," because there, half-a-dozen English officers led Turks in the open field to victory over Russians, with which I shall close this study of his work. I think he will not object to their selection as summarising one of its most important deductions. "Therefore whenever it is possible, a British force serving abroad and engaged in an arduous campaign, ought to have on its side, not mere allies—for that is but a doubtful and often a poor support to have to lean upon—but auxiliaries obeying the English commander, and capable of being trusted with a large share of the duties required from an army in the field. Nor is this an advantage which commonly lies out of our reach; for in most of the countries of the Old World the cost of labour is much lower than in England; and it is one of the prerogatives of the English, as indeed of all conquering nations, to be able to lead other races of men and to impart to them its warlike fire. By beginning its preparations at the right time, and by bringing under the orders of some of our Indian officers a fitting number of the brave men who came flocking to the war from every province of the Ottoman Empire, our Government might have enabled their general to take the field with an army of great strength—with an army more fit for warlike enterprises than two armies, French and English, instructed to work side by side and baffled by divided command."

FREDERICK MAURICE.

THE REVERBERATOR.¹

I.

"I GUESS my daughter's in here," the old man said, leading the way into the little *salon de lecture*. He was not of the most advanced age, but that is the way George Flack considered him, and indeed he looked older than he was. George Flack had found him sitting in the court of the hotel (he sat a great deal in the court of the hotel), and had gone up to him with characteristic directness and asked him for Miss Francina. Poor Mr. Dosson had, with the greatest docility, disposed himself to wait upon the young man: he had as a matter of course got up and made his way across the court, to announce to the personage in question that she had a visitor. He looked submissive, almost servile, as he preceded the visitor, thrusting his head forward in his quest; but it was not in Mr. Flack's line to notice that sort of thing. He accepted the old gentleman's good offices as he would have accepted those of a waiter, and murmured no protest for the sake of making it appear that he had come to see him as well. An observer of these two persons would have assured himself that the degree to which Mr. Dosson thought it natural that any one should want to see his daughter was only equalled by the degree to which the young man thought it natural her father should find her for him. There was a superfluous drapery in the doorway of the *salon de lecture*, which Mr. Dosson pushed aside, while George Flack stepped in after him.

The reading-room of the Hôtel de l'Univers et de Cheltenham was not of great proportions, and had seemed to Mr. Dosson from the first to con-

sist principally of a bare, highly-polished floor, on which it was easy for a relaxed elderly American to slip. It was composed further, to his perception, of a table with a green velvet cloth, of a fireplace with a great deal of fringe and no fire, of a window with a great deal of curtain and no light, and of the Figaro, which he couldn't read, and the New York Herald, which he had already read. A single person was just now in possession of these conveniences—a young lady who sat with her back to the window, looking straight before her into the conventional room. She was dressed as for the street: her empty hands rested upon the arms of her chair (she had withdrawn her long gloves, which were lying in her lap), and she seemed engaged in vague contemplation. Her face was so much in shadow as to be barely distinguishable; nevertheless, as soon as he saw her, the young man exclaimed—"Why, it ain't Miss Francie—it's Miss Delia!"

"Well, I guess we can fix that," said Mr. Dosson, wandering further into the room and drawing his feet over the floor without lifting them. Whatever he did he ever seemed to wander: he had a transitory air, an aspect of weary yet patient non-arrival, even when he sat (as he was capable of sitting for hours) in the court of the inn. As he glanced down at the two newspapers in their desert of green velvet he raised a hopeless, uninterested glass to his eye. "Delia, my dear, where is your sister?"

Delia made no movement whatever, nor did any expression, so far as could be perceived, pass over her large young face. She only ejaculated, "Why, Mr. Flack, where did you drop from?"

"Well, this is a good place to meet," her father remarked, as if mildly,

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and as a mere passing suggestion, to deprecate explanations.

"Any place is good where one meets old friends," said George Flack, looking also at the newspapers. He examined the date of the American sheet and then put it down. "Well, how do you like Paris?" he went on to the young lady.

"We quite enjoy it; but of course we're familiar now."

"Well, I was in hopes I could show you something," Mr. Flack said.

"I guess they've seen most everything," Mr. Dosson observed.

"Well, we've seen more than you!" exclaimed his daughter.

"Well, I've seen a good deal—just sitting there."

A person with a delicate ear might have suspected Mr. Dosson of saying "setting," but he would pronounce the same word in a different manner at different times.

"Well, in Paris you can see everything," said the young man. "I'm quite enthusiastic about Paris."

"Haven't you been here before?" Miss Delia asked.

"Oh, yes, but it's ever fresh. And how is Miss Francie?"

"She's all right. She has gone up stairs to get something: we are going out again."

"It's very attractive for the young," said Mr. Dosson to the visitor.

"Well, then, I'm one of the young. Do you mind if I go with you?" Mr. Flack continued, to the girl.

"It'll seem like old times, on the deck," she replied. "We're going to the Bon Marché."

"Why don't you go to the Louvre? It's much better."

"We have just come from there: we have had quite a morning."

"Well, it's a good place," the visitor continued.

"It's good for some things, but it doesn't come up to my idea for others."

"Oh, they've seen everything," said Mr. Dosson. Then he added, "I guess I'll go and call Francie."

"Well, tell her to hurry," Miss Delia returned, swinging a glove in each hand.

"She knows my pace," Mr. Flack remarked.

"I should think she would, the way you raced!" the girl ejaculated, with memories of the Umbria. "I hope you don't expect to rush round Paris that way."

"I always rush. I live in a rush. That's the way to get through."

"Well, I *am* through, I guess," said Mr. Dosson, philosophically.

"Well, I ain't!" his daughter declared with decision.

"Well, you must come round often," the old gentleman continued, as a leave-taking.

"Oh, I'll come round! I'll have to rush, but I'll do it."

"I'll send down Francie." And Francie's father crept away.

"And please to give her some more money!" her sister called after him.

"Does she keep the money?" George Flack inquired.

"Keep it?" Mr. Dosson stopped as he pushed aside the *portière*. "Oh, you innocent young man!"

"I guess it's the first time you were ever called innocent," Delia remarked, left alone with the visitor.

"Well, I *was*—before I came to Paris."

"Well, I can't see that it has hurt us. We are *not* extravagant."

"Wouldn't you have a right to be?"

"I don't think any one has a right to be."

The young man, who had seated himself, looked at her a moment. "That's the way you used to talk."

"Well, I haven't changed."

"And Miss Francie—has she?"

"Well, you'll see," said Delia Dosson, beginning to draw on her gloves.

Her companion watched her, leaning forward, with his elbows on the arms of his chair and his hands interlocked. At last he said, interrogatively: "Bon Marché?"

"No, I got them in a little place I know."

"Well, they're Paris, anyway."

"Of course they're Paris. But you can get gloves anywhere."

"You must show me the little place, anyhow," Mr. Flack continued sociably. And he observed, further, with the same friendliness—"The old gentleman seems all there."

"Oh, he's the dearest of the dear."

"He's a real gentleman—of the old stamp," said George Flack.

"Well, what should you think our father would be?"

"I should think he would be delighted!"

"Well, he is, when we carry out our plans."

"And what are they—your plans?" asked the young man.

"Oh, I never tell them."

"How then does he know whether you carry them out?"

"Well, I guess he'd know it if we didn't," said the girl.

"I remember how secretive you were last year. You kept everything to yourself."

"Well, I know what I want," the young lady pursued.

He watched her button one of her gloves, deftly, with a hairpin which she disengaged from some mysterious function under her bonnet. There was a moment's silence, and then they looked up at each other. "I have an idea you don't want me," said George Flack.

"Oh, yes, I do—as a friend."

"Of all the mean ways of trying to get rid of a man, that's the meanest!" he exclaimed.

"Where's the meanness, when I suppose you are not so peculiar as to wish to be anything more?"

"More to your sister, do you mean—or to yourself?"

"My sister is myself—I haven't got any other," said Delia Dosson.

"Any other sister?"

"Don't be idiotic. Are you still in the same business?" the girl went on.

"Well, I forget which one I was in."

"Why, something to do with that newspaper—don't you remember?"

"Yes, but it isn't that paper any more—it's a different one."

"Do you go round for news—in the same way?"

"Well, I try to get the people what they want. It's hard work," said the young man.

"Well, I suppose if you didn't some one else would. They will have it, won't they?"

"Yes, they will have it." But the wants of the people did not appear at the present moment to interest Mr. Flack as much as his own. He looked at his watch and remarked that the old gentleman didn't seem to have much authority.

"Much authority?" the girl repeated.

"With Miss Francie. She is taking her time, or rather, I mean, she is taking mine."

"Well, if you expect to do anything with her you must give her plenty of that."

"All right: I'll give her all I have."

And Miss Dosson's interlocutor leaned back in his chair with folded arms, as if to let his companion know that she would have to count with his patience. But she sat there in her expressionless placidity, giving no sign of alarm or defeat. He was the first, indeed, to show a symptom of restlessness: at the end of a few moments he asked the young lady if she didn't suppose her father had told her sister who it was.

"Do you think that's all that's required?" Miss Dosson demanded. But she added, more graciously—"Probably that's the reason. She's so shy."

"Oh, yes—she used to look it."

"No, that's her peculiarity, that she never looks it, and yet that she is intensely so."

"Well, you make it up for her then, Miss Delia," the young man ventured to declare.

"No, for her, I'm not shy—not in the least."

"If it wasn't for you, I think I could do something," the young man went on.

"Well, you've got to kill me first!"

"I'll come down on you, somehow, in the Reverberator," said George Flack.

"Oh, that's not what the people want."

"No, unfortunately they don't care anything about *my* affairs."

"Well, we do: we are kinder, Francie and I," said the girl. "But we desire to keep them quite distinct from ours."

"Oh, yours—yours; if I could only discover what they are!" the young journalist exclaimed. And during the rest of the time that they sat there waiting he tried to find out. If an auditor had happened to be present for the quarter of an hour that elapsed, and had had any attention to give to these vulgar young persons, he would have wondered perhaps at there being so much mystery on one side and so much curiosity on the other—wondered at least at the elaboration of inscrutable projects on the part of a girl who looked to the casual eye as if she were stolidly passive. Fidelia Dosson, whose name had been shortened, was twenty-five years old, and had a large white face, with the eyes very far apart. Her forehead was high, but her mouth was small: her hair was light and colourless, and a certain inelegant thickness of figure made her appear shorter than she was. Elegance indeed had not been conferred upon her by Nature, and the Bon Marché and other establishments had to make up for that. To a feminine eye they would scarcely have appeared to have acquitted themselves of their office; but even a woman would not have guessed how little Fidelia cared. She always looked the same: all the contrivances of Paris could not make her look different, and she held them, for herself, in no manner of esteem. It was a plain, blank face, not only without movement, but with a sugges-

tion of obstinacy in its repose; and yet, with its limitations, it was neither stupid nor displeasing. It had an air of intelligent calm—a considering, pondering look that was superior, somehow, to diffidence or anxiety; moreover, the girl had a clear skin and a gentle, dim smile. If she had been a young man (and she had, a little, the head of one) it would probably have been thought of her that she nursed dreams of eminence in some scientific or even political line.

An observer would have gathered, further, that Mr. Flack's acquaintance with Mr. Dosson and his daughters had had its origin in his crossing the Atlantic eastward in their company more than a year before, and in some slight association immediately after disembarking; but that each party had come and gone a good deal since then—come and gone, however, without meeting again. It was to be inferred that in this interval Miss Dosson had led her father and sister back to their native land, and had then a second time directed their course to Europe. This was a new departure, said Mr. Flack, or rather a new arrival: he understood that it was not, as he called it, the same old visit. She did not repudiate the accusation, launched by her companion as if it might have been embarrassing, of having spent her time at home in Boston, and even in a suburban portion of it: she confessed that, as Bostonians, they had been capable of that. But now they had come abroad for longer—ever so much: what they had gone home for was to make arrangements for a European sojourn of which the limits were not to be told. So far as this prospect entered into her plans she freely acknowledged it. It appeared to meet with George Flack's approval—he also had a big job on that side and it might take years, so that it would be pleasant to have his friends right there. He knew his way about in Paris—or any place like that—much more than in Boston; if they had been poked away in one of those

suburbs they would have been lost to him.

"Oh, well, you'll see as much as you want to of us—the way you'll have to take us," Delia Dosson said: which led the young man to inquire what way that was, and to remark that he only knew one way to take anything—just as it came. "Oh, well, you'll see," the girl rejoined; and she would give for the present no further explanation of her somewhat chilling speech. In spite of it, however, she professed an interest in Mr. Flack's "job"—an interest which rested apparently upon an interest in the young man himself. The slightly surprised observer whom we have supposed to be present would have perceived that this latter sentiment was founded on a conception of Mr. Flack's intrinsic brilliancy. Would his own impression have justified that?—would he have found such a conception contagious? I forbear to say positively no, for that would charge me with the large responsibility of showing what right our accidental observer might have had to his particular standard. I prefer therefore to note simply that George Flack was quite clever enough to seem a person of importance to Delia Dosson. He was connected (as she supposed) with literature, and was not literature one of the many engaging attributes of her cherished little sister? If Mr. Flack was a writer, Francie was a reader: had not a trail of forgotten Tauchnitzes marked the former line of travel of the party of three? The elder sister grabbed them up on leaving hotels and railway-carriages, but usually found that she had brought odd volumes. She considered, however, that as a family they had a sort of superior affinity with the young journalist, and would have been surprised if she had been told that his acquaintance was not a high advantage.

Mr. Flack's appearance was not so much a property of his own as a prejudice on the part of those who looked at him: whoever they might be, what

they saw mainly in him was that they had seen him before. And, oddly enough, this recognition carried with it in general no ability to remember—that is to recall—him: you could not have evoked him in advance, and it was only when you saw him that you knew you *had* seen him. To carry him in your mind you must have liked him very much, for no other sentiment, not even aversion, would have taught you what distinguished him in his group: aversion in especial would have made you conscious only of what confounded him. He was not a particular person, but a sample or memento—moderately tall, moderately short, moderately everything, moderately definite. You would scarcely have expected him to have a name other than that of his class: a number, like that of the day's newspaper, would have been the most that you would count on, and you would have expected vaguely to find the number high—somewhere up in the millions. As every copy of the newspaper wears the same label, so that of Miss Dosson's visitor would have been "Young commercial American." Let me add that among the accidents of his appearance was that of its sometimes striking other young commercial Americans as fine. He was twenty-seven years of age, and had a small square head, a light gray overcoat, and in his right forefinger a curious natural crook which might have served, under pressure, to identify him. But for the convenience of society he ought always to have worn something conspicuous—a green hat or a scarlet necktie. His job was to obtain material in Europe for an American "society-paper."

If it be objected to all this that when Francie Dosson at last came in she addressed him as if she easily placed him, the answer is that she had been notified by her father—more punctually than was indicated by the manner of her response. "Well, the way you *do* turn up," she said, smiling and holding out her left hand to him:

in the other hand, or the hollow of her right arm, she had a largeish parcel. Though she had made him wait, she was evidently very glad to see him there; and she as evidently required, and enjoyed, a great deal of that sort of indulgence. Her sister's attitude would have told you so, even if her own appearance had not. There was that in her manner to the young man—a perceptible but indefinable shade—which seemed to legitimate the oddity of his having asked in particular for her, as if he wished to see her to the exclusion of her father and sister: a kind of special pleasure which had the air of pointing to a special relation. And yet a spectator, looking from Mr. George Flack to Miss Francie Dossan, would have been much at a loss to guess what special relation could exist between them. The girl was exceedingly, extraordinarily pretty, and without discoverable resemblance to her sister; and there was a brightness in her—a kind of still radiance—which was quite distinct from what is called animation. Rather tall than short, slim, delicate, and evidently as light of hand and of foot as it was possible to be, she yet gave no impression of quick movement, of abundant chatter, of excitable nerves and irrepressible life—no hint of being of the most usual (which is perhaps also the most graceful) American type. She was brilliantly but quietly pretty, and your suspicion that she was a little stiff was corrected only by your perception that she was extremely soft. There was nothing in her to confirm the implication that she had rushed about the deck of a Cunarder with a newspaper-man. She was as straight as a wand and as fine as a gem: her neck was long, and her gray eyes had colour; and from the ripple of her dark brown hair to the curve of her unaffirmative chin every line in her face was happy and pure. She had an unformed voice and no learning.

Delia got up, and they came out of the little reading-room—this young lady

remarking to her visitor that she hoped she had got all the things. "Well, I had a fiendish hunt for them, we have got so many," Francie replied, with a curious, soft drawl. "There were a few dozens of the pocket-handkerchiefs I couldn't find; but I guess I've got most of them, and most of the gloves."

"Well, what are you carting them about for?" George Flack inquired, taking the parcel from her. "You had better let me handle them. Do you buy pocket-handkerchiefs by the hundred?"

"Well, it only makes fifty apiece," said Francie, smiling. "They ain't nice—we're going to change them."

"Oh, I won't be mixed up with that—you can't work that game on these Frenchmen," the young man exclaimed.

"Oh, with Francie they will take anything back," Delia Dossan declared. "They just love her, all over."

"Well, they're like me then," said Mr. Flack, with friendly hilarity. "I'll take her back, if she'll come."

"Well, I don't think I am ready quite yet," the girl replied. "But I hope very much we shall cross with you again."

"Talk about crossing—it's on these boulevards we want a life-preserver!" Delia remarked. They had passed out of the hotel and the wide vista of the Rue de la Paix stretched up and down. There were many vehicles.

"Won't this thing do? I'll tie it to either of you," George Flack said, holding out his bundle. "I suppose they won't kill you if they love you," he went on to the younger girl.

"Well, you've got to know me first," she answered, laughing and looking for a chance, while they waited to pass over.

"I didn't know you when I was struck." He applied his disengaged hand to her elbow and propelled her across the street. She took no notice of his observation, and Delia asked her, on the other side, whether their father had given her that money. She replied that he had given her loads—she felt as if he had made his will; which led

George Flack to say that he wished the old gentleman was *his* father.

"Why, you don't mean to say you want to be our brother!" Francie exclaimed, as they went down the Rue de la Paix.

"I should like to be Miss Delia's, if you can make that out," said the man.

"Well, then, suppose you prove it by calling me a cab," Miss Delia returned. "I presume you and Francie don't think this is the deck."

"Don't she feel rich?" George Flack demanded of Francie. "But we do require a cart for our goods;" and he hailed a little yellow carriage, which presently drew up beside the pavement. The three got into it, and still emitting innocent pleasantries proceeded on their way, while at the Hôtel de l'Univers et de Cheltenham Mr. Dosson wandered down into the court again and took his place in his customary chair.

II

THE court was roofed with glass: the April air was mild: the cry of women selling violets came in from the street, and, mingling with the rich hum of Paris, seemed to bring with it faintly the odour of the flowers. There were other odours in the court, warm, succulent and Parisian, which ranged from fried fish to burnt sugar; and there were many things besides: little tables for the post-prandial coffee: piles of luggage inscribed (after the initials, or frequently the name, R. P. Scudamore or D. Jackson Hatch), Philadelphia, Pa., or St. Louis, Mo.: rattles of unregarded bells, flittings of tray-bearing waiters, conversations with the second-floor windows of admonitory landladies, arrivals of young women with coffin-like bandboxes covered with black oilcloth and depending from a strap, sallyings forth of persons staying and arrivals, just afterwards, of other persons to see them, together with vague prostrations on benches of tired heads of American

families. It was to this last element that Mr. Dosson himself in some degree contributed, but it must be added that he had not the extremely bereft and exhausted appearance of certain of his fellows. There was an air of meditative patience, of habitual accommodation, in him; but you would have guessed that he was enjoying a holiday rather than panting for a truce, and he was not so enfeebled but that he was able to get up from time to time and stroll through the *porte cochère* to have a look at the street.

He gazed up and down for five minutes, with his hands in his pockets, and then came back: that appeared to content him: he asked for very little, and had no restlessness that these small excursions would not assuage. He looked at the heaped-up luggage, at the tinkling bells, at the young women from the *lingère*, at the repudiated visitors, at everything but the other American parents. Something in his breast told him that he knew all about these. It is not upon each other that the animals in the same cage, in a zoological collection, most turn their eyes. There was a silent sociability in him, and a superficial fineness of grain, that helped to account for his daughter Francie's various delicacies. He was fair and spare and had no figure: you would have seen in a moment that the question of how he should hold himself had never in his life occurred to him. He never held himself at all: providence held him rather (and very loosely), by an invisible string, at the end of which he seemed gently to dangle and waver. His face was so smooth that his thin light whiskers, which grew only far back, scarcely seemed native to his cheeks: they might have been attached there for some harmless purpose of comedy or disguise. He looked for the most part as if he were thinking over, without exactly understanding it, something rather droll which had just occurred: he was contemplative, without being particularly attentive. His feet were remarkably small, and his clothes, in

which light colours predominated, were visibly the work of a French tailor: he was an American who still held the tradition that it is in Paris that a man can dress himself best. His hat would have looked odd in Bond Street or the Fifth Avenue, and his necktie was loose and flowing.

Mr. Dosson, it may further be mentioned, was a man of the simplest composition, a character as cipherable as a sum of two figures. He had a native financial faculty of the finest order, a gift as direct as a beautiful tenor voice, which had enabled him, without the aid of particular strength of will or keenness of ambition, to build up a large fortune while he was still a youngish man. He had a genius for happy speculation, the quick, unerring instinct of a "good thing;" and as he sat there idle, amused, contented, on the edge of the Parisian street, he might very well have passed for some rare performer who had sung his song or played his trick and had nothing to do till the next call. And he had grown rich, not because he was ravenous or hard, but simply because he had an ear, or a nose. He could make out the tune in the discord of the market-place; he could smell success far up the wind. The second factor in his little addition was that he was an unassuming father. He had no tastes, no acquirements nor curiosities, and his daughters represented society for him. He thought much more and much oftener of these young ladies than of his bank-shares and railway-stock: they refreshed much more his sense of ownership, of accumulation. He never compared them with other girls, he only compared his present self to what he would have been without them. His view of them was perfectly simple. Delia had a more unfathomable profundity, and Francie a wider acquaintance with literature and art. Mr. Dosson had not perhaps a full perception of his younger daughter's beauty: he would scarcely have pretended to judge of that, more than he would of a valuable picture or

vase, but he believed she was cultivated up to the eyes. He had a recollection of tremendous school-bills, and in later days, during their travels, of the way she was always leaving books behind her. Moreover, was not her French so good that he couldn't understand it?

The two girls, at any rate, were the wind in his sail, and the only directing, determining force he knew: they converted accident into purpose: without them, as he felt, he would have been the tail without the kite. The wind rose and fell, of course: there were lulls and there were gales: there were intervals during which he simply floated in quiet waters—cast anchor and waited. This appeared to be one of them now; but he could be patient, knowing that he should soon again inhale the brine and feel the dip of his prow. When his daughters were out the determining process gathered force, and their being out with a brilliant young man only deepened the pleasant calm. That belonged to their superior life, and Mr. Dosson never doubted that George M. Flack was brilliant. He represented the newspaper, and the newspaper for this man of genial assumptions represented Mind—it was the great shining presence of our time. To know that Delia and Francie were out with an editor, or a correspondent, was really to see them dancing in the central glow. This is doubtless why Mr. Dosson had slightly more than usual his air of recovering slowly from a pleasant surprise. The vision to which I allude hung before him, at a convenient distance, and melted into other bright, confused aspects: reminiscences of Mr. Flack in other relations—on the ship, on the dock, at the hotel at Liverpool, and in the cars. Whitney Dosson was a loyal father, but he would have thought himself simple had he not had two or three strong convictions: one of which was that the children should never go out with a gentleman they had not seen before. The sense of their having,

and his having, seen Mr. Flack before was comfortable to him now : it made it mere placidity for him personally to forego the young man's society in favour of Delia and Francie. He had not hitherto been perfectly satisfied that the streets and shops, the general immensity of Paris, were just the right place for young ladies alone. But the company of a pleasant gentleman made them right—a gentleman who was pleasant through being up to everything, as one connected with that paper (he remembered its name now, it was celebrated), would have to be. To Mr. Dosson, in the absence of such happy accidents, his girls somehow seemed lonely, which was not the way he struck himself. They were his company, but he was scarcely theirs : it was as if he had them more than they had him.

They were out a long time, but he felt no anxiety, as he reflected that Mr. Flack's very profession was a provision of everything that could possibly happen. The bright French afternoon waned without bringing them back, but Mr. Dosson still revolved about the court, till he might have been taken for a *valet de place* hoping to pick up custom. The landlady smiled at him sometimes, as she passed and re-passed, and even ventured to remark disinterestedly that it was a pity to waste such a lovely day indoors—not to take a turn and see what was going on in Paris. But Mr. Dosson had no sense of waste : that came to him much more when he was confronted with historical monuments, or beauties of Nature, or art, which he didn't understand or care for : then he felt a little ashamed and uncomfortable—but never when he lounged unpretentiously in the court. It wanted but a quarter of an hour to dinner (that he could understand) when Delia and Francie at last met his view, still accompanied by Mr. Flack and sauntering in, at a little distance from each other, with a jaded air which was not in the least a tribute to his possible solicitude. They dropped into chairs

and joked with each other, with a mixture of sociability and languor, on the subject of what they had seen and done—a question into which he felt as yet a delicacy as to inquiring. But they had evidently done a good deal and had a good time : an impression sufficient to rescue Mr. Dosson personally from the consciousness of failure.

"Won't you just step in and take dinner with us?" he asked of the young man, with a friendliness begotten of the circumstances.

"Well, that's a handsome offer," George Flack replied, while Delia remarked that they had each eaten about thirty cakes.

"Well, I wondered what you were doing so long. But never mind your cakes. It's twenty minutes past six, and the *table d'hôte's* on time."

"You don't mean to say you dine at the *table d'hôte*!" Mr. Flack ejaculated.

"Why, don't you like that?" Francie drawled sweetly.

"Well, it isn't what you most build on when you come to Paris. Too many flower-pots and chickens' legs."

"Well, would you like one of these restaurants?" asked Mr. Dosson. "I don't care if you show us a good one."

"Oh, I'll show you a good one—don't you worry."

"Well, you've got to order the dinner then," said Francie.

"Well, you'll see how I could do it!" And the young man looked at her very hard, with an intention of softness.

"He has got an interest in some place," Delia declared. "He has taken us to ever so many stores, and he gets his commission."

"Well, I'd pay you to take them round," said Mr. Dosson ; and with much agreeable trifling of this kind it was agreed that they should sally forth for the evening meal under Mr. Flack's guidance.

If he had easily convinced them on this occasion that that was a more

original proceeding than worrying those old bones, as he called it, at the hotel, he convinced them of other things besides, in the course of the following month and by the aid of repeated visits. What he mainly made clear to them was, that it was really most kind of a young man who had so many great public questions on his mind to find sympathy for problems which could fill the telegraph and the press so little as theirs. He came every day to set them in the right path, pointing out its charms to them in a way that made them feel how much they had been in the wrong. He made them feel indeed that they didn't know anything about anything, even about such a matter as ordering shoes—an art in which they vaguely supposed themselves rather strong. He had in fact great knowledge, and it was wonderfully various, and he knew as many people as they knew few. He had appointments—very often with celebrities—for every hour of the day, and memoranda, sometimes in shorthand, on tablets with elastic straps, with which he dazzled the simple folk at the *Hôtel de l'Univers et de Cheltenham*, whose social life, of narrow range, consisted mainly in reading the lists of Americans who “registered” at the bankers, and at Galignani's. Delia Dosson, in particular, had a way of poring solemnly over these records which exasperated Mr. Flack, who skimmed them and found what he wanted in the flash of an eye: she kept the others waiting while she satisfied herself that Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Rosenheim and Miss Cora Rosenheim and Master Samuel Rosenheim had “left for Brussels.”

Mr. Flack was wonderful on all occasions in finding what he wanted (which, as we know, was what he believed the public wanted), and Delia was the only one of the party with whom he was sometimes a little sharp. He had embraced from the first the idea that she was his enemy, and he alluded to it with almost tiresome frequency, though always in a humorous,

fearless strain. Even more than by her fashion of hanging over the registers she provoked him by appearing to think that their little party was not sufficient to itself; by wishing, as he expressed it, to work in new stuff. He might have been easy, however, for he had sufficient chance to observe how it was always the fate of the Dossons to miss their friends. They were continually looking out for meetings and combinations that never came off, hearing that people had been in Paris only after they had gone away, or feeling convinced that they were there but not to be found through their not having registered, or wondering whether they should overtake them if they should go to Dresden, and then making up their minds to start for Dresden, only to learn, at the eleventh hour, through some accident, that the elusive party had gone to Biarritz. “We know plenty of people if we could only come across them,” Delia had said more than once: she scanned the continent with a wondering, baffled gaze, and talked of the unsatisfactory way in which friends at home would “write out” that other friends were “somewhere in Europe.” She expressed the wish that such correspondents as that might be in a place that was not at all vague. Two or three times people had called at the hotel when they were out, and had left cards for them without any address, superscribed, with a mocking dash of the pencil, “Off to-morrow!” The girl sat looking at these cards, handling them and turning them over for a quarter of an hour at a time: she produced them days afterwards, brooding over them afresh, as if they were a mystic clue. George Flack generally knew where they were, the people who were “somewhere in Europe.” Such knowledge came to him by a kind of intuition, by the voices of the air, by indefinable and unteachable processes. But he held his peace on purpose: he didn't want any outsiders: he thought their little party just right. Mr. Dosson's place

in the scheme of providence was to go with Delia while he himself went with Francie, and nothing would have induced George Flack to disfigure that equation.

The young man was professionally so occupied with other people's affairs that it should doubtless be mentioned to his praise that he still managed to have affairs—or at least an affair—of his own. That affair was Francie Dosson, and he was pleased to perceive how little *she* cared what had become of Mr. and Mrs. Rosenheim, and Master Samuel and Miss Cora. He counted all the things she didn't care about—her soft inadvertent eyes helped him to do that; and they footed up so, as he would have said, that they gave him a pleasant sense of a free field. If she had so few interests, there was the greater possibility that a young man of bold conceptions and cheerful manners might become one. She had usually the air of waiting for something with a sort of amused resignation, while tender, shy, indefinite little fancies hummed in her brain; so that she would perhaps recognize in him the reward of patience. George Flack was aware that he exposed his friends to considerable fatigue: he brought them back pale and taciturn from suburban excursions, and from wanderings often rather aimless and casual among the boulevards and avenues of the town. He regarded them at such moments with complacency, however, for these were hours of diminished resistance: he had an idea that he should be able eventually to circumvent Delia if he could only watch for some time when she was tired. He liked to make them all feel helpless and dependent, and this was not difficult with people who were so modest and artless, so unconscious of the boundless power of wealth. Sentiment, in our young man, was not a scruple nor a source of weakness; but he thought it really touching, the little these good people knew of what they could do with their money. They had in their hands a weapon of infinite

range, and yet they were incapable of firing a shot for themselves. They had a kind of social humility: it appeared never to have occurred to them that, added to their amiability, their money gave them a value. This used to strike George Flack on certain occasions when he came back to find them in the places where he had dropped them while he rushed off to give a turn to one of his screws. They never played him false, never wearied of waiting; always sat patient and submissive, usually at a café to which he had introduced them, or in a row of chairs on the boulevard, or in the Tuileries or the Champs Elysées.

He introduced them to many cafés, in different parts of Paris, being careful to choose those which (in his view) young ladies might frequent with propriety, and there were two or three in the neighbourhood of their hotel where they became frequent and familiar figures. As the late spring days grew warmer and brighter they usually sat outside on the "terrace"—the little expanse of small tables at the door of the establishment, where Mr. Flack, on the return, could descry them from afar at their post in exactly the same position to which he had committed them. They complained of no satiety in watching the many-coloured movement of the Parisian streets; and if some of the features in the panorama were base they were only so in a version which the imagination of our friends was incapable of supplying. George Flack considered that he was rendering a positive service to Mr. Dosson: wouldn't the old gentleman have sat all day in the court anyway? And wasn't the boulevard better than the court? It was his theory, too, that he flattered and caressed Miss Francie's father, for there was no one to whom he had furnished more copious details about the affairs, the projects and prospects, of the Reverberator. He had left no doubt in the old gentleman's mind as to the race he himself intended to run, and Mr. Dosson used to say to him every day, the first

thing, "Well, where have you got to now?" as if he took a real interest. George Flack narrated his interviews, to which Delia and Francie gave attention only in case they knew something of the persons on whom the young emissary of the Reverberator had conferred this distinction; whereas Mr. Dosson listened, with his tolerant interposition of, "Is that so?" and "Well, that's good," just as submissively when he heard of the celebrity in question for the first time.

In conversation with his daughters Mr. Flack was frequently the theme, though introduced much more by the young ladies than by himself, and especially by Delia, who announced at an early period that she knew what he wanted and that it wasn't in the least what *she* wanted. She amplified this statement very soon—at least as regards her interpretation of Mr. Flack's designs: a certain mystery still hung about her own, which, as she intimated, had much more to recommend them. Delia's vision of the danger as well as the advantage of being a pretty girl was closely connected (and this was natural) with the idea of "engagement": this idea was in a manner complete in itself, and her imagination failed, in the oddest way, to carry it into the next stage. She wanted her sister to be engaged, but she didn't at all wish her to be married, and she had not clearly made up her mind as to how Francie was to enjoy both the promotion and the arrest. It was a secret source of humiliation to her that there had as yet, to her knowledge, been no one with whom her sister had exchanged vows: if her conviction on this subject could have expressed itself intelligibly it would have given you a glimpse of a droll state of mind—a dim theory that a bright girl ought to be able to try successive aspirants. Delia's conception of what such a trial might consist of was strangely innocent: it was made up of calls and walks and buggy-drives, and above all of being spoken of as engaged;

and it never occurred to her that a repetition of lovers rubs off a young lady's delicacy. She felt herself a born old maid, and never dreamed of a lover of her own—he would have been dreadfully in her way; but she dreamed of love as something in its nature very delicate. All the same she discriminated: it did lead to something after all, and she desired that for Francie it should not lead to a union with Mr. Flack. She looked at such a union in the light of that other view which she kept as yet to herself, but which she was ready to produce so soon as the right occasion should come up; and she told her sister that she would never speak to her again if she should let this young man suppose— And here she always paused, plunging again into impressive reticence.

"Suppose what?" Francie asked, as if she were totally unacquainted (which indeed she really was) with the suppositions of young men.

"Well, you'll see, when he begins to say things you won't like." This sounded ominous on Delia's part, but she had in reality very little apprehension; otherwise she would have risen against the custom adopted by Mr. Flack of perpetually coming round: she would have given her attention (though it struggled in general unsuccessfully with all this side of their life) to some prompt means of getting away from Paris. She told her father what in her view the correspondent of the Reverberator was "after"; but it must be added that she did not make him feel very strongly on the matter. This, however, was not of importance, with her inner sense that Francie would never really do anything—that is, wouldn't really like anything—they didn't like.

Her sister's docility was a great comfort to her, especially as it was addressed in the first instance to herself. She liked and disliked certain things much more than the girl herself did either; and Francie was glad to take advantage of her reasons, having so few of her own. They served—

Delia's reasons—for Mr. Dosson as well, so that Francie was not guilty of any particular irreverence in regarding her sister, rather than her father, as the controller of her fate. A fate was rather a cumbersome and formidable possession, which it relieved her that some kind person should undertake the keeping of. Delia had somehow got hold of hers first—before even her father, and ever so much before Mr. Flack; and it lay with Delia to make any change. She couldn't have accepted any gentleman as a husband without reference to Delia, any more than she could have done up her hair without a glass. The only action taken by Mr. Dosson in consequence of his elder daughter's revelations was to embrace the idea as a subject of daily pleasantry. He was fond, in his intercourse with his children, of some small usual joke, some humorous refrain; and what could have been more in the line of true domestic sport than a little gentle but unintermitted railery upon Francie's conquest? Mr. Flack's attributive intentions became a theme of indulgent parental chaff, and the girl was neither dazzled nor annoyed by such familiar references to them. "Well, he *has* told us about half we know," she used often to reply.

Among the things he told them was that this was the very best time in the young lady's life to have her portrait painted, and the best place in the world to have it done well: also that he knew a "lovely artist," a young American of extraordinary talent, who would be delighted to undertake the work. He conducted them to this gentleman's studio, where they saw several pictures by which they were considerably mystified. Francie protested that she didn't want to be done *that* way, and Delia declared that she would as soon have her sister shown up in a magic lantern. They had had the fortune not to find Mr.

Waterlow at home, so that they were free to express themselves, and the pictures were shown them by his servant. They looked at them as they looked at bonnets and *confections* when they went to expensive shops: as if it were a question, among so many specimens, of the style and colour they would choose. Mr. Waterlow's productions struck them for the most part in the same manner as those garments which ladies classify as frights, and they went away with a very low opinion of the young American master. George Flack told them, however, that they couldn't get out of it, inasmuch as he had already written home to the Reverberator that Francie was to sit. They accepted this somehow as a kind of supernatural sign that she would have to; for they believed everything that they heard quoted from a newspaper. Moreover Mr. Flack explained to them that it would be idiotic to miss such an opportunity to get something at once precious and cheap; for it was well known that Impressionism was going to be the art of the future, and Charles Waterlow was a rising Impressionist. It was a new system altogether, and the latest improvement in art. They didn't want to go back, they wanted to go forward, and he would give them an article that would fetch five times the money in a couple of years. They were not in search of a bargain, but they allowed themselves to be inoculated with any reason which they thought would be characteristic of earnest people; and he even convinced them, after a little, that when once they had got used to impressionism they would never look at anything else. Mr. Waterlow was *the* man, among the young, and he had no interest in praising him, because he was not a personal friend: his reputation was advancing with strides, and any one with any sense would want to secure something before the rush.

HENRY JAMES.

(To be continued.)

VIRGIL IN ENGLISH VERSE.

THAT Virgil should be the most translated and the most untranslatable of poets is not wonderful: it is only another way of saying that more than any other poet he kindles in his readers the thirst after expression, the desire of repayment. And yet his supreme magic is, like all supreme qualities, essentially inimitable: *inceptus clamor frustratur hiantes*: they perish, and he remains.

But it is in human nature that translations should continue to be made, since in no other way can the desire come so near being satisfied of saying what we think about Virgil. For a translation is in a sense the sum of the translator's criticism and appreciation of his author: he says in it, in his own words, what effect the original has produced on him. For the perfect translation two qualities would be required: perfect apprehension of the thing translated, and perfect power of putting this apprehension into words; and beyond these two qualities nothing else. Whether a scholar and poet great enough to appreciate Virgil fully would often have time or inclination to translate him, when so many other matters call on him for utterance, were too curious a question. By doing so he would to a certain degree abandon the function of a poet for that of a critic, and poets cannot well be spared for other work. The chances are that a modern poet would only care to translate Virgil in the way in which Virgil himself translated Theocritus or Homer: though Mr. Morris's *Æneid* (which is not only a remarkable poem, but one of the most important criticisms ever made on Virgil) is such an exception as disproves the rule. Conington, in 1861, concluded his review of the English translators of Virgil by pronouncing

it unlikely that the attempt to translate him into verse would be often made in the future, and hinting that sweet were the uses of prose. His judgment that scholars would prefer prose has been signally falsified: it is a small, though possibly a deserved, compliment to scholars to think that they would naturally prefer the inferior to the superior form of language. Conington proceeded forthwith to translate Virgil into verse himself. And since then there have been more partial or complete verse-translations than ever—in blank verse, in heroic couplets, in ballad-couplets, in stanzas; and now by Sir Charles Bowen in a metre which, if not precisely of his own invention, has never been reduced to the same rules and employed on the same scale before.

This metre Sir Charles Bowen considers to be a modification of the English hexameter. It is (if technical language may be allowed for the sake of precision) a rhyming line, in triple measure, containing six stresses, and beginning and ending on a stressed syllable. It corresponds, as exactly as an English can correspond to a Latin metre, to the dactylic pentameter if the first half of the line were full: as if, for example, we were to alter the couplet of Ovid into,

“ Et tamen ille tunc felix *Æneides* auctor
Contulit in Tyrios simul arma virumque
toros.”

It is obvious that a pentameter thus altered would still remain essentially different from a hexameter in rhythmical effect; and if Sir Charles Bowen's verse be spoken of as a hexameter, this must be carefully kept in mind. As an English form of verse it is the same, with one exception (that the line is begun on a

stressed syllable), as that of the earlier sections of *Maud*. But this exception is of capital importance. To understand it, we must consider what may be called the natural quality of English rhythm.

In early English poetry we find the systems of falling and rising rhythm—that is to say, of rhythms in which the stressed syllables precede the unstressed, and rhythms in which the unstressed syllables precede the stressed—both in use and fighting for predominance. The first was combined with an initial, the second with a final assonance. But with Langland the former system said its last word. Whether from the effect of the personal genius of Chaucer, from the overpowering authority of French and Italian poetry, or from some inherent quality of the English language, the rising rhythm alone has been since then used for continuous poetical composition: with few exceptions, and these chiefly lyrical, iambic and anapaestic verse have driven out trochaic and dactylic. Partly this is due to the prevalence of rhymed verse: trochaic or dactylic metres imply double or triple rhymes, and to these the English language does not lend itself; while the use of rhyme at all, means that the line rises towards the end and culminates on the last stressed syllable. But even if rhyme be put out of account, the normal, and by this time we may say the necessary, form of blank verse is iambic. Mr. Browning's *One Word More* is a singular instance of the falling trochaic rhythm being chosen, for special reasons, and with the explicit purpose of making a poem different from all other poems; while of dactylic verse ("dactyls, call'st thou 'em?") except for the attempts made to write English hexameters after the Latin model, there is hardly a specimen in our poetry.

Again, there are two forms of six-stressed triple metre natural to English, differing from each other in that one divides the line midway and the

other does not. *Cæsura* properly speaking does not exist in English, and cannot exist in any poetry which is not quantitative.¹ But the effect of a *cæsura* may be obtained by beginning the rhythm anew from a fresh unaccented base in the middle of the line; and this is the only method in English of giving that double movement of fall and rise which is given by the *cæsura* to the Greek and Latin hexameters. The undivided line has no quality in common with the classical hexameter except that of having six stresses; and its movement is so extremely rapid that it can hardly be used except for lyrical poetry. To make the difference more clear, a passage in each metre is added; the one from *Maud*, the other from Mr. Morris's translation of the *Volo-spá*, the creation of Ask and Embla.

"A million emeralds break from the ruby-budded line
In the little grove where I sit—ah, wherefore cannot I be
Like things of the season gay, like the bountiful season bland,
When the far-off sail is blown by the breeze of a softer clime,
Half-lost in the liquid azure bloom of a crescent of sea,
The silent sapphire-spangled marriage ring of the land!"

"There were twain, and they went upon earth, and were speechless, unmighty and wan;
They were hopeless, deathless, lifeless, and the Mighty named them Man:
Then they gave them speech and power, and they gave them colour and breath;
And deeds and the hope they gave them, and they gave them Life and Death:
Yea hope, as the hope of the Framers; yea night, as the Fashioners had,
Till they wrought, and rejoiced in their bodies, and saw their sons and were glad:

¹ The word *cæsura* is here used in its strict sense of a break at the end of a half-foot, or, to speak metrically, a division in the line from which the rhythm starts again with reversed stress: thus in a *senarius* the rhythm goes on from the *cæsural* pause as trochaic, and in a hexameter as anapaestic. In a line of English blank verse there may be a break, but there is no change of rhythm.

And they changed their lives and departed,
 and came back as the leaves of the trees
 Come back and increase in the summer :—
 and I, I, I am of these ;
 And I know of them that have fashioned,
 and the deeds that have blossomed and
 grow ;
 But nought of the Gods' repentance, or the
 Gods' undoing I know."

The former of these is the verse which Sir Charles Bowen has chosen for his translation ; but with a view of making it like the Latin hexameter he has forbidden himself the use of unaccented opening syllables, and (except when Nature has been too strong for him) makes the line begin uniformly on a stressed syllable so as to give the apparent effect of a falling rhythm.

Against this treatment the English language revolts. The simplest measure of the disastrous difficulties in which it involves the writer is that it makes it impossible to begin a line with an unstressed monosyllable, with any word like "the," "of," or "and." Sir Charles Bowen has employed extreme dexterity in avoiding them. But in spite of all imaginable dexterity it becomes every now and then necessary either to let the metre break down, or to keep it up at the expense of awkward ellipses and asyndeta. Lines like,

"Or when silver or marble is set in the yellow
 of gold"—

"May our children for ever preserve its me-
 mory bright"—

"Till our way to the billock and ancient
 shrine we had wrought"—

have only five stresses, not six : lines like,

"When I beheld their serried ranks, their
 martial fire"—

"Thine own shade, my sire, thine own dis-
 consolate shade"—

"Lest thy bark, of her rudder bereft, and
 her helmsman lost,
 Might be unequal to combat the wild seas
 round her that tossed"—

have no definite rhythm at all ; yet it

is better to have such lines than to write English like,

"Lioness chases the wolf, wolf follows the
 goat in her flight,
 Frolicking she-goat roves to the cytissus
 flower to be fed."

"Enough I suffer of wrong
 Home who have once seen plundered, sur-
 vived Troy, foes in her heart."

"Tyrians too this festival night to the palace
 repair,
 Places found them on couches with bright
 embroidery fair,
 Gaze on the Trojan gifts, on the boy Iulus'
 eyes."

This is a grammatical extravagance which may seem slight in a single instance ; but the way in which it recurs on every page jars on the reader's nerves at last, as does the perpetual and wearisome *enjambement* which makes one line end with a weak epithet in order to get the substantive at the beginning of the next.

"Facing the porch, on the threshold itself,
 stands Pyrrhus in bright
 Triumph, with glittering weapons, a flashing
 mirror of light."

"Tramples on law divine, Polydorus slays,
 and with bold
 Hand on the treasure seizes."

Ibi omnis ejfus labor : against such inherent vice of metre the brilliant merits of this translation contend fruitlessly.

It is hardly possible to determine theoretically what form of English verse is most suited for translating Virgil : the best will no doubt be that in which the best translation is made. But it is possible to state certain general principles. No form of verse which is not of the first rank, which has not been carried by skill and practice somewhere near perfection, can ever hope to convey anything of Virgil's great distinction of mastery, of the perfect smoothness, the jewel-finish of his workmanship. And (dactylic verse in English being out of the question) no metre but an iambic one can hope to reproduce his stateliness and equability of move-

ment. These long smooth anapæstics are before all things rapid. Now Virgil can be rapid when he chooses; but rapidity is the last word that one would think of applying to the typical Virgilian line. Aristotle calls the Homeric hexameter, "the stateliest of verses." In Latin hands it acquired a still greater stateliness, a more weighty and majestic movement; and with Virgil it is beyond all rivalry, "the stateliest measure ever moulded by the lips of man." It is worth observing that, in the poem where these words occur, Lord Tennyson has seized its quality with extraordinary art, by using an immensely long line where the insertion of a full foot in place of a cæsura makes the verse fall apart in a surge and recoil like that of the hexameter itself. Against the English hexameter properly so called the case has long ago gone by default. The fact that an English sentence may naturally fall into hexameter-rhythm (as in "How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning!") proves nothing, "for it is also likely that many unlikely things should happen." Nor does it prove much more that there are a few Elizabethan hexameters of great beauty,¹ or that in the hands of an eminent master of language it is even now possible, as Mr. Arnold has proved in his Lectures on Translating Homer, to render a short passage into lines which shall have something of the force and dignity of the original. It remains true, after all is said, that a metre depending on quantity and cæsura for its very essence is not natural in a language which possesses neither. Sir Richard Fanshawe's noble translation of the fourth Æneid into Spenserian verse

¹ Perhaps the most graceful ever written are those of Greene.

"Days in grief and nights consumed to think
on a goddess,
Broken sleeps, sweet dreams but short from
the night to the morning."

Nothing could be better than this; but it is only a *tour de force* after all.

probably shows the utmost that can be done with that stanza. One quotation may be given from it (Æn. iv. 420-434),

"Yet try for me this once; for only thee
That perjured soul adores, to thee will
show
His secret thoughts: thou, when his seasons be
And where the man's accessible, dost know.
Go, sister, meekly speak to the proud
foe:
I was not with the Greeks at Aulis
sworn
To raze the Trojan name, nor did I go
'Gainst Ilium with my fleet, neither have
torn
Anchises' ashes up from his profaned urn.

"Why is he deaf to my entreaties? whither
So fast? It is a lover's last desire
That he would but forsake me in fair
weather,
And a safe time. I do not now aspire
To his broke wedlock-vow, neither require
He should fair Latium and a sceptre leave:
Poor time I beg, my passions to retire,
Truce to my woe; nor pardon, but re-
prieve,
Till griefs, familiar grown, have taught me
how to grieve.

A verse that can be so handled, that can keep balance and dignity while following with extraordinary closeness the structure and diction of the Latin, cannot be dismissed lightly. But any stanza-verse is under heavy disadvantages as compared with a verse which is continuous. It is in blank verse, and in it only, that the greatest rhythmical effects in English have been attained; but who can write blank verse?—hardly three men in a century. A long passage from the eighth Æneid rendered into admirable blank verse by Cowper stands as yet almost alone. Next to it, in the technical perfection to which it has been carried, comes the decasyllabic couplet; and in this it is possible that the last word will be said. Stateliness and sweetness, Virgil's two great qualities, it is capable of to any degree; nor is there any other metre which admits such variety of treatment. From the pastoral couplet of Browne to the

heroic couplet of Dryden it covers as great a range as the Latin hexameter. In the hands of Keats it reached a subtlety and complexity of harmony comparable to that of Virgil in his earlier work. "Lamia leaves on my ear," says Mr. F. T. Palgrave, "an echo like the delicate richness of Virgil's hexameter in the Eclogues: the note of his magical inner sweetness is, in some degree, reached upon a different instrument"; and Mr. Frederic Myers, whose fragments of Virgilian translation are only disappointing from their scantiness, has shown how it may be adapted to a periodic structure with something approaching the fluidity of blank verse itself. There is some advantage, in dealing with Virgil, of getting a line which shall more or less correspond in length to his; and with the heroic couplet it is true that one line of the English is, as a rule, too little for one line of the Latin, and two are too much. But the disadvantage is more apparent than real. It is not on his single lines that Virgil depends: it is on his single phrases, his "lonely words." *Vobis parva quies—absentem auditque ridetque—nihil o tibi amice relictum—dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos*: it is in such phrases as these, full of strange depths of music, of half-tones and melancholy cadences, rather than in the great rhetorical single lines, that the peculiar charm of Virgil lies.

Nor is that translation necessarily the best which keeps most to the outward form of the original. If the office of a poetical translation be to reproduce that effect on the reader which the original has produced on the translator, a hundred influences must intervene, and the effect come through strange channels of association. Take the great line twice spoken in the Iliad, once by Glaucus in the sixth book, once by Nestor in the eleventh, αἰὲν ἀρστέειν καὶ ὑπέρροχον ἔρμεναι ἄλλων—how does Pope deal with it? Here are the two passages from his translation,

"Hippolochus survived; from him I came
The honoured author of my birth and name;
By his decree I sought the Trojan town,
By his instructions learn to win renown,
To stand the first in worth as in command,
To add new honours to my native land,
Before my eyes my mighty sires to place,
And emulate the glories of our race."

"We then explained the cause on which we came,
Urged you to arms, and found you fierce for fame.
Your ancient fathers generous precepts gave,
Pelex said only this—'My son, be brave.'"

It is not necessary to determine which of these is the better translation, the two couplets or the two words. The important point is, that both the gorgeous rhetorical amplification of the one and the concentrated brevity of the other give just that lifting of the heart which the single line of Homer gives with the incomparable Homeric simplicity. Or, to return to Virgil: stateliness and sweetness are his unfailing qualities, the qualities in which he excels all other poets: a translation which should keep these qualities need not trouble itself much about lesser matters. The standard of accuracy required has risen, of its own accord as it were, to such a point that it can take care of itself. Conington's translation in this respect set a standard for all the future. No one would tolerate now, for the sake of any vigour or dignity, such swinging carelessness, such school-boy scholarship as Dryden's; but just for that reason, we are safe against any one making the attempt on so slender a base of knowledge, or with such contempt for the outward form of Virgil, as Dryden did. Mr. Morris, who alone has given the Virgilian sweetness, as Dryden alone has given the Virgilian stateliness, keeps as closely to the original as Conington himself; and now Sir Charles Bowen has shown that even greater accuracy in this respect is possible. But to produce a translation which should hold the field, not only the standard of accuracy set by modern scholarship,

but also the standard of stateliness set by Dryden and the standard of sweetness set by Mr. Morris, have become essential for all the future. Two examples will illustrate this. The first is Dryden's, the second Mr. Morris's translation of *Æneid* vi. 450-466,

“Not far from these, Phœnician Dido stood,
Fresh from her wound, her bosom bathed in
blood ;
Whom when the Trojan hero hardly knew,
Obscure in shades, and with a doubtful
view,
Doubtful as he who sees, through dusky
night,
Or thinks he sees, the moon's uncertain
light,
With tears he first approached the sullen
shade ;
And, as his love inspired him, thus he
said :
“Unhappy queen ! then is the common
breath
Of rumour true, in your reported death,
And I, alas ! the cause ?—By heaven I
vow,
And all the powers that rule the realms
below,
Unwilling I forsook your friendly state,
Commanded by the gods, and forced by
Fate,
Those gods, that Fate, whose unresisted
might
Has sent me to these regions void of light,
Through the vast empire of eternal night.
Nor dared I to presume that, pressed with
grief,
My flight should urge you through this dire
relief.
Stay, stay your steps, and listen to my
vows !
'Tis the last interview that Fate allows !’”
“Midst whom Phœnician Dido now, fresh
from the iron bane,
Went wandering in that mighty wood ; and
when the Trojan man
First dimly knew her standing by amid the
glimmer wan—
E'en as in earliest of the month one sees the
moon arise,
Or seems to see her at the least in cloudy
drift of skies—
He spake, and let the tears fall down by all
love's sweetness stirred :
‘Unhappy Dido, was it true, that bitter
following word,
That thou wert dead, by sword hadst sought
the utter end of all ?
Was it thy very death I wrought ? Ah ! on
the stars I call,
I call the Gods and whatso faith the nether
earth may hold,
To witness that against my will I left thy
field and fold !

But that same bidding of the Gods, whereby
e'en now I wend
Through dark, through deserts rusty-rough,
through night without an end,
Drave me with doom. Nor held my heart
in anywise belief
That my departure from thy land might
work thee such a grief.
O stay thy feet ! nor tear thyself from my
beholding thus.
Whom fleest thou ? this word is all that Fate
shall give to us.’”

Sir Charles Bowen translates the same passage thus :

“Fresh from her death-wound still, here
Dido, the others among,
Roamed in a spacious wood. Through
shadow the chieftain soon
Dimly discerned her face, as a man, when
the month is but young,
Sees, or believes he has seen, amid cloudlets
shining, the moon.
Tears in his eyes, he addressed her with
tender love as of old :
‘True then, sorrowful Dido, the messenger
fires that told
Thy sad death, and the doom thou soughtest
of choice by thy hand !
Was it, alas ! to a grave that I did thee !
Now by the bright
Stars, by the Gods, and the faith that abides
in realms of the Night,
’Twas unwillingly, lady, I bade farewell to
thy land.
Yet, the behest of Immortals,—the same
which bids me to go
Through these shadows, the wilderness mire
and the darkness below,—
Drove me imperiously thence, nor possessed
I power to believe
I at departing had left thee in grief thus
bitter to grieve.
Tarry, and turn not away from a face that
on thine would dwell ;
’Tis thy lover thou fleest, and this is our
last farewell !’”

Certainly one cannot borrow the famous formula and say that Sir Charles Bowen's translation would be better if he had taken more pains. The more one studies it, the more is one impressed by the delicate and unwearying labour that has been spent upon it, by his fine and conscientious scholarship, by the persistency with which he has striven to give Virgil's very turns of expression. In one matter indeed he has allowed himself an unfortunate laxity. For Virgil, more than for most poetry, the metre, whichever be chosen, should be adhered to with rigorous accuracy.

Sir Charles Bowen has started on a basis of rhymed couplets, but in his arrangement of rhymes he uses extreme licence. Triplets, quatrains, various combinations of five, of six, and even of seven-lined stanzas, break into the couplet-system so freely that one is never sure what rhyme is to come next. Systems of irregularly grouped rhymes may be employed with exquisite effect in lyrical poetry; and indeed in the Eclogues, where (as in the songs of Theocritus) there is always something of a lyrical note, he often uses them with great beauty. But in an epic it is another matter. Thus in *Æneid* vi. 637-665, the thirty lines of his translation are made up as follows: a stanza of five lines, a couplet, a quatrain, a couplet, a quatrain, a stanza of seven lines, a couplet, a quatrain. Mr. Swinburne's recent freak of writing a whole scene of a tragedy in sonnets¹ is hardly more violent than this. Yet if any adverse criticism be allowable, it is rather over-elaboration, never carelessness, that must be laid to his charge; as though he had occasionally forgotten, in his minute study of the language, that Virgil is in the first place a poet, and that "the facility and golden cadence of poesy" are the first qualities at which a translator must aim. Virgil's security of workmanship was so great that he could say anything: by a strange magic the commonest words, the most prosaic expressions, became poetical from the mere fact that he used them. But it does not follow that a translator may say anything.

"Anon each mariner brave
Bakes in the fire, then crushes, his barley
snatched from the wave."

Virgil, *hordea qui dixit*, might speak (though he does not) of snatching barley: a translator does so at his own peril.

"Second in order of honour the brave who
sundered her chains,
He who spitted the pole with his feathered
reed is the last."

This is grotesque, and Virgil is never grotesque. And alongside of this is the other fact, which must always be the despair of a translator, that Virgil had a greater power than any other poet ever has had of saturating his language with second meanings, as some precious stones are full of under-lights. A translator has often to make his choice between leaving these out altogether or dragging them to the surface; in either case the magic is gone. "All but the grieving queen;" how much too little for the splendid and sombre cadence of the *At non infelix animi Phoenixissa!* "Such is the bees' sweet fever in summer's earliest prime;" how much too much for the two simple words, *ferret opus*, of the Latin! Yet Sir Charles Bowen has often caught the golden mean, nay even the golden cadence:

"Hesper from Oeta's summit for thee sails
into the night":

the feeling of the "lonely word" in *tibi describit Hesperus Etan* could not be more admirably rendered. Or again,

"Maenalus ever has forests that sing to him;
ever a sigh
Speaks in his pines,"—

or

"Memory even of this may be joy in the
distant years,"

or a passage where the liquid flow of the Latin is given with great beauty, (*Æn.* iv. 522-527)

"Now was the night. Tired limbs upon
earth were folded to sleep,
Silent the forests and fierce sea-waves; in
the firmament deep
Midway rolled heaven's stars; no sound on
the meadows stirred;
Every beast of the field, each bright-hued
feathery bird
Haunting the limpid lakes, or the tangled
briary glade,
Under the silent night in sleep were peace-
fully laid."

Such lines as these almost make one believe in the possibility of the metre.

To us, as to all the world since Virgil's time, Latin poetry means what

¹ Loocrine, Act i. sc. 2.

Virgil made it; and it is not without difficulty that we can put ourselves back in the pre-Virgilian period, the pre-Virgilian habit of mind. Surprise has often been expressed that by the publication of the Eclogues Virgil should at once have obtained a success of enthusiasm which has hardly a parallel in literature. Ten short pieces, full of confused learning and of halting allegory; where the scenery is an impossible combination of Mantua, of Sicily, of Arcadia; where the manners of country and court are mixed up in hopeless confusion; where line after line is translated, and sometimes positively mis-translated, from Theocritus; how should these poems have produced so extraordinary an effect? But the more we study them, the more that "magical inner sweetness" overcomes us: the more clearly we see that this was indeed a new thing in the world. Between the Idyls and the Eclogues a change has taken place comparable to the change in the twilight of a summer night between evening and morning: insensibly we have left one world, and entered upon another. The outlines are the same, even to those of the light clouds in the sky; but over all the face of Nature there has come a new spirit. All the wide and undefinable meaning included in the word romance suddenly breaks upon us. *Atque animam ex robis unus, vestrique fuisse!* the cry of the whole world, the sadness and beauty of life, has at last in words like these found perfect expression. It is this note of infinite tenderness, the same which later in the Georgics told of the lover's madness, "to be forgiven surely, if Death knew forgiveness," the same which later in the *Æneid* spoke of "the tears of things," that made Virgil from the first a new interpreter of life, a voice of one who knows all that may be known of sorrow and of hope. "Perhaps this is the reason," to quote Cardinal Newman's words, for in one sentence he has summed up the deepest Virgilian criticism, "of the medieval opinion about Virgil, as if a prophet

or magician; his single words and phrases, his pathetic half-lines, giving utterance, as the voice of Nature herself, to that pain and weariness, yet hope of better things, which is the experience of her children in every time."

The greatest Greek literature has a perfection of form which has never been equalled; but that perfection is so consummate, and attained by means so simple, that it almost conceals itself, becoming dark with excess of brightness. The words seem to have fallen into their place inevitably: there is no trace of labour: it is as though what they saw or felt put itself into language by instinct and without effort. Beside Homer or Sophocles at their highest, even Milton, even Virgil sounds heavy and artificial.

Ἐπεὶ πέπρακται πᾶν τὸ τοῦ θεοῦ καλῶς,
χαρῶμεν.

so Sophocles says, and the terrible simplicity, the superhuman serenity of the words awes us into silence. With Dante again, as with Pindar, who stands alone among the Greeks, style is a passion. He flings himself upon style with a vehemence that makes everything go down before it: his language is raised as it were to a white heat, and burns where it touches. But Virgil is the perfect artist, dealing considerably with a difficult matter, melting a reluctant language in the sevenfold furnace of an intense imagination, forging and tempering, retempering and reforging, till the last trace of imperfection disappears. The finished work carries the result of all the labour, but it is transformed into beauty. In Milton alone is there another instance of such superb continuity of workmanship, such ardour of genius fusing immense masses of intractable material and sustaining itself, by sheer force of style, at a height which is above danger, secure in its own strength. But the tenderness and sweetness of Virgil, *come colui che piange e dice*, is all his own. And to us it has come charged with the added sweetness of a thousand

memories: the wreck of the ancient world, the slow reconstruction of the Middle Ages, the vast movement of later times. The fanatical self-reproaches of Saint Augustine hardly conceal the stirring of heart with which he looks back to the clinging enchantment of the *Æneid*; and we may fancy that as he lay dying in Hippo, the clamour of the siege and the cries of Genseric and his Vandals mingled in his mind with the old unforgotten romance of his boyhood, the siege and sack of Troy, *equus ligneus plenus armatis, et Trojæ incendium, atque ipsius umbra Creusæ*.¹ The earliest dawn of new light upon England found Bede, in his northern monastery, making timid attempts to copy the music of the Eclogues. Throughout the Middle Ages Virgil was a beneficent wizard, a romance-writer and a sorcerer, his name recurring strangely among all the greatest names of history or fable. To the scholarship of the Renaissance he

became a poet again, but still Prince of poets, still with something of divine attributes. For us, who inherit from all these ages, he is the gathered sum of what to all these ages he has been. But it is as a voice of Nature that he now appeals to us most; as a voice of one who in his strength and sweetness is not too steadfastly felicitous to have sympathy with human weakness and pain. Through the imperial roll of his rhythm there rises a note of all but intolerable pathos; and in the most golden flow of his verse he still brings us near him by a faint accent of trouble. This is why he beyond all other poets is the Comforter; and in the darkest times, when the turmoil within or around us, *confusæ sonus urbis et illatabile murmur*, seems too great to sustain, we may still hear him saying, as Dante heard him in the solemn splendour of dawn on the Mountain of Purgatory: "My son, here may be agony, but not death; remember, remember!"

¹ Aug. Conf. I. xiii. 4.

BURFORD.

On a wild March morning, gray with long banks of lowering cloud, we came over a bare ridge with hardly a tree in sight—the very hedgerows had been succeeded by stone walls. Long weary fields of poor, thin land rose and fell in low, even slopes to the horizon on either hand. The very road itself seemed to become poorer and thinner as it dipped sharply over the hill, and pointed at the white, dusty-looking walls and gray roofs of a little huddling town. The only mark of interest at that distance was a broad Perpendicular church, with a stout, grave spire lying out to the right; the town or village climbing on the left nearly to the top of the hill, and descending to the prosperous brimming stream that moved silently down the centre of the valley.

It did not look as if it would yield many memories to take away, that little town. It looked not so much remote from the world as limping behind it, like fashion-plates of the Exhibition year: it did not seem, from the top of the hill, old enough to be quaint, or retired enough to be simple-minded.

As the road began to pass between houses—low and mean enough, sometimes even deserted—came our first surprise; a magnificent Jacobean mansion (or early Georgian), three stories high, with a huge flight of steps up to the door, heavy frowning cornices and massive balustrades. So important indeed was it, with its three windows on each side of the door and its faint suggestion of oaken panelling within, that a prolonged scrutiny became necessary. Behind it, in among the houses and up along the hill, lay a tall walled garden with cedars and cypresses peeping over in sombre curiosity, and a quaint pavilion just

visible. The habitation of some ancient race of petty squires, justices of the peace, fresh-faced gentlemen, such as we see in old sporting-pictures, hunting three days a week over the long, low hills, and imbibing good port with plenty of fine local talk,—like Ulysses in Ithaca, lords of a small domain. Is it only this distance from us, the consciousness that they are gone and will never come again to perplex us with their ways and deafen us with their noise, that inspires a kindly feeling for those roystering Georgian squires? The thought of them seems to bring a momentary sense of relief from the self-consciousness of modern days. We ourselves, lingering here opposite to the old comfortable house, are but an uneasy contrast to the old squire whom one can fancy standing on those steps to sniff the wind, and who would have cordially despised from the bottom of his heart one who could idle there thinking gentle thoughts, such as, God help him, he was never troubled with, about a race with whom he had so little in common.

Then, as the houses grow thicker, it becomes more and more evident that we are in an old-world town. Among the walls crop up quaint hood-mouldings and corbels, old archways filled with wrinkled oaken doors, curious grotesque heads of kings and devils extruded from mouldering eaves; till we turn the corner and find ourselves in a broad street, or rather market-place, half a mile in length, suggesting immemorial horse-fairs and crowded with all manner of quaint, incongruous houses, some, like the aforesaid Georgian mansion, retiring a little behind excellent ironwork. We note too some peaked Gothic gables, and not a few Elizabethan bow-windows—

notably those of the old inn opposite, mullioned and diamond-paned. Then we loiter into a decayed coaching inn, under a broad, square archway, through which many a four-in-hand, Highflyer or Swallow, must have rattled merrily enough now, alas! nothing but a depot of the Cyclist's Touring Club.

Mine host is lounging under the archway, inclined to grumble genially at the general decay of valuable institutions, and the lamentable want of progress so characteristic of the age. He tells us that he has held the house for many years and paid no rent at all—yet he would be glad if we would take it off his hands on the same terms! “No one comes to Burford now,” he says. “Maybe you passed a big house in the town on the Oxford road?” “We did indeed.” “That lets for twenty-five pounds a year—stabling for eight horses!”

We are served in a big, high room, adorned with stuffed foxes and hawks, by an ancient wench with frizzled hair in curl-papers. She, the host tells us, can remember the good old days when Burford had a race-meeting, which His Majesty George the Third did them the honour to attend, and can remember seeing the King stand in the street with his hat off to the loyal crowd, with his protruding, heavy-lidded eyes and face the colour of new blotting-paper. That was when insanity had washed the mischief out of him, and he was able to confine himself to his healthy domestic life, like the stiff, honest country gentleman that he was. Poor old king! he never discovered that principle extended beyond the limits of private life: public conscience was an unknown possibility to him. He strolled about Burford that day and admired the town, somewhat in the style of the memorable scene at Gloucester, when he went down before breakfast to see the bridge, followed by a gaping throng. “Well, my lads, so this is Gloucester new bridge?” said he.

“Yes, your Majesty.” “Why, then, let's have a huzzay!” after which

intellectual treat he went quietly home to breakfast!

And this is Burford, with its ancient corporate privileges identical with Oxford, with its Council and Burgesses: a town that has fallen as completely out of date as its antique custom of carrying a dragon round the town on midsummer-eve to commemorate some immemorial Saxon slaughter, when a banner with a gold dragon was among the spoils.

The quietest spot on one of the circle of hills is still called Battle Edge, and is occupied by a little farm; and yet it is not so long ago since bones and coins were ploughed up, and a confused mass of rusted metal and rotten ash-staves that was perhaps a trophy-heap of spears. Since then wholesale slaughter has kept very much out of sight there. Death has made his visits here as elsewhere; but he has made them respectably, with the Doctor and the Parson, the hatband and the gray headstone.

As we stroll down the village the sun comes out and lights up the irregular house-fronts with a genial beam. Halfway down, a little side street of low, quaint houses gives a view of a great entrance-gate and a stone wall. On the top of one gate-post a lion still ramps, and the ironwork still hangs on its hinges; but the other post is down, dislodged by some biting frost. The poor lion lies unregarded, dismembered: seven or eight yards, too, of wall are down, and so ancient is the breach that there is a regular right of way into the little park beyond. “What is that?” we say. “The old Manor, sir.” That must certainly be visited; and so we too pass in through the breach and stand below the elms and sycamores through which the grass-grown drive winds up.

Shades of the romantic, what a house!—a gabled manor with tall oriels, all overgrown with ivy. Over the door is the great Warwick shield supported by the two bears with ragged staves. In some of the windows the diamond-panes still linger:

through others you can see into deserted rooms, where the paper still hangs in shreds upon the wall: through others you see only the sky. The old house is settling to its doom: there is an ugly crack across its face, and the corner gable is at a sinister slope. To the right goes a low terraced walk, finishing in a chapel, built in that wonderful mixture of Renaissance and Gothic, almost flamboyant, of which Saint Mary's portico at Oxford with its twisted pillars is an instance. Fragments of stained glass hang in the clumsy tracery of the window, and a great snake-like branch of ivy thrusts out of the rose-window at the eastern end. The roof bows and gapes with many a rent: the floor is covered with beds of rotting leaves: behind it stretch old orchard-closes and walled gardens, where neither fruit nor flowers grow, up to a little dense wood. The whole place is a silent vision of ancient decaying splendour. In truth this old house has had strange vicissitudes. Built, as the armorial lintel shows, by the old earls of Warwick, it came by purchase into the possession of the Lord Chief Justice Tanfield in the time of Queen Elizabeth. Tanfield's daughter and heiress married the first Lord Falkland; but the old judge, a man of irascible temper, disapproving of the match, passed over both his daughter and son-in-law in his will, and left the place together with an estate at Great Tew near Oxford to his grandson, the famous Lord Falkland.

When young Lucius Cary, as he was then called, made a match with the sister of his idealised friend Sir Charles Morrison, his father, Lord Falkland, who had destined him to some higher and wealthier connection, first endeavoured to reason him out of his folly; and then in obstinate soldierly fashion gave him to understand that as he could not punish him in any more material way (seeing that he had already succeeded to his grandfather's estates), he would have noth-

ing more to do with either of them. Young Cary, passionately faithful to his father, had never meant to be undutiful; but he was firm about his marriage. To show his dutifulness, however, and to give his father the opportunity of chastening him if he wished, he offered to give up the two estates, and actually had a deed of gift prepared, which the angry father indignantly refused.

After this Falkland settled at Great Tew to his life of scholastic leisure, attracted by the proximity of Oxford. We do not hear of his living at Burford, though he was no doubt often there, as it is within easy riding distance of Tew. But it was at Tew that his court of intellect was held, where every friend of the host might arrive and order his room and dinner, might come and go unknown to any one. Falkland was a figure that politicians cannot afford to forget. He was not particularly clear-headed—what politicians are?—but he carried into his business an utter unselfishness, a wholesome fire, and an intensity of feeling for principle which already seem characteristic of an older world.

From Falkland's heirs the estate at Burford passed to a man of very different type—William Lenthall, Master of the Rolls, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and Speaker of a House of Commons quite as enthusiastic as, and probably more irritating even than that body at the present time. Why he was chosen it is hard to say. He was not very wise or popular, being a timid and cautious politician with no particular views of his own. The only remarkable thing about him indeed seems to have been his talent for amassing money, and his anxiety to conceal the fact; thus this very estate was obtained under an assumed name. His later life, we are told, was spent in arranging his huge revenues, and whatever he touched turned to gold. He purchased Burford of Falkland's heirs for seven thousand pounds, and found

it worth twice the money. All his speculations answered : the reversions he bought fell in to him speedily : he made money because he could not help it.

He had been present at some striking scenes, this money-making Speaker. It was he who was sitting under the painted canopy on that memorable day when the House was proposing to disband the army, and was on the point of coming to a vote. Suddenly, in upon their deliberations, without noise, marched that terrible figure, king of the realm in fact if not in name, with his broad, red, seamy face, his narrow linen band, his stiff black clothes and gray worsted stockings, and took his seat in ominous silence by St. John.

Presently, as Vane was speaking, Cromwell turned to St. John. "I am come to do that," he said, "which grieves me to the very soul, and that I have earnestly with tears prayed to God against—nay, I had rather be torn in pieces than do it, but there is a necessity laid upon me therein, in order to the glory of God and the good of the nation." To this sinister speech St. John, much mystified, said courteously that he knew not what he meant, but prayed it might have a happy issue for the general good.

As Vane's eloquence waxed higher, Cromwell became more and more restless, till suddenly he beckoned Harrison. "Now is the time," he said : "I must do it." "Sir," said Harrison anxiously, "the work is very great and dangerous." "You say well," answered Cromwell, and was silent for a quarter of an hour more, not, it may be confidently said, with any change of purpose, but with angry agitation, till Vane sate down and Lenthall, looking apologetically at Cromwell, rose to put the question.

Then the great man stood up, and put off his hat, and spoke. Heavens ! what a speech in the Hall of Liberty ! "Your time is come," he said, after a long invective. "The Lord hath done with you : he hath chosen other instru-

ments that are more worthy. It is the Lord hath taken me by the hand and set me on to do this thing." Members rose everywhere in their seats, but he would not suffer them to speak. "You think perhaps" he said, "that this is not parliamentary language. I know it—but expect no other from me."

Lenthall, half-paralysed by emotion, at last obtained a hearing for Wentworth, who unflinchingly gave Oliver one of the hardest downright raps he had ever received in public. He expressed himself horrified at the style of speech ; "and it was the more horrid," he said, "as proceeding from their servant, whom they by their unprecedented bounty had made what he was." Then, "Come, come, we have had enough of this," said the Protector, springing into the centre of the house. "I'll put an end to your prating. Call them in !" And the file of musketeers entered, dropping their weapons with an ominous rattle on the floor. Then he turned on the poor Speaker. "Fetch him down," he said to Harrison, pointing contemptuously to the chair. Lenthall had just enough dignity to refuse. "Take him down !" said the tyrant. Harrison went up and laid his hand on the sleeve of his gown, and he came down. By this time Cromwell had burst out into a torrent of coarse abuse, hurling hard names right and left till the place was clear. "It is you," he said, "that have forced me to this, for I have sought the Lord night and day that he would rather slay me than put upon me the doing of this work." A fine chastened temper that, for the cleanser of the shrine ! Then he put the Bill under his cloak and went out, locking the door, on which next morning the contemptuous notice appeared, "This house to be let unfurnished."

Lenthall went down to Burford to recruit his shattered nerves. It is probable that the tones of the second, "Take him down," rang somewhat vividly in his ears, as he sate arrang-

ing his revenues and looking out into the sunny valley. He never played a public part in the world again. At the Restoration he was spared, but in an uncomplimentary manner, as a man whom it was hardly worth while to waste death or dishonour upon; and indeed, in requesting as he did that his only epitaph might be *Vernis sum*, he seems to have shown a sympathetic insight into his own character. He made somewhat of an edifying end, described in a couple of curious authentic letters preserved among Bishop Kennet's papers. Declaring himself a true son of the Church, he confessed his sins, saying that his share in the King's death troubled him: like Saul, he had held the clothes of his murderers, while they despatched him, but, "God, thou knowest! I never consented to his death." After he had been absolved he died in apparent content. He was buried in the church of Burford, but no monument marks his resting-place, and perhaps it is better so.

The church lies at the bottom of the village, a grand, stately, but irregular block with a fine spire: the porch is most noble, with its high niches, groined roof, and wealth of ornament. It is a cross church with transepts, no two parts corresponding. In the centre there is a fine Norman lantern, the low-browed, heavy arch which supports it not rising half as high as the perpendicular nave; thus

from a lofty central aisle you pass beneath the round arch into a dark space under the tower, and out again into a high chancel. In the north transept stands a gorgeous, if barbaric, monument to Tanfield, with a gilt and painted canopy, crowded with obelisks and hour-glasses and quaint Renaissance scrolls. A slow plentiful stream, sliding through water-meadows, forms the boundary of the churchyard. Lower down the houses abut on the water, which is flanked by garden-walls and shady orchard-trees; and so it passes away to Minster Lovel and Sherborne and Northleach, to be absorbed at last in the volume of the Thames.

Such is Burford: a quiet gray town from which, as from the deserted house, life and thought have passed away. Its one fantastic hope of success, attested by ugly burrowings and miles of rubbish, lies buried beneath colt's-foot and fleabane, where some speculative company dug in vain for iron ore. It lies stranded now in this backwater of life, yet none the less lovely for that: a place to pass through, like a dream-city, on a peaceful day: a place that lingers in the memory, ever and again rising before the mind, drawn in neutral tints and loving, peaceful lines, when we have passed away over the hills into the roaring city and all the bewildering hurry of these un leisured modern days.

A NIGHT IN THE JUNGLE.

"THERE's nothing else for it now : we must leave the dingheys behind and go on in the canoes." Thus Easton, my companion, as he once more surveyed the rapids we had failed for the fifth time to pass in the heavy boats, and signed to the steersman of our craft to run it ashore.

We were making our way to a spot on the banks of the lovely Salween river, whither news of a tiger had attracted us. The place was difficult to reach at all times, utterly inaccessible during the rains and for two months after their cessation, for the great rainfall in Lower Burma swells the rivers to a height that is almost incredible. So the wild jungles of the Tenasserim Yomas are seldom disturbed by any but an occasional Karen hunter, who might fire a shot from his flint-lock perhaps once in ten days.

Now, in December, the swollen river had fallen nearly to its normal level, and we had arrived within ten miles of our destination, after much hard pulling and towing (when the rocky banks would allow of the latter) with frequent reminders of the dangers of our course from the hidden rocks below the surface. The place we had stopped at was a wide basin strewn with gigantic rugged boulders, round which the waters boiled and seethed as if rejoicing in their release from the gloomy rock-bound gorge above the rapid which was now to be the next stage of our journey. Clearly, there was nothing for it but to trust ourselves and our belongings to the Burmese canoes—a prospect I confess I hardly relished after eyeing the grand but turbulent stretch of water and the crank narrow craft in which we were to navigate it.

"Let's breakfast first," I said. "It must be nearly ten o'clock now, and it

will take some time to get the things transferred."

Easton agreed, and whilst we ate our meal the boatmen redistributed the baggage contained in the two dingheys amongst three canoes, in which some care was necessary to stow it safely.

In half an hour we were again under way. Being the slighter man of the two, the smallest canoe fell to my lot ; so seating myself in the bottom (which every five minutes was washed throughout by the water we shipped) I possessed myself of a paddle, and prepared to give as much assistance as could be reasonably expected of a man who had embarked with the conviction that his least movement would inevitably cause an upset.

Four sturdy Burmans manned the canoe, which further contained my kit, my guns in their waterproof cases, and a share of our stores. There was also a decoy-cock, tied by the leg to one of the narrow seats, whose drooping tail and generally dejected look seemed to indicate that he was enjoying the voyage even less than I was. Easton followed in a larger canoe, which apparently leaked more than was conducive to comfort, for I noticed that he knelt in the bottom and was much occupied with a capacious tin bailer he held in both hands. The third carried our servants, two large goats intended as bait for the tiger, and the tent. The last-named luxury Easton insisted on taking, in spite of the risk entailed in conveying so bulky an article in such a boat. It proved valuable however, for the nights were very misty and unusually cold for Burma.

I begin to feel more at ease as we glide up a backwater, past the foam at the foot of the rapid which rushes smoothly down in a wide unbroken

sheet for sixty or seventy yards after leaving the gorge. We are close to it now, and Oo Byike, the old steersman, seated on the upward-curving stern with one muscular leg curled round below it, takes a firmer grasp of his long paddle, and with two plunging downward strokes, which the crew instantly respond to, drives the canoe into the middle of the rapid.

"*Heey, loolah! Hoooh youkkye! Hlaw! Hlaw! Hlaw! Heey!*" (Hi, men! Hi, lads! Paddle! Paddle! Paddle! Hi!) he shouts in tones of encouragement. The men chorus a deep-chested *Heey!* and I skin my knuckles against the bulwarks in a wild effort to help with my paddle. The men lean forward and dig with desperate energy into the roaring flood that hisses past the sides of the canoe and rises in a fountain of spray at her bow. No more shouting now: we are well on our way up the rapid and dare not relax our efforts for a moment. The naked backs and arms before me show every sinew taxed to its utmost: with heads down and faces set, the men make their plunging strokes in perfect time and with extraordinary rapidity. We are gaining way steadily but slowly, and I see that if we are to reach the gorge this time it will be without a stroke to spare, so I seize my paddle and work until the perspiration flows freely. "*Thekin Hlawdeh!*" (his honour's paddling)" barks Oo Byike behind me. The crew acknowledge the news with renewed efforts, and at length we feel the decreasing power of the current, and reach the pool for which our steersman has been directing our course for the past fifteen minutes.

"*Heey,*" says Oo Byike, raising his paddle with a sigh of satisfaction. "*Aaah,*" echo the crew in a long-drawn breath as they also lay down their paddles to rest. "We could not have done it unless your honour paddled so hard," says Oo Byike to me. The men snigger openly at this bare-faced flattery, but are instantly brought to their bearings by the old

gentleman, who points out in his most impressive way that the canoe behind us has been swept back again; and that the other gentleman has not been paddling at all, which quite accounts for the failure.

The man at the bow finds a cleft in the rock into which he can stick his paddle and so moor the canoe, whilst the others turn to watch how our companions will accomplish the pass we have just overcome. It will take them some time to reach us, so I light a cheroot and study the view. From our nook it is wild and beautiful: the broad brown river swirls past between two rugged walls of rock which, ninety or a hundred feet above, fall back and rise steeply in jungle-clad mountains to the height of three or four thousand feet. Down the stream, across the basin, is a sloping green bank dotted with magnificent timber overgrown with luxuriant flowering creepers. Orchids, with their lovely scentless blossoms, are everywhere on the rocks and trees in wonderful profusion.

The Salween is one of the great highways from the teak forests to the port of Maulmain. Every fissure and resting-place amongst the rocks and boulders is occupied by immense teak logs which the swollen river has left there during the floods. Far out of reach, they lie heaped and piled in confusion, wedged hard and fast, though many look dangerous where they hang over the torrent a hundred feet below. During the south-west monsoon thousands of trunks are floated away up in the distant forests rarely visited by Europeans. Stripped of their bark, and branded all over with a hammer bearing the lessee's private mark, they are drawn to the water's edge by elephants, to be carried away by the rising floods which bear them down to the Government timber-depot two or three hundred miles off, near Maulmain. There they are identified and claimed by the lessee's agent, who pays the fee and removes his timber to ship or sell, as the case may be.

This apparently haphazard method of conducting the trade provides a means of livelihood for numbers of natives, who haunt the river with canoes and ropes to collect the drifting logs; for each of which they receive a reward of eight *annas* at the depot. The marks obviate the likelihood of the timber being stolen by the collectors, who however may sometimes get a windfall in the shape of an unbranded waif. On the upper reaches of the Salween, *kyodans*, enormous cables of bamboos lashed together, are stretched across from bank to bank and skim the surface of the water, arresting and detaining the drifting timber on its downward course. These the watchers at the *kyodan* collect and raft, to send on to the depot and claim the salvage due. Easton, whose knowledge of these matters qualified him to judge, estimated that on our upward voyage we passed a quantity of stranded timber sufficient to supply the Maulmain market (the largest in India) for at least two years. This represented a sum of about one million and a quarter sterling in inaccessible logs! Much of the lumber would of course be borne away by the next floods, which however in their turn would leave more in the same case.

Whilst I have been admiring the prospect and discussing the teak-trade, Easton has succeeded in getting up the rapid, and now runs in alongside my canoe, heated, breathless, and ruffled in temper at the delay. The sun is hot, and the men are exhausted by their efforts to work the boat up, and must have rest before continuing the laborious paddle through the gorge. The servants' canoe is still in the midst of its difficulties and, badly steered, sways about the stream in a manner that every moment threatens its destruction against the rocks.

"They'll lose the goats," says Easton, shading his eyes with his topee: "I wish I'd taken them in my own canoe. Hi, Shway Lee!" he

shouts to his servant, "hold the large goat, he will fall out."

The large goat is rolling about with such violence that Shway Lee has difficulty in securing its legs and throwing it on its back. It is safer that way, for whilst standing it had passed the time making half-hearted attempts to jump overboard.

The canoe eventually arrives in safety, and presently all three crews settle down to paddle again, and continue the slow but trying journey together.

By and by we reach the end of the gorge and emerge upon a wider part of the river, where the current is less powerful, and we can make better progress. From a long stretch of sand which now forms the left bank, we are hailed by some Burmans who have camped there to cut bamboos on the neighbouring hills, and crossing over to hear their tidings we learn that a large tiger (all tigers are large until they are shot!) has visited the locality every night since their arrival a week before. It roars so much that they are afraid and cannot sleep, and hope the white strangers will bring their guns and kill it. We listen to their tale of woe and then run the canoes ashore. No mistake about it: numerous pugs on the sand confirm the bamboo-cutters' news, so the baggage is landed and the tent pitched in the shade of the jungle.

We have landed on a belt of forest which during the monsoon is an island, for behind it there is another broad curving sweep of sand, studded with rocks and pools and strewn with teak logs. Here and there the forest is divided by narrow creeks which mark the course of the river when in flood. Beyond the strip of sand are lofty hills, whose bamboo-covered slopes afford concealment to plentiful game, for sambhur tracks cross and recross the sand in every direction, the edge of one particular pool showing it to be a favourite resort of the deer for their nightly drink.

The place was beyond all doubt the

regular beat of a tiger, probably the one of which Easton had heard the stories that had led to our expedition. Pugs old and recent formed many definite well-trodden paths, one of which ran within a few yards of the bamboo-cutters' hut, though concealed by jungle. He was certainly not far off now, and we congratulated ourselves on our luck in finding him at home.

Returning to camp we find every one hard at work on the construction of a "lean-to" of bamboos and grass, under whose shelter our followers intend to pass the night.

Evening is closing in, and we must delay the arrangement of a plan of campaign until to-morrow, when we can examine the locality. The difficulty of river-transport forbade our bringing cows, and no one could be found willing to seek a path through the jungle by which they might be driven in this direction. Goats are a poor substitute for the larger cattle, as we must sit over them all night, for a tiger would carry off such a mere mouthful as soon as he had killed it. A cow might be left secured in a suitable spot and watched after it was killed, for the tiger would take a bite or two from the throat and leave the carcase until the following day, when he might be expected to return late in the afternoon to his meal. Apparently the tiger rarely kills during the broad daylight, and as seldom eats at night; but I express this opinion with diffidence, as my limited knowledge of the species is confined to purely "game" tigers, who exist solely on deer, &c., and never tax the village cattle-pens for their meat.

There is much difficulty as to the disposal of the goats to-night with "Stripes" in the immediate neighbourhood, and our decision to tether them near the "lean-to" is productive of a good deal of grumbling. Tie up goats close beside poor naked boatmen! Why they will cry all night and when the tiger comes it will certainly take a man instead: not a doubt of it! Near the tent now, would be a much

safer place. However we persuade them that there is no danger (for there really is none), and finally after lighting large fires at four different points round the lean-to, the occupants consent to picket the goats to stakes near it.

The morning breaks cold and misty. Surrounded as we are by mountains the sun cannot fall on our encampment until late; but we were awakened early by the weird howling of the gibbon monkeys which were numerous, though invisible, on the hills across the river. We are soon dressed, and drinking our coffee by the fire round which the men are congregated shivering, with their blankets over their heads.

A tour of inspection is necessary before we can make our arrangements; and previous to starting I recall a hint given me by a well-known *shikari* in India and make up a bundle of clothes—shirt, trousers, and thick coat—in a towel and give it to my servant, Moung Tso, to bury till evening. The earthy smell thus acquired by the clothes renders the presence of humanity less likely to be detected by the tiger.

To find trees adapted for *machans* is our first care, and in such extensive cover the only difficulty is to make a choice. However we soon satisfy ourselves, and after setting some of the men to work, go back to camp and breakfast.

The mist has cleared away and the sun is growing hot: the heat and the glare from the white sand drive Easton into the tent, where he lies smoking until sleep overtakes him.

It would never do to disturb the jungle by shooting to-day, so I called the young Burman, who owned the decoy-cock, and told him we would go and catch jungle-fowl. Proud of the invitation, he armed himself with a bundle of nooses, and taking the decoy carefully under his arm, led the way across the sand into the shade of the bamboo jungle through which he noiselessly and swiftly threaded his way. Presently the crow of a jungle-cock

in the distance brought him to a standstill, and clearing the dead leaves from a space about eight feet in diameter, he drove the peg, to which the decoy was attached by the leg, into the ground and set about placing the snares. Each of these consisted to a piece of wood six inches long, to which an elastic slip of bamboo was neatly spliced. To the tip of the bamboo a plaited horse-hair slip-knot was bound, —the snare, when stuck into the earth, being more than sufficient to withstand the wildest struggles of a jungle fowl. A couple of dozen such nooses were driven in at intervals to completely surround the decoy, but well out of his reach as he strutted round and round his peg scratching amongst the roots and pluming himself.

We retired behind a clump of bushes and sat down to await victims. A loud crow from the decoy was soon answered by one from a cock some way off. Our bird on hearing it stood more upright and seemed to listen for a few seconds before responding, which he did loudly and defiantly. Again the unseen jungle-cock crowed: it was evidently approaching the decoy whose excitement was manifest. He tugged at the cord, flapping his wings and calling angrily as he tried to free his leg. As the stranger drew near the interchange of crows became less vigorous, and at last he alighted on the ground with a flutter outside the ring of nooses which were almost invisible from our ambush. With ruffled feathers and outstretched head he manoeuvred round the decoy which stood impatiently awaiting his attack. With a shrill cry he came on, straight at the foe, thirsting for battle. Alas for his hopes! A noose tightens round his leg, and bending double with the strain the springy bamboo converts his charge into an ignominious sprawl and whips him back a foot with outspread wings. Plucky little chap, he is up again and with a shake of his firmly entangled leg makes another charge at the excited decoy with the same result. The boy beside me, who

has been watching the proceedings with open-mouthed interest, does not seem in a hurry to complete the capture, but after a poke or two from my stick springs up and seizes the snared cock just as he succumbs to his fourth rush. Fighting his human foe gamely with beak and spurs he is deposited in a bag his captor carries, where he soon gives up struggling and lies motionless.

The common jungle-cock is one of the handsomest birds in India. Resembling a large bantam in shape, with bold upright carriage, splendidly varied plumage and long spurs, he looks a game-cock all over: a determined fighter, he does not know when he is beaten, and I have seen a bird too exhausted to use his spurs seize his opponent by the hackle and cling to it with the tenacity of a bulldog. The Burman enjoys few sports more than this; and in many districts seven paddy-boats out of ten may be seen with the owner's bird on board tied by the leg, for a bout of fighting, if opportunity occurs.

This, however, is not the place to dilate upon the pleasures and excitements of cock-fighting, so we will return to the camp where, having finished dinner, I called on Mounng Tso to produce the clothes I had given him in the morning. He received the order and started as if to carry it out, but stopped suddenly with a bewildered look round him. Taking a large splinter of bamboo he knelt down and began to grub, in a speculative uncertain way, in the sand behind the tent: he dug out a few handfuls and paused, rose from his knees, and looking doubtfully about, selected a spot a few paces further on and began another hole. This attempt also proved futile, and Mounng Tso, dropping his bamboo, thought hard for at least three minutes without moving. Again he roused himself, and grasping his shovel devoted all his energies to digging a third hole, as if with the unswerving purpose of finding the clothes this time, whether they were there or not. No

result again, and my servant, in a profuse perspiration induced by over-taxed memory and hard work, sat down and rocked himself to and fro in sheer desperation. Then he sprang to his feet and walked hurriedly up and down round the groups of men, round the tent and the fires, his eyes in a steady fixed gaze upon the sand. Once more he paused, and taking a great resolution crawled timidly to my knees, and crouching respectfully on his heels begged for forgiveness. He could *not* find my honour's clothes!

I have told this little incident as an example of the exceedingly casual way in which a native servant performs his work, and not by way of accounting for our want of success that night; for Easton and I, posted in our *machans*, patiently watched our goats until day, undisturbed by the tiger. We have all read the thrilling accounts of successful shooting published in the sporting papers from time to time; but no one obtrudes a record of his monotonous wakeful nights, fruitlessly spent among the gloomy surroundings of the jungle waiting for the tiger that does not come!

Disappointed (perhaps unreasonably) at the tiger's failure to give us a meeting on the night we were prepared for him, we next day decided to let him take his chance, and arranged to spend the approaching night on the outlook for the sambhur which had tempted our guns on the previous one. I selected for my ambush a nook on a low sloping rock, overlooking a large pool round which there were numerous fresh tracks of deer. This nook I had roofed in roughly with khine-grass to keep off the heavy dews, and to assist in concealing me.

It was a lovely moonlight night, clear and cold, when I took up my station shortly after dark, accompanied by a young Karen, to whom I intrusted the responsibility of keeping me awake. Hour after hour we sat there three feet above the level of the sand to which the rock shelved gently down:

the startling bark of a distant deer, the musical ringing call of the bell-bird, and the screaming of insects in the foliage around, were the only signs of life. Cold and chilly the night drew on, whilst on the far side of the pool, well out of range, an occasional sambhur issued from the jungle and stalked solitary and ghost-like across the sand, stopping every dozen yards to sniff the air suspiciously. Wearied and sleepy, I lay back against the rock as a sambhur disappeared for the third time without giving me a shot: my rifle lay across my knees, and some evil spirit prompted me to open the breech, that it might lie more easily upon them.

The moon was sinking, and the white clammy mist came rolling in huge billows down the mountain-side, hiding the trees thirty yards away, and making the night colder and damper with its heavy shroud. Darkness and discomfort have a bad effect on the nerves, and I felt, as I sat there, in no mood for great deeds of daring. Tired and indifferent I had dozed off to sleep, when my companion touched my arm lightly and whispered the single word, *kya* (tiger). I awoke with a start, and looked in the direction indicated. Here he was, coming slowly through the mist, straight towards the rock, with the easy rolling swagger a tiger affects when he is on the prowl. I clutch my rifle and snap the breech. Great heavens! for the first time since I owned the weapon, *it refuses to close!*

The tiger, off which I have not taken my eyes, has reached the foot of the rock, and attracted by my movements, deliberately pauses to gaze at the apparition it beholds. With the useless rifle in my hands, I sit facing it, utterly unable to move, and the Karen, crouched beside me with his head between his knees and his hands clasped above it, is trembling in every limb. The lithe grey-looking form is only six feet from me, and with two short steps can enter the nook and

select either of us at his leisure. The fixed stare of the blazing green eyeballs seems to paralyse me; for fully half a minute it seemed an hour—he stands there motionless, but at length passes on, still keeping his eyes on me until he disappears round the corner of the rock a few feet away.

Relieved of that appalling stare I breathe more freely, and straining my eyes in the direction I expect the tiger will take, with desperate eagerness exert all my strength to close the breech of the rifle. I can feel no obstruction, for it is of course too dark to see, but it will not close, and I pause—to see once more that mesmeric gaze fixed upon me!

Dissatisfied with his first scrutiny, the tiger has passed round the rock and returned to repeat it. It is sickening. Helpless and dazed, I sit there blankly returning the steadfast stare that so perfectly unnerves me. This interview lasts longer than the first: I cannot close my eyes even if I would. The perspiration streams down my face, and I feel the cold drops trickling slowly down my back. How I curse the brute for his calm dispassionate gaze! How I curse my own folly in not having selected a tree to shoot from! For now, though I am shaking all over, a strange defiant feeling is creeping over me, and—thank God! the tiger once more turns away, and this time quietly takes the path towards the opposite jungles, disappearing into the fog-wrapped night. Gone! and I lie back and give way to a fit of “cold shivers,” such as I have never felt before, and for half an hour I see nothing but eyes, round, fierce, glaring green eyes, wherever I turn my own.

No daybreak surely was ever so long delayed as that we now anxiously wait for, but it comes at length, and cramped and shivering I hasten to examine the rifle. A small, but thick fleshy leaf had found its way into the “grip” action, and, crushed though it was, the stringy fibres refused to allow the close-fitting mechanism to work. The Karen who is watching me murmurs in Burmese, “witchcraft,” and after the night I have just passed through I am more than half inclined to agree with him.

We dragged ourselves back to camp, and at once organised a party to follow up the pugs, but our chase was useless: we neither saw nor heard anything of that tiger again during our stay.

Curiously enough, only two weeks afterwards information was brought to Easton that a Karen who had selected that identical rock to shoot sambhur from, had been pounced upon and carried off by a tiger as he left his hiding-place just before daylight. Screams were heard by his brother, who occupied a safe position near, and on going to the spot at sunrise, he found the gun and bag belonging to his hapless relative on the sand. Tiger pugs and a few blood-marks told the silent tale, and not a vestige of the unfortunate man's body, or even of his clothing, was ever found by the friends who made search for his remains. Easton's informant added with grave simplicity: “The white face of your friend was new to the tiger: on that account he escaped.”

My story is told. I have met tigers in various circumstances since, but of none have I so vivid a recollection as the one whose visit I have attempted to describe in this paper.

ROBESPIERRE'S LOVE.

THE monster of *Prairial* had a love. "The sea-green one," as the fussy, florid Madame de Staël first called him, and as Carlyle by dint of constant repetition has taught us all to call him, was beloved of a woman. Éléonore Duplay was the second daughter of Maurice Duplay, Robespierre's host in the little house in the Rue St. Honoré, where he lived with two short exceptions from July 17th, 1791, until his terrible death in 1794. Her father was not exactly a poor cabinet-maker, or joiner as Thiers has it. He was a self-made man, it is true, born at St. Didier la Seauve in the Lyonnais, fifty years before the Revolution, who by energy in his business had acquired some fifteen thousand livres a year in house property, and lived in the better end of the Rue St. Honoré not very far from its junction with the Rue Royale. The district has been very considerably altered since the Revolution. It was then a block of buildings bounded on the north by the Boulevard de la Madeleine (then generally known as the Boulevard Rempart), on the west by the Rue Royale (also called the Rue Rempart), on the east by the Rue de Luxembourg and on the south by the Rue St. Honoré. The convent of the Conception faced the Rue Luxembourg, and its gardens stretched immediately behind the houses in the Rue St. Honoré of which Duplay's was one. The convent is now gone, and the whole block of buildings has been intersected by the Rue Duphot. The Rue de Rivoli had not then been constructed, and the Rue St. Honoré was still the main thoroughfare between east and west Paris north of the river. Duplay's house was No. 366: a new house was built on the site in 1816 and is numbered

398. The old house in which Robespierre lived was one of those curious structures with a carriage-gate and a courtyard inside, which may still be seen in the Quartier St. Germain. At one end of the courtyard was a shed for storing wood, and little gardens, some twenty feet square altogether, partitioned off between Duplay's five children: at the other end was the workshop. The windows of the dwelling house looked out on the courtyard on one side, and on the other on the garden of the convent. The situation was of course eminently convenient to Robespierre. It was within five minutes walk of the Jacobins Club, and not much further from the meeting place of the Convention in the Tuileries, or of the Committee of Public Safety in the Place du Caroussel. He lived in the house of Duplay, as has been said, for the most stirring period of his life, insisting on making a payment for his lodging, which Duplay very unwillingly received. The daughter Éléonore, was in the last year of Robespierre's life about twenty-five, he being then barely thirty-five. The story of their love has nothing in it so softly poetical as the love of Camille Desmoulins and his Lucile. There is no monument of it remaining so boisterously passionate as the love-letters of Mirabeau to Sophie. But as the picture of the softer side of a man who is not commonly supposed to have had any human weakness, except vanity, in his composition, the story of Maximilian Robespierre and the woman who was betrothed to him may be worth telling. I have tried to make her tell it in two letters to a friend in La Vendée. The friend is imaginary; but there is no assertion in *Mdlle.* Duplay's story which

cannot be supported by evidence of undoubted authenticity.

I.

RUE HONORÉ, 366,
19 *Nicose*, An II.
[*January 8th*, 1794.]

OH MY POOR JEANNETTE! How I pity you in these terrible times in your mad province! Now that Kléber has been so victorious at Le Mans [December 12th 1793] perhaps your rebels will be at peace at last. And you are a rebel, Jeannette, you, you! I can hardly believe when I read that letter of yours that you are the same Jeannette that stayed with us in Paris five years ago. Why, how we talked then of the regeneration of the fatherland, and you were as anxious as any of us to do good to the poor people we saw on our way to Vincennes. Yet now you are as ferocious an aristocrat as the maddest of the emigrants at Coblenz. Your letter is like one of M. de Calonne's pamphlets, just as fierce and nearly as foolish. If a Hébertist found it, the mad Chaumette would not have much difficulty in proving it a "Royalist emblem."

Yes! We have parted far asunder in these terrible five years. Papa, who was so quiet and businesslike when you remember him, is quiet still, but he goes every day to the Revolutionary jury and every night to the Jacobins. Elizabeth, little Elizabeth, whom everybody scolded for being so giddy, was married six months ago to a member of the Convention, a young man from Arras named Le Bas. As for me, Jeannette, you will have to outlaw me: I am outside the law of the good people in La Vendée. Maximilian Robespierre is not a mere lodger in our house, though of course he pays for his little room (the one you slept in, over the workshop): he would be too proud to take anything for nothing. He is to be my husband when these troublous days are over. I am his betrothed,

and he is all the world to me. So you will see how pained I was when I read your letter and all the names you chose to call him. Can I never make you see him as I see him? I suppose I cannot, but I shall try.

It is two years and a half now since he came to live with us. It was after the massacre of the Champ de Mars, when every one was fearing reaction. He was at the Jacobins in the evening trying to encourage the patriots, and father would have him come to us for that one night, instead of wandering off to his lodgings in the Rue de Saintonge, in the Marais. I dare say you may have heard that he hid himself in fear that night. Madame Roland told her friends that she went to offer to hide him, and found him gone; but I know she never entered the Rue de Saintonge at all, and another Jacobin who came to her for shelter was told that her hotel was too exposed, and that she had no shelter to give. Indeed it was poor shelter that we had to offer him—so near the big houses in the Rue Royale, so near Fayette and his guards in the Tuileries. But it was such a pleasure to have him there that we never let him leave us, except once when he went for six weeks to his home in Arras, and once when his sister Charlotte came making mischief.

"Why was it a pleasure?" I hear you say. "Is he not the monster, the antichrist, who has ordered our priests to be imprisoned, who has murdered every one, Royalist or Girondin?"

Perhaps you would be surprised if I told you I thought him only too conscientious, so afraid to do wrong that he sometimes takes too long in making up his mind. Yet so it is. Do not think of him as a hunter of priests, for he is nothing of the sort. He does not like their impostures, of course. I remember how angry he was last time he went to Arras, when he heard them pretend to the poor country-people that they had wrought miracles on a certain townsman, though they

did not dare to mention it to his fellow-townsmen who knew that no miracle had been wrought at all. And he does not care for the trivial dogmas with which religion has been overlaid. You did not care about them either, Jeannette, in the old times; but I believe you like anything which is getting beaten, and dogmas have certainly had a very bad time of it lately. But if you put aside dogmas and impostures, just as in politics you must put aside the petty personal details which often obscure principles, in the true sense of the word there is no more religious man than Maximilian. His has always been a religious family. There is a tradition at Arras that they fled from Ireland for religion's sake two hundred years ago. Maximilian was always friendly to the Chapter of Paris when he was in the Constituent. He spoke too in favour of larger pensions for the humble clergy. He hates the very idea of the "Feast of Reason" (fancy worshipping a woman he would not even speak to!) and all the other Hébertist excesses. I myself, I could not live without religion. I remember how in the old times you and I went together one fifteenth of August to hear the beautiful singing in the chapel of the Filles d'Assomption. I remember how pious I felt at my first communion in the convent of the Conception hard by. Now I do not care so much for ceremonies or for choir-singing, often only half-articulate like the song of the birds; but I love to meditate on the God of Nature, or to hear my love speak of Him in those wonderful tones of his. Oh, if you could hear him! I sometimes fancy him a priest himself. He is to me what the priest used to be when I was a little girl. He is always proper when others are wicked, dresses so neatly when others slouch about like slovens. He has his Old Testament—Racine, Corneille, Voltaire; and his Gospel—Rousseau. He reads them to us sometimes, not as the false

priests used to drone *their* gospels that they were paid to preach, but so beautifully that in the pathetic parts we sometimes all burst into tears. He believes it all so thoroughly: he is so conscious of a mission to teach it. The crowds gather round him in the Jacobins, as round a great preacher to hear his text and his sermon. He says it so that one cannot disbelieve. Do you know I sometimes carry the thought further, and ask myself whether one so good and so pure can become a husband to me? I think he ought to be celibate as a priest? But if I told him so he would be shocked, poor man! It is contrary to the Civil Constitution of the clergy.

Then you call him cruel. I am sure I have never seen him so. When we are walking together in the Champs Elysées with his dear dog Brount following us, we sometimes sit down and the little Savoyards come trooping round, and I never saw him send them away without giving them something. And he is so kind to us all and so thoughtful. I can see your look of horror, you proselyte of La Rochejaquelin and the Chouans! You point me to the guillotine and ask me, is not that his work?

No, Jeannette, I do not think it is. I will allow just this much, that I sometimes wish he had done more to keep back the others. I fancy he does not always realize the things that are done under cover of his reputation. He thinks so much of principles that he sometimes forgets facts. I have never told him so, for when we are alone together (it is not often—every morning he is at the Committee of Public Safety, every afternoon at the Convention, every evening at the Jacobins) he always tries to escape play to his fancy. And then he said once, *à propos* of poor Théroigne de Méricourt, that he thought the duty of a woman did not lie on the political platform. So I have never dared to speak. Yet I know he is troubled at

heart about it all. He has done his best now and again. He saved seventy-three Girondins this time last year, and he is very proud of the letter they sent to thank him for his generous opposition to the decree proposed against them. But he is not so powerful as you think him. He is thwarted on every side. In the Committee of Public Safety, Carnot, Fouché, Collot d'Herbois, Billaud-Varennes, the two Priours, Robert Lintot and Hérault Seychelles (Danton's man) are all against him. Barère is anybody's friend who wants flowery writing done and will pay for it. Only Couthon and St. Just are with him. With the party so divided how can he hold his own?

And for my own part I have not much pity for men who have met the fate they deserved. Least of all do I pity your Royalists: Louis Capet and his wife were the source of all our evils: she was so foolish, and he so false. Surely you do not praise the men who went to Coblenz and got the foreigners to invade France, or the others who stayed here and intrigued? And the Girondins did their best to make their own death inevitable. You do not know perhaps what a poor creature Roland was. "If you are inviting Roland," Danton said once, "you must invite Madame Roland, too, for every one knows Roland is not in sole charge of his department." And he was the best of them. Brissot was bribed. They were all mean and intriguing, and they were just as cruel as the worst of us. It was they who started the Revolutionary Tribunal. Do you remember how Isnard himself threatened Paris, this beautiful Paris, with destruction? How could they be allowed to rule when they started a mob to sing on the Boulevards, for the heads of Marat, Robespierre and Danton and all their followers?

And I sometimes think we must be drifting on to more executions. How can they live together, those incompatibles! The Hébertists,

atheists, madmen! I do not know so much about them, for father will not let me read the *Père Duchesne*.¹ But they are beyond the pale. And the Dantonists, what of them? There are some of them one cannot but like. There is Camille. How inimitable is he and his Lucile! Yet I will tell you a story to show you the other side of his life and his party's life. He called here one day on his way to the Jacobins and gave my sister a book to keep for him till he came back. The poor little thing opened it: imagine her horror when she found it full of filthy pictures! Even Lucile is so free with Fréron and others, that every one but Camille suspects her. And Danton himself—one trembles to speak of him—but, as St. Just asks, "Whence comes the wealth around him?" How can we regenerate the nation unless the leaders are pure? I do not know where my poor Maximilian is drifting to among them all. I do not think he knows himself. As yet he tries to shut his eyes to their divisions and to see the best side of every one. Last night in the Jacobins there was a characteristic example. Were you in the Refectory of the Jacobins when you were in Paris? I know you went to the chapel, to see the tomb of Pierre Mignard. You can imagine how often we go, now that it is the home of the patriots. We women sit in a gallery by ourselves, with a balustrade round it. It was not high enough to prevent poor Théroigne jumping over it one day, and rushing at my Maximilian who was presiding, and who hates anything unseemly. Ah! how great he is in the Jacobins! When Mirabeau presided there and tried to stop him, he rallied the patriots round him, and the great man in his turn had only his thirty voices. When he came back from Flanders they voted him unanimously to the chair. Yet last night though he was less successful, less applauded, I thought him nobler than

¹ The organ of the Hébertists.

ever before. It was a discussion on a petty quarrel—the Phillipeaux question—in which our poor friend Camille seems to have misbehaved himself. All was confusion and miserable personalities till Robespierre got up. Then he lifted them away from little things to great, and condemned the crimes of the English government and the vices of the English constitution. At first they would not listen: Goupilleau and Lachevardière got up to ventilate some grievance as to the doings in your wretched La Vendée; but at last he prevailed. He lifted them up from their squabbles to the principles they were all united on, and for the moment all went well. But how can they remain united? I often fancy they are hurrying one after another to the grave.

Can you understand now why I love him? I see him not as the cruel strong man who looks his crime in the face, but as the man of noblest purpose, purest unselfishness in the midst of danger, the most patriotic, the best.

It may be a delusion, Jeannette, but it absorbs the whole soul of

Yours ever devotedly,

ÉLÉANORE DUPLAY.

II.

RUE HONORÉ, 366,
1 *Fructidor*, An II.
[August 17, 1794.]

MY DEAR JEANNETTE,—It is over. I do not know how I can write it all, and yet I must say it or my heart will break. Within the last ten days I have lost my mother, strangled by the women of evil life in the prison of Ste. Pélagie. My sister, with the little baby at her breast, has lost her husband. I have lost mine—may I call him mine? Father, brother, even my brother-in-law, away in the Haute Loire—all have been arrested! I, too, have been arrested, lest perhaps I might wander round the prison as Lucile did. Yet I do not think it was

as terrible to be arrested as it was to be released. When I came back to this old house of ours, when I saw the empty workshop, and over it the little room where *he* had lived so long, I first began to realize that it was not all a dream.

Oh, that little room! How plain and simple it was! The writing-table, the straw-bottomed chairs, and the little bookcase with the books we knew so well. And then the bed with the blue damask curtains with white flowers on them, made out of an old dress of mother's. That government spares nothing: all those little things are confiscated: they are to be sold at auction in the Palais Royal. At least I have his picture, the little medallion by Collet. That I must never lose.

And then when I go to our own room and look out on the convent-gardens and see them, too, empty, I begin to realize how dreary is the world. It seems like a terrible dream, wherein ogre follows ogre, meaningless, formless, but terrible. At first we are walking as it were in pleasant pastures, or (shall I say?) as a Paul and Virginia, making for ourselves a desert island in the midst of this crowded Paris. But the shipwreck came all too soon, and the wild waves have taken the wrong one.

He had been ill at ease for months past. He saw the faction of selfish men ever growing stronger. As one after another died, he saw others start up. It seemed hopeless to make the general will prevail against the selfish individual interests. The people, to whom we looked, in whom we believed—the men of the *faubourgs*, that he was fighting for—seemed demoralized ever since Hébert's orgies. It all was hopeless. As if to gather strength for a last effort he wished to escape from it all for a while, and commune, as he said, with Nature and with me. So for three weeks he seldom went even to the Jacobins, but wandered off with me to the long walks at Versailles. I said I loved to

see those trees growing wild that had been so long clipped and made to look false like the painted ladies of the Court ; but somehow he loved order so well and system that I think he would like to have had them clipped again, though clipped perhaps in a different way from the King's gardenor's fashion. It was so in everything. He did not love disorder as some do. He longed to see the people build up a rule—a firm, humane rule. He was often sick at heart to see how hard it was, with war and rebellion and want on every side. Yet he never lost faith. Even on the last day, the ninth Thermidor, he went to the Convention hopeful. Father was sad and I was sad, but he would have me go to hear him conquer. And so I was in the Convention through that fatal day. I had not been there so often as I had been at the Jacobins. The meeting-place of the friends of the Constitution has been the same for three years and more. The National Assembly had changed from place to place. Somehow I never felt so much at home there—perhaps because he did not—and least of all on that last day. Oh, Jeannette! it was like hell! Tallien was in the chair, but no man kept order. St. Just arose, and with his strangely beautiful boy's face went to the tribune. The cowards would not hear him, and he stood still with his dreamy eyes on fire and his strong mouth resolute, fixed, facing them all. Tallien interposed, but not for fairness' sake. "To end the divisions of the assembly," he said—and the words remain in my ear as he hissed them out—"I demand that the veil be rent once and for all." And then the assembly roared its hoarse applause. The demons round Collot d'Herbois shouted, and the frogs of the marsh croaked. And Tallien went on and ended: "I am armed with a dagger, if the Convention has not the courage to decree the impeachment of Robespierre." Maximilian rushed to the tribune, pale, angry, but not afraid.

I think they still feared the effect of his eloquence ; and lest the frogs should not croak loud enough Tallien kept sounding his bell, while my poor love went back to his place, and then again to the tribune, and again to his place. Tallien proposed the arrest of Henriot and every one likely to aid us in the city. And lastly, when they had cut off all help from him, Luchet rose to propose Robespierre's arrest. Augustine, his brave brother, was ready. He called out for leave to share his brother's death, and they did not refuse him. And young M. Le Bas, Elizabeth's husband, and Couthon and St. Just were condemned with them. M. David, the painter, cried out: "I will drink the hemlock with thee, Robespierre!" It sounded very fine, but I do not like David. He is too coarse, too loud, and not very earnest, I think. I like poor Greuze better, though no one looks at his pictures now.

Yet still the Convention seemed unable to put its vote into effect. The guards would not advance: they could not be made to do the demon's work. But quietly and sternly Maximilian arose and of his own will obeyed the Assembly. I never saw him again.

I do not know whether it all happened just as I have told it. It is all blurred in my memory already. I think I heard Collot d'Herbois, the actor, speaking, while poor mother helped me out. We were not long together before we were dragged off each to a separate prison—she for ever! I lay in prison all through the struggle in the night time, all through the tenth, when he fell. Perhaps it is as well I did not see the poor shattered body borne past our house, and the brutal women stopping to jeer at us. They kept me in prison a little longer and then turned me out: I was not worthy to die with him!

Ah! Jeannette, you do not know how black the world is now that he no longer lightens it: how meaningless Rousseau seems, when he is no

longer here to expound him: how hopeless the outlook of the fatherland now that he no longer encourages us. The soldiers may win battles perhaps, but for what? Whether we conquer or are beaten we shall be ruled without principle. Think not that the Church will be better treated now that he is gone. It was he who sometimes protected the poorer clergy. Do you fancy there is any religion in Collet d'Herbois and Billaud Varennes? They say that they will give the priests no pay at all for the future. They are atheists: they hated the feast of the Supreme Being: they are guilty of the worst executions, and not for the country's sake but to serve their private ends.

I cannot write more, Jeannette. Do you know that maxim of Nicolas

Chamfort: "Life is a long illness, from which sleep relieves us every sixteen hours: sleep may ease us: death alone can cure."

Till then, Jeannette,

Thine,

ÉLÉANORE.

Mdlle. Duplay were mourning for Robespierre till the day of her death. Her sister, Madame Le Bas, was the mother of the historian of the later Empire. She lived to supply facts to Lamartine, which he unfortunately neglected to use. She may be said to have been the only advocate of Robespierre of any force who survived Thermidor and did not become a Thermidorean. History has been written by his enemies.

EDMUND KNOX.

CHRIS.

CHAPTER VII.

WHEN one has taken up diplomacy as a profession one should surely strive to acquire at all events so much of diplomatic skill as is implied in an elementary acquaintance with the foibles of humanity ; but a good many young men, it may be surmised, enter that branch of the public service rather by reason of its social advantages than because they feel in themselves any special aptitude for its duties ; and if Gerald Severne should ever become an ambassador, his name is not very likely to be added to the short list of Englishmen who have achieved renown in that capacity. He ought not to have been in the least astonished at his mother's good nature in planning a match between Mr. Ellacombe and Chris Compton, and he ought to have known that the very best way of defeating such a design was to lend it every ostensible support ; for really Ellacombe was an impossible sort of person when he was not upon his good behaviour, and each fresh opportunity that was given him of associating with his neighbours must diminish the probability of his being able to sustain an unnatural character.

But Gerald was not wise enough or philosophical enough to reason in this way ; so he said to his mother : " You've done it this time and no mistake ! Do you mean to say you really didn't know that everybody about here gave up asking Ellacombe to dinner long ago ? He is just as certain to get screwed and kick up a row as you are to say your prayers to-night. More certain, if anything."

" You are a very rude boy," returned Lady Barnstaple, laughing good-humouredly : " I wish I could feel sure that you neglected your de-

votions as little as I do mine. As for Mr. Ellacombe, you mustn't allow him to get screwed, as you call it. You can easily prevent him from taking more than is good for him."

" I don't quite see how. If he wants to fill his glass, he'll fill it, I suppose ; and then the chances are that he'll insult one of your guests. It would have been so simple to leave the man alone !"

But Lady Barnstaple was not alarmed. She did not think that Mr. Ellacombe would disgrace himself at her table, whatever his ordinary habits might be : she was pretty sure that he was smitten with Chris, and she saw no reason why Chris should not be smitten with him. He was young, rich, athletic, and the general effect of him was by no means so bad. A little florid, perhaps ; but one must not expect to find Apollo Belvedere in every parish. And so when, on the appointed evening, Mr. Ellacombe entered her drawing-room, he produced a favourable impression upon one who was ready to be favourably impressed. " Quite tidy," she muttered under her breath, after taking a rapid survey of him ; and in truth there was not much fault to be found with his person or costume.

There was not much fault to be found with his manners either. Gerald Severne was pleased to speak of him as if he had been a half-civilised being, and Chris had more charitably called him a rough diamond ; but in reality he had had some experience of the ways of modern society, and only shunned that of his equals in the county because, in his opinion, they were a dull, censorious and quarrelsome lot. He was not awkward, nor was he in any way abashed by the presence of the smart people whom

Lady Barnstaple was entertaining. His hostess introduced him to some of them, and he seemed to have no difficulty in finding subjects to talk to them about. If he was not a particularly attentive listener, that was because of reasons which everybody at once understood and pardoned. The red-bearded man, they thought, was evidently going to marry Lady Barnstaple's pretty little friend : no wonder he could not take his eyes off her, and sometimes answered at random when addressed.

From the moment that dinner was announced this small shortcoming on his part ceased to be noticeable ; for it need hardly be said that he was told to give his arm to Miss Compton. Gerald, whom the cruel laws of precedence forced to escort an ancient dowager, watched Chris and her neighbour from the far end of the table and was painfully surprised by the sobriety of the one and the animation of the other. Of course he did not want Ellacombe to get drunk and make a scene ; but he certainly did not want Chris to find the fellow entertaining, and he was at a loss to conceive what they could be talking about that should cause her to find him so. If he had overheard their conversation he would have been in some measure reassured, for it was not of a sentimental nature.

"As you are so fond of horses and dogs," Chris was saying, "I wonder you don't try to make friends of them. It seems to me that you treat them like slaves."

"But that is just what they are," returned Ellacombe. "A horse doesn't allow you to put a bit in his mouth and get upon his back because he loves you : he submits because he is afraid of you, and fancies you are stronger than you really are."

"I should be sorry to think that," said Chris.

"You may depend upon it that it is the truth, Miss Compton ; and I assure you that neither horses nor dogs dislike a master who can make them obey him."

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"And can you make all horses obey you?"

"Nine out of ten, I should say. There are a few exceptional brutes whom one has to sell."

"If I were a horse," remarked Chris, "you would have to sell me."

"Should I? Then I am glad you are not a horse ; for I am sure I should prefer to keep you."

"That sounds flattering ; but I shouldn't care to be your slave, or anybody's slave."

"You are in no danger, Miss Compton," returned Ellacombe, with a short sigh. "Men will be your slaves : you won't be theirs."

Chris put that aspect of the question by, and went on to insist upon her favourite theory that the lower animals ask nothing better than to serve us ; and that when they fail to serve us properly it is simply because we have not the skill or the patience to make them understand what we want.

Ellacombe listened to her good-humouredly. She was talking nonsense, he thought ; but her nonsense was prettily expressed, and such ideas, however intrinsically absurd, were becoming in a woman. The fact is that he had always classed women themselves among the lower animals, and had treated them precisely in the same way as he treated his horses and his dogs. In the face of what one sees every day, one cannot venture to deny that such a mode of treatment is frequently successful ; but there are exceptional women, just as there are exceptional brutes, and Ellacombe had wit enough to perceive that the girl whom he had almost made up his mind to marry was not one whom it would be wise to bully.

Nor indeed, so long as he retained his wits, had he any inclination at all to be wanting in respect to her. The unfortunate thing for him was that he could not retain his wits under the influence of champagne. Gerald had been guilty of no exaggeration in asserting that the county in general had given up asking Mr. Ellacombe to

dinner. Wine affects some men in one way and some in another, and to every man's character there is, of course, a good and a bad side. Poor Ellacombe's neighbours no longer invited him to dine with them because the bad side of his character was very bad indeed, and because it displayed itself with offensive prominence when he was half-tipsy. Moreover it did not take a great many glasses of champagne to make him half-tipsy. Thus Chris became conscious of a gradual change in his manner, the cause of which she did not at all understand, but which was eminently distasteful to her.

"Come out for a ride with me some day, won't you?" said he, with something unpleasantly like a wink. "I'll take you for a jolly good gallop across the moor, and show you more of the country than you'd ever see with that beggar Severne. His notion of riding is peacocking along the high road, I expect."

"Mr. Severne rides very well: we don't generally keep to the road," answered Chris. Presently she added, "I dare say he would have no objection to your joining us some day, if you choose; but Lady Barnstaple would not allow me to ride alone with you—even if I wished it."

The misguided Ellacombe winked again, and this time his wink was unmistakable. "Don't you believe it," said he: "old Lady Barnstaple is pretty wide awake, and she'll let you ride with *me* just as often as you like. She's a precious deal more likely to forbid you to ride with her son, I can tell you! The old lady wasn't born yesterday—nor was I, for the matter of that. I know very well why I was asked to dine here to-night."

There was a short pause, during which Chris contemplated her neighbour with undisguised astonishment and with a vague suspicion that he had suddenly gone out of his mind. "Why were you asked to dine here, Mr. Ellacombe?" she asked at length.

He laughed rather foolishly and

made no reply. He had not drunk so much wine but that he was conscious of having said something which would have been better left unsaid; but he had drunk enough not to care. He drank a little more and was proportionately exhilarated. "What's the odds!" he exclaimed. "Let's enjoy ourselves and allow the old women to scheme and plot till they're black in the face, if it amuses 'em. Only, if they think I don't see through their little dodges as well as anybody, they make a mistake, that's all."

After that, Chris thought she would have to give Mr. Ellacombe up. She did not know that he was in a state of semi-intoxication; but she could not misunderstand his meaning and she regretted having ever imagined that such a boor could be tamed by civility. "I suppose," she reflected, "that he judges of his animals by his own feelings. He is wrong about them; but he is quite right about himself, and if I were a man I shouldn't at all mind giving him a sound horsewhipping." So she turned her shoulder towards him and talked to the elderly gentleman on her right hand, who was very willing to be so distinguished.

All this Gerald saw, and drew his own deductions. If disagreeable things happen, it is some consolation to have foretold them, and if, in spite of one's predictions, they don't happen, one is glad to have been wrong; so that it is obviously every one's wisest course to be the prophet of evil. Gerald was perhaps not quite as sorry as he ought to have been that his mother's guest had indulged too freely in champagne; but he was afraid that something rude had been said to Miss Compton, and that made him not only very sorry but very angry. Consequently, when the ladies left the dining-room he was as ready to fall foul of Ellacombe as any one in the position of a host can be.

Ellacombe, for his part, was ready and willing for the fray. He, unfortunately, was both quarrelsome and boastful in his cups, and after

having swallowed three glasses of port in quick succession, he gave a free rein to each of these evil propensities. Somebody having made an innocent remark about the Devon and Somerset staghounds, he must needs begin to narrate his experiences with that well-known pack, and give a vivid description of a perfectly impossible leap which he stated that he had taken while following them during the previous season. His anecdote was received with chilling silence; but he did not seem to be much chilled. He took a deliberate survey of his audience and found that each member of it was staring steadily at the tablecloth, with the exception of Gerald, who looked impatient and annoyed.

"It strikes me, Severne," said he, speaking with a slight thickness of utterance, yet quite distinctly, "that you don't believe that story."

"I don't know anything about it," answered Gerald shortly. "I wasn't there; and I have never, that I can remember, seen the place you mention."

"Then, my good friend, I don't see why you should doubt my word."

"No one is doubting your word. Would you mind passing the wine, Ellacombe?"

Ellacombe, after filling his glass, complied, remarking solemnly: "I can stand a man who looks supercilious at me, because I know the chances are that he's only an ass, who fancies himself without any reason; but hang me if I can stand a man who calls me a liar! That's the sort of thing," he explained, turning to his neighbour, "which nobody can be expected to stand."

Gerald took no notice of this observation. Some of his guests were sniggering behind their hands: all of them of course understood that Mr. Ellacombe was no longer responsible for his words. Nevertheless, it was not pleasant to know that this tipsy idiot would shortly be let loose upon the ladies in the drawing-room, and that there was one lady in particular beside

whom he was pretty certain to seat himself. "All I can do," thought Gerald, "is to keep an eye upon him, and remove him if he becomes intolerable."

Ellacombe had not the slightest idea that he was likely to be found intolerable by anybody. He had for a moment thought of trying to provoke an altercation with his host; but he forgot all about that when the other men rose from the table and moved towards the adjoining room. As Gerald had anticipated, he made straight for the corner where Chris was seated, talking to Lady Grace and holding Peter upon her knees. His bemused intelligence was conscious of little more than that Miss Compton was the prettiest and nicest girl he had ever seen, that old Lady Barnstaple wanted him to marry her, that he was quite inclined to oblige Lady Barnstaple, and that the best way of making love to a woman is to do so boldly. That, according to Mr. Ellacombe's experience, was what they all liked. Some of them might pretend that they didn't; but their pretences could hardly impose upon an old hand.

Lady Grace got up somewhat hastily and fled when this big, red-bearded man, whose cheeks were flushed and whose gait was not quite steady, drew near; and he dropped down at once into the chair which she had vacated. He snapped his finger and thumb at Peter, who acknowledged the salutation by bristling up and uttering a short, low growl. Then he bent forward and murmured insinuatingly to Chris, "I say, don't be cross."

Thereupon Chris also bristled up, after her fashion. "I don't know what you mean, Mr. Ellacombe," she said.

"Oh, yes, you do," he returned, with a loud laugh. "You were cross, or you thought you ought to make believe to be cross, because I asked you to ride with me. Lord bless your soul! I understand all that; and what's the good of humbugging? I like you

awfully, you know, and old Mother Barnstaple approves, and what more would you have? I'll come round and fetch you to-morrow, if that will do."

"What *is* the matter with you?" exclaimed Chris, turning an astonished and indignant pair of eyes upon him. "Are you crazy? Or do you really mean to be insolent?"

"You ain't as angry as you want me to think," retorted Ellacombe, still laughing and nodding his head knowingly. "Come, now!—shall it be to-morrow?"

He drew his chair closer to hers and laid his hand upon her knee, while he pushed his rubicund visage forward. This liberty was too much for Peter, who started up, snarling and showing every tooth in his head.

"Get out, you brute!" shouted Ellacombe, with a sweeping back-hander which caught Peter just behind the ear.

The next instant a terrier of small proportions, but some tenacity of grip, had got him securely by the forearm; and that terrier was not shaken off until Mr. Ellacombe had received one of those marks of regard which last a lifetime.

There was a little disturbance and there were some cries of alarm from the ladies; but the whole thing was very soon over, and before Ellacombe could open his lips he found himself outside in the hall, whither he had been hurried by Gerald Severne, who said: "You had better come up to my dressing-room and wash your arm. If you would like to be cauterised, I shall be very happy to do it for you." And in truth Gerald felt that he could perform that operation with the utmost satisfaction.

"Rot!" growled Ellacombe; "cauterised indeed! I've been bitten often enough before now, and never bothered my head about it. If you've got a little sticking-plaster, that's as much as I shall want of you."

In the course of about ten minutes the wound had been washed and bound

up, and Mr. Ellacombe declared himself ready to return to the drawing-room. "Infernal little beast!" he muttered, adding some stronger expressions which need not be recorded: "I'll break his head for this!"

"I shouldn't advise you to do that," answered Gerald calmly: "you might get your own head broken if you did. And look here, Ellacombe, I shouldn't advise you to go back to the drawing-room either."

"Eh? Why not?" asked Ellacombe savagely.

"Because you're drunk, my good fellow—that's why. To-morrow morning when you are sober you can take any notice you please of that; but you won't have a second chance of being impertinent to a lady to-night. I've ordered your dog-cart, and, if necessary, I can get half-a-dozen men to put you into it; but for your own sake I think you had better go quietly."

Possibly Ellacombe had been in some degree sobered by his adventure: at all events he offered no further resistance, but, after staring stupidly for a moment, made his way down stairs, muttering under his breath, was helped into his coat, and departed.

An hour later Gerald took occasion to remark to his mother: "I trust you are now convinced that Mr. Ellacombe isn't a man who can be asked to dinner with impunity."

Lady Barnstaple was rather crestfallen. "I suppose he really did take a little too much," she observed. "They all say so, though I didn't notice it myself. However, he has got badly bitten for his pains, poor man!"

"Not half as badly as he deserved. One thing, at any rate, there can be no doubt that he deserves, and that is to be shut out of your house for the future."

"Oh, my dear Gerald, there is no occasion to take such strong measures. After all, what heaps of men one knows who have been rather wild at first and

have afterwards settled down into exemplary husbands and fathers. There is the Duke of ——”

“I don’t care if all the dukes in England began by being sots,” interrupted Gerald impatiently. “That fellow isn’t fit to enter the same room with Miss Compton; and if you don’t choose to warn her against him, I shall.”

“Really, Gerald ——”

“Really, mother, I mean it and I’ll do it. She is too good and too innocent to understand the sickening code of morality which we have chosen to adopt; and unless somebody interferes to save her, Heaven only knows what she may not be talked into doing. I’d rather not, for several reasons, be the one to enlighten her, but if nobody else will, I must.”

Then, all of a sudden, Lady Barnstaple perceived what she really might have perceived a little earlier. It was creditable to her wisdom that she made no comment upon her discovery, but took up her bedroom-candlestick, heaved a profound sigh, and, after wishing her son good-night, went up stairs.

CHAPTER VIII.

It was perhaps just as well for Mr. Ellacombe that he yielded to Gerald’s representations and went away without showing himself again in the drawing-room; for had he done as he felt inclined, he would have met with a very unfriendly reception from Chris, whose tenderest feelings he had managed to wound by his unheard-of conduct to Peter. She had been very angry with him for his impertinence to herself, but she was furious with him for having dared to lift up his hand against her dog; and the circumstance that her dog had shown himself remarkably well able to retaliate did not, in her eyes, at all purge the offender of his guilt.

“He is an utterly detestable man, and I hope I shall never see him

again,” she said to Lady Grace, who wanted to know what he had done to rouse Peter’s ire.

However by the next morning she had so far forgiven him that she had ceased to think about him. Her spirits and her temper were alike excellent when she went down stairs to breakfast, and she was free from any presentiment of coming trouble. She did not even imagine that anything disagreeable was going to be said to her, when, after she had satisfied a healthy appetite, Lady Barnstaple took her affectionately by the arm and led her into the library; which shows how ignorant of women and things she must have been, for an old lady seldom takes a young one affectionately by the arm unless she means to say something very disagreeable indeed.

Lady Barnstaple began by observing that experience had taught her the folly of beating about the bush. One could not always tell the whole truth, but whenever it was possible to do so the truth ought to be told, however unpalatable it might chance to be. Otherwise complications were apt to arise which a few plain words, honestly spoken, might have averted at the outset.

Chris having signified her assent to this general proposition, the old lady cleared her throat and went on: “You know, my dear child, I take a great interest in your welfare, both for your poor father’s sake and for your own, and few things would give me more sincere pleasure than to see you well and suitably married.”

Chris said, “Thank you, Lady Barnstaple; but I don’t think I very much want to marry anybody just yet.”

“You mean of course that you would prefer to wait until you are asked. That is quite right; but what every girl ought to be cautioned against is marrying—or at least accepting—the first man who may happen to ask her.”

“One is drawn into it sometimes,” remarked Chris, with a sigh, thinking

of a certain quasi-engagement which she had as yet confided to nobody.

"Just so, that is exactly what I mean. Men fall desperately in love with a pretty face—you can't help knowing that yours is a pretty face, and I am only making myself the echo of your looking-glass in telling you so—I say, men fall in love with pretty faces, and they express themselves in impassioned terms, and the owners of the faces are naturally flattered, and often, unfortunately for themselves, give all that is asked of them without even considering what they are likely to receive in return. Now, my dear Chris, do you think you can trust me sufficiently to believe me when I tell you that a lover and a husband are two totally different beings? A lover may be this, that, or the other: so long as he says 'I love you' loudly enough and often enough, he will do very well for most people. But a husband, if he is to be at all satisfactory, must have other qualifications—a good temper, a good moral character, above and beyond all an ample income. It sounds prosaic, I know; but upon the whole one looks rather to prose than to poetry for a simple and straightforward statement of facts."

Chris began to laugh. "I think I understand what you mean," said she, "and it is kind of you to put me on my guard. But really there is no need. I am not going to marry Mr. Ellacombe, even if he asks me."

With an outburst of engaging candour, Lady Barnstaple confessed that her remarks had not been intended to apply to Mr. Ellacombe. Mr. Ellacombe was not perfect, but perhaps he was no worse than his neighbours, and his income, at any rate, was a good solid fact. "He offended you last night, I know; and far be it from me to fight his battles for him. I would not for the world influence your choice in any way. But, my dear, you have another admirer in this house, as I dare say you already know. I don't think I can show you any greater

kindness than by warning you, while it is still time, that Gerald can never marry you. He is of age, and he may propose to you and talk the customary nonsense about waiting until he is better off; but his father would certainly not sanction the engagement, and he can't afford to marry upon his present means. One knows how that sort of thing ends. The man gets off scot-free and the girl is cast adrift, after having been bound down to refuse all offers during two or three of the best years of her life."

There was a good deal of common sense in this speech; but feminine instinct made Chris perfectly well aware that it was prompted rather by selfishness than by benevolence. She reddened and replied—perhaps a little over-hastily—"You have no reason to be frightened, Lady Barnstaple. I dare say it would make you more comfortable to know that I am engaged already. Don't repeat it to anybody, please; but I *am* engaged in—in a sort of a way to Mr. Richardson. You remember him at Cannes?"

"That vulgar young man!" exclaimed Lady Barnstaple, really shocked. "My dear girl, you mustn't think of such a thing! But only in a sort of a way, you say. That, I suppose, means that you don't intend to marry him?"

There was a pause, during which Chris looked down at her fingers and turned round the diamond and sapphire rings which had belonged to her mother. "I don't know," she answered at length. "He was very kind to me, and he wishes it, though he said I was not to consider myself bound. I only promised that I would let him know before I engaged myself to anybody else."

"Ah, there it is!" observed Lady Barnstaple, with an intonation which expressed relief and disappointment in something like equal proportions. "Such an engagement as that is no engagement at all: one can scarcely call it even a safeguard." She added sorrowfully: "I have never wished to

get rid of Gerald before, but I wish with all my heart that his father would telegraph for him now."

Chris could not help being a little angry. There was only one thing to be done, and she was quite willing to do it; but she thought that, if ever she should be in a position to play the part of hostess, she would submit to any inconvenience or peril rather than convey such a hint to one of her guests. However she summoned up a smile and said briskly: "Wouldn't it be almost as well if I were to telegraph to Aunt Rebecca? Then I could leave by the first train to-morrow."

"Oh, my dear child," cried Lady Barnstaple, "I never meant to suggest that! As long as you can enjoy yourself and amuse yourself here, I am sure we are only too happy to keep you."

No very great display of obstinacy however was required to persuade her ladyship that, in all the circumstances, she had better allow her visitor to depart. She was grateful, she was a little ashamed, and not a little apologetic; but she did not refuse to despatch a groom with the requisite telegram to Miss Ramsden, and she breathed more freely after she had seen the man gallop away.

"You must come back to us later in the year, my dear," she said to Chris, whom she kissed affectionately on both cheeks; "and in the meantime pray do not let yourself be drawn into any further entanglement with Mr. Richardson. I can't tell you how distressed I should be if you were to throw yourself away upon such a man."

The above colloquy was held before luncheon, and during that meal Lady Barnstaple took occasion to announce the decision which had been arrived at. "Chris says she is going to run away from us to-morrow. It is too bad of her, but we must hope to tempt her back again in the autumn."

Such was the formula which commended itself to the anxious mother, and which, it may safely be asserted,

imposed upon nobody. Every one, including Gerald, understood quite well that the young lady had had a hint to go; and every one, except Gerald, who was furious, looked sorry for her—which was a hard thing to bear. The difficulty was how to get through the afternoon without giving Mr. Severne an opportunity of expressing his indignation, or any other sentiment that he may have desired to express. Lady Barnstaple, who doubtless perceived this, considerably offered to take Chris out for a drive; and a sufficiently wearisome two hours our poor heroine had of it, sitting with her back to the horses, while her hostess and another old lady discoursed about the difficulty of rearing young turkeys, and the absurd prices that people were giving for orchids, and the maladies of their respective grandchildren.

Meanwhile Gerald was taking a solitary walk and trying to make up his mind what he ought to do. His father allowed him five hundred a year and made him an occasional present of a hundred pounds, upon which modest income he had hitherto contrived to subsist and to keep out of debt. But even if Miss Compton had as much of her own—which was improbable—he would scarcely be justified in asking her to be his wife, for the diplomatic service is practically an unpaid profession. That being so, it might seem that his proper course was tolerably clear, and that he had only to abstain from asking her to be his wife; but when one is desperately in love, when one feels—as everybody must feel at such times—capable of making any personal sacrifice for the sake of the beloved object, and when one is disposed towards a humble conviction that she ought at least to be allowed a chance of displaying similar self-abnegation, it is not so easy to sit still and bow to the dictates of prudence. Thus it was that by dinner-time Mr. Severne had reached no decision, and was very willing to become the victim of circumstances.

Circumstances however did not claim him in that capacity. Chris was separated from him by something like the whole length of the dinner-table, and later in the evening she took very good care to avoid being left alone with him. A steady drizzling rain—one of those down-pours which obscure North Devon while other counties are conscious only of cloudy weather—precluded all possibility of a walk upon the terrace, and Lady Grace, by whose side Chris had seated herself, did not seem to understand the impatient signals made to her by her brother. He had to make the best of a bad business and content himself with asking whether he might call upon Miss Compton when he passed through London.

"I am afraid you would never find your way to the place where we live," she answered; and he could not get her to tell him where that was. "Besides," she added, "I am very seldom at home in the afternoon. Peter and I go out for long walks and don't return until nightfall."

Men who are in love are easily snubbed, and long before the evening was over Gerald Severne was convinced that even if he had been a millionaire there would have been no sort of hope for him. "I trust we may meet again some day, Miss Compton," was all that he could say, as he wished her good-night with a sigh.

To which she responded cheerfully: "Oh, yes, I hope we may. But I'm afraid it isn't particularly likely."

Brentstow being at some distance from a railway-station, Chris had to make an early start on the following morning. Gerald of course rose early in order to see the last of her; but he did not gain much by that, since his mother and sister had done likewise, and it was under their watchful eyes that his adieux had to be spoken. As soon as the carriage had disappeared he strode away, announcing that he was going out fishing and would not be back before the evening.

"I always thought," remarked Lady Barnstaple, as she re-entered the house, "that one required a rod, or at the very least a line, to catch fish; but no matter! If he catches nothing, we must console ourselves with the reflection that he has escaped being caught."

Although Gerald did not overhear this speech, he was almost as angry with the ladies of his family as if he had. They had treated him abominably, he thought, and he determined to see no more of them that day. But whether one's heart be whole or broken, one cannot possibly sit for more than a certain number of hours upon a rock, doing nothing and staring across the Bristol Channel; and so it came to pass that, about three o'clock in the afternoon, Lady Grace, who had ensconced herself in a hammock on the lawn and was lazily glancing at one of the weekly papers, became aware of a haggard and dejected young man, who said reproachfully: "We've always been pretty good friends up to now, Gracie: I don't know what I've done that you should turn against me like this."

Lady Grace jumped out of her hammock and protested against so unjust a charge. How, she wanted to know, could she be said to have turned against her brother when she had not even been informed of what his wishes were?

"If that's all," Gerald replied, "I can very soon tell you." And forthwith he took her unreservedly into his confidence.

Lady Grace was by no means hard-hearted. She was fond of Chris, she was devoted to her brother, and she was quite capable of enjoying a little bit of romance. But at the same time she could not deceive herself as to matters of fact, and it seemed to her that the obstacle of pounds, shillings, and pence was an insuperable one. Therefore she confined herself to expressions of sympathy, and would not say what in her heart she was inclined to believe, that, but for the aforesaid

obstacle, her brother would have had no reason to despair. So persuaded, indeed, was she that no good could come of this unlucky attachment that she even went a step farther and, in accordance with the universal feminine custom, revealed in strict confidence something which she had promised not to reveal, and which had been revealed to her by some one who had made a similar promise.

"Do you mean that she is engaged to the man?" Gerald asked, when he had been informed of the existence of Mr. Valentine Richardson.

"Well, we hope not; because he is a dissipated sort of youth, with no means and apparently no belongings. Probably her relations wouldn't let her marry him. But mamma says that she has in a manner bound herself to him, and one can only suppose that she must like him."

Gerald groaned. "If she does care for the man," said he, "I hope she will marry him, in spite of her relations and friends. At the worst, he would be better than Ellacombe."

Lady Grace was unable to agree. Mr. Ellacombe, she observed, if he had not much character, had at least money enough to support a wife, which Mr. Richardson had not; and Gerald was pointing out to her in vehement language how atrocious and ignoble a thing it is in a woman to set wealth above love, when his eloquence was interrupted by the sudden appearance upon the scene of Mr. Ellacombe in person.

Ellacombe was sober and sorry: he had ridden over in order to say so. With scarcely any preface, he made so abject an apology for his conduct that even Gerald's hard heart was softened, and his consternation on hearing that Miss Compton had gone away almost made the young diplomatist sympathise with him. "We are in the same boat," Gerald thought: "neither of us is going to win, so we needn't be jealous of one another."

"My dear fellow," he said, when

the contrite Ellacombe declared that he could not go away without having begged Lady Barnstaple's pardon, "don't bother yourself any more about it. It's all right. My mother noticed nothing, and I'm sure she would much rather you didn't speak to her upon the subject."

But Ellacombe insisted; and as, while they were talking, Lady Barnstaple came in from her drive, he hastened to the front-door and intercepted her with a very humble entreaty for a five minutes' interview.

His request was of course granted; and after he had abased himself and had been assured that, so far as his late hostess was concerned, he was fully pardoned, he ventured to inquire what chance there was of Miss Compton's proving equally generous.

"I know I made a beast of myself, and I know she thought so," he said dejectedly; "but after all, it's one of those things which might happen to anybody, isn't it?"

"I don't know," answered Lady Barnstaple; "but I must say that I shouldn't advise you to let it happen to you again in her presence."

"I give you my word of honour that I won't!" cried Ellacombe earnestly. "Lady Barnstaple, I'm sure you understand how it is with me, and that you know I'd cut off my right hand sooner than offend Miss Compton. And—and I fancy that you don't altogether disapprove of me, in spite of my having behaved so disgracefully the other night. Would you mind," he added in persuasive accents, "giving me Miss Compton's address in London?"

Lady Barnstaple stroked her chin meditatively. She still thought that it would be in every way desirable that Chris should espouse this intemperate, but penitent landed proprietor; yet she was not prepared to send him straight off to London to declare himself. If he did so he would assuredly be refused, and there was no telling what might not happen after that. So she said: "My dear Mr. Ellacombe, you

must have a little patience. You have been dreadfully indiscreet, and I am afraid you will have to suffer for your indiscretion. Later in the year—in October or November, perhaps—when we come back from Scotland, I hope to be here again for a few weeks, and I shall try and get Miss Compton to stay with us. Then—well, then you must take your chance. I need hardly tell you that she is her own mistress, and that I would on no account assume the responsibility of influencing her for or against you. Meanwhile you had better allow her a little time to forget that you were bitten by her dog. Why he bit you I'm sure I don't know; but by your own account he had some provocation. The wisest plan is to let the bite and the provocation both heal."

Ellacombe, impatient though he was, was disposed to think that there was sound sense in that counsel. He thanked Lady Barnstaple profusely and took his leave with a lightened heart.

Gerald, who saw him ride away, said to his sister: "Look here, Gracie, that fellow hasn't given up the game. I know it by the way he sits his horse. Now, if he doesn't despair, I needn't; and what I want to know is whether you mean to be upon my mother's side or mine."

"Oh, well," answered Lady Grace, laughing; "if it comes to that, I suppose I shall be upon yours. But you will have forgotten all about poor Chris before you have bagged half-a-dozen brace of grouse."

CHAPTER IX.

It was not without some soreness of spirit that Chris left her friends in Devonshire—leaving them, as she felt that she was doing, for ever. It had been kind of Lady Barnstaple to speak of having her back in the autumn: they had all been kind to her from the very first; but she did not intend to return to them. Despite their kindness, they had shown her, intentionally

or unintentionally, that she was not of their class, a fact which had never been brought home to her during her father's lifetime. If they had not said in so many words, they had at least hinted that she had made an attempt to fascinate a member of their family, and that such attempts could not be tolerated for a moment. "No," thought Chris, "I shall never see Brentstow again. If I am not their equal I would much rather not associate with them." And this was sad enough; because she had been very happy at Brentstow. When, all of a sudden, she found her eyes full of tears and brushed them impatiently away, she attributed that momentary weakness to regret at bidding a long farewell to Lady Grace and to a part of England which had taken her fancy. Assuredly she had nothing else to cry about.

Nevertheless, she would not have been inexcusable if she had wept a little out of sheer self-pity at the outlook before her. The idea of spending the early autumn in London would be appalling enough to most people: to spend that season in a dismal little house on Primrose Hill with a miserly old woman who denied herself and those about her all the comforts of civilised existence is a trial which, one would fain hope, no reader of these pages will ever be called upon to face. But Chris, who had to face it, wisely determined to do so without repining; and although it is true that her heart sank a little as she drew near the end of her journey, and the murky atmosphere of the great city became perceptible, she said to Peter, whom a civil guard had allowed her to keep with her, that they would pull through somehow.

Peter rubbed his rough head against her and raised his honest eyes, and gave her to understand that such was also his view. He did not like London—what dog does?—but he was content to be where his mistress was, which is more than can be said for the generality of human friends.

Ugly old Martha had a grin of welcome for the weary traveller, and whispered: "I'll bring you a nice cup of 'ot tea to your bedroom directly: there's nothing but a bit of cold boiled mutton for your supper down stairs."

But Martha's mistress was less gracious. "I can't understand your ways of going on, Christina," Miss Ramsden began querulously, the moment that she caught sight of her niece. "You seem to delight in shaking my nerves with telegrams. You might have sent a letter for a penny; and anybody but you would have done it. However, I suppose you can't be happy unless you are throwing away money: it's only what might have been expected."

Chris explained that her departure from Brentstow had been decided upon rather hastily.

"Why?" inquired the old lady sharply. "What need was there of haste?"

This being an awkward question to answer, Chris left it unanswered, which provoked her aunt into remarking: "You outstayed your welcome, no doubt. I can't say I am surprised at that: it isn't everybody who would put up with your caprices as I do."

What she meant it was rather difficult to understand: probably she meant nothing at all, except that she was out of temper and would like to relieve her feelings by a comfortable quarrel. But Chris, not having been brought up among women, and comprehending little of their queer ways, forbore to request an explanation from her aunt, who called her a sulky girl and went grumbling off to bed.

Miss Ramsden was always grumbling, and all the patience and forbearance in the world would have been thrown away upon her. There was nothing for it, Chris thought, but to leave her to herself as much as possible and to remain silent when she railed at imaginary slights and affronts. That was doubtless the more dignified course to adopt; but in some ways it would have been better to fight with the

stingy, ungracious old woman, to reduce her to tears (which could have been easily done) and to make friends with her again afterwards. That was what she wanted, and that would at least have produced intervals of peace and good humour. As it was, Miss Ramsden soon began to complain bitterly of her niece's neglect.

"I did think," she would say, "that when it was arranged that we should live together, I should gain something in the way of companionship in return for all the expense and inconvenience to which I have been put; but it seems that I am never to be allowed to see your face except at dinner-time."

To such reproaches Chris made no reply. She was willing to play *bésique* for an hour or two every evening, much as she abhorred that game; but to surrender her share of such fresh air as London has to give, to sit indoors every afternoon, with the blinds drawn down in order that the faded old carpets might be protected from the sunshine, was more than she could bring herself to undertake; and as she did not intend to concede that point, she held her tongue.

Every afternoon she and Peter wandered about the Regent's Park, and they soon became acquainted with every square yard of that not very extensive pleasure-ground. The weather was sultry, the grass was burnt up, the trees were blackened with the London soot: they were neither of them very happy in that brown oasis of theirs, amid the surrounding desert of bricks and mortar. After the first few days Peter did not care to roam about much in such an uninteresting place. He sat dejectedly under the trees beside his mistress, while she told him her troubles, which he seemed to understand, and which were as desperately real as the troubles of young people always are. Chris even reached the point of wishing that it were not wrong to commit suicide, and wondering why it should be. Her life was of no use to her or to anybody else: from life, as she had formerly understood

the term, she was hopelessly cut off ; and she could no longer look forward, as she had done at first, to eventual escape from her present sordid surroundings. She had been given to understand that she did not belong to the upper class and could not be admitted into it, except upon sufferance. She knew nothing and was not likely to know anything of that which she supposed was her own. Even after she had attained her majority she would probably have to go on living with her aunt, since there was nobody else for her to live with. Sometimes she thought longingly of the Laverghes ; but she had no claim upon them, and after all, they were old and might be dead before the day of her emancipation should arrive.

And so, having neither present nor future that could be reflected upon without wretchedness, her thoughts were naturally occupied for the most part with the past ; nor was it strange that in that past the figure of Gerald Severne should fill a prominent place. She did not expect ever to see him again : he was nothing more than a memory to her, and he could not be anything less than a pleasant memory. She remembered his bright, handsome face and his manly unaffected ways, and how well they had always got on together ; and occasionally—just for a moment at a time—she wondered whether, if she had been Lady Somebody Something and an heiress, instead of being what she was, it would not have been a very pleasant lot to be wooed and won by such a suitor.

Then one afternoon she had a bitter disappointment. She came in late, as usual, and as she entered the dingy little drawing-room, Miss Ramsden remarked drily : “ You have missed a visitor. A Mr. Severne, who says he is a son of your friend, Lady Barnstaple’s, has been here and waited a long time in hopes of seeing you ; but I told him that you could never be counted upon. I asked him whether I could deliver a message for him ; but he did not appear to have come upon any particular

errand, except to give you his mother’s love and to mention that he was going to Scotland by to-night’s mail.”

Well, there was no denying that it was a disappointment. After what Lady Barnstaple had said, it was perhaps as well that she had chanced to miss Gerald ; but she could not help being glad that he had not forgotten her, nor could she help wishing that she had seen him, if only for five minutes. It seemed such an age since she had exchanged a word with a sympathetic fellow-creature.

This incident had the odd and unexpected effect of making Miss Ramsden jealous. Apparently it did not strike her to regard Mr. Severne and his visit in the light in which they would have been regarded by most old women and chaperons : she saw only that her news had made Chris sad and out of spirits, and throughout the evening she bewailed herself at intervals accordingly.

“ Any stranger is preferred to your nearest relations,” she moaned. “ You seem to be as communicative with other people as you are reticent with me ; and you make complaints, I have no doubt ; though what you can truthfully have to complain of I leave it to your own conscience to say. You need not deny it, Christina : I am neither blind nor deaf nor stupid, and from the way in which that young man spoke and looked this afternoon, it was very evident that he was pitying you. Well, when your aunt is no longer with you, you will perhaps be sorry for having treated her with such ingratitude.”

This last phrase became a frequent one with Miss Ramsden. She was not long for this world, she would say, and doubtless the sooner she was dead and buried the better everybody would be pleased—particularly those who were likely to inherit her small savings. She did not always speak of these savings as small. Sometimes she would hint at their being considerable, and would sigh at the prospect of their being senselessly

and wickedly squandered in the course of a few years. At other times she would declare that she had next to nothing to leave; and then again that what she had would go to hospitals and charities. Chris was often tempted to retort that she would willingly resign all claim upon a doubtful future inheritance if only she might be allowed a few more present creature comforts, such as, for instance, a somewhat larger supply of clean sheets and clean table-linen; but she held her peace, knowing that no request of that kind would be granted, and that anything in the shape of a complaint would be indignantly resented.

Possibly Miss Ramsden may have been visited by an occasional qualm of conscience; for this is a phenomenon which is wont to exhibit itself in the most unexpected quarters. At any rate, she was haunted by an idea that her niece, who complained of nothing, had every inclination to make complaints, and she was greatly perturbed when Mrs. James Compton wrote to invite Chris to spend a day at Wimbledon.

"That lawyer man," said she, "is just like the rest of his tribe. He expects to get the value of a shilling for every sixpence that he lays out, and I am sure he will try to persuade you that I don't spend every penny I receive from him for taking charge of you. Well, you may tell him from me that if you are discontented it is no fault of mine. I have done my best; but I can't afford to give you champagne every night upon the pittance that he allows me. You may say what you like against me, and I have no doubt you will say a great deal, but you can't honestly assert that I haven't done all I ever undertook to do."

"I shall say nothing against you, Aunt Rebecca," answered Chris. "I don't know what you are receiving, and I shall not ask. Besides, I think you are quite mistaken about my cousin. I suspect that he is only too

glad to leave me where I am, and that if I were to say I was dissatisfied he wouldn't believe me."

But Miss Ramsden refused to be conciliated. "You speak as if you had some cause for dissatisfaction," said she. "What cause have you? If you could tell me we might perhaps get on better together."

Chris, rather foolishly, answered: "Well, if you ask the question, Aunt Rebecca, I don't think I get quite enough to eat."

It was perfectly true that she did not get nearly enough to eat, and that what she did get was often so bad of its kind as to be uneatable. But if that circumstance had to be mentioned at all, it would have been far better to mention it to Mr. Compton than to Miss Ramsden, who instantly burst out into a furious invective. "You wicked, ungrateful girl! I knew very well that you meant to traduce me, and I might have guessed that you would hit upon some accusation which cannot be disproved. The pounds and pounds that I have spent upon the butcher and poulterer since you have been here! And of course you took care to find out that I always pay ready money and have no bills to show. Well, I am rightly served! If I had had any sense I should have foreseen what your father's daughter would turn out."

Chris had an admirable temper; but it was not her way to refuse a fight when those whom she loved were attacked. As a matter of fact, she had had no great reason to love her father; but her life with him had been a happy one, and now that he was gone she very naturally thought he had been the most indulgent and considerate of parents.

"You can abuse me as much as you please, Aunt Rebecca," she returned; "but I will not allow you or anybody else to abuse my father."

"You will not allow! Do you consider that a proper and respectful way to speak to your aunt? And do you

forget that you had a mother as well as a father—a mother whose fortune your father squandered! Your father was a selfish spendthrift. He was ashamed of his wife's relations, and of his own relations, while he lived; but he was not ashamed to leave you as a burden upon them when he died. I shall not ask your permission to give my opinion about such a man as that when I choose to give it."

By this time Miss Ramsden was very angry; and so was Chris, who twice attempted to speak, and then, breaking down suddenly, burst into tears.

This was just what her aunt desired. There are people—women, for the most part—who love bullying, yet are not intentionally cruel, and will show plenty of amiability towards those whom their bullying has vanquished. Such people, if held down by a strong hand, pass through life decently enough, and, by reason of their moral cowardice, seldom commit any great sins; but if circumstances render them independent, they are apt to become a curse to humanity. Miss Ramsden, having gained her victory, would not now have been unwilling to sign a treaty of peace; but, unluckily at that moment a fresh combatant threw himself into the fray.

Peter, as has been already said, was not upon good terms with the mistress of the house. He had thought badly of her from the first, and now he saw his worst suspicions confirmed. For some minutes past he had been listening with cocked ears to her screeching, scolding voice: he had understood very well that his mistress was being assailed, and when he saw Chris sink back in her chair and cover her face with her hands, he judged that the moment had come for him to intervene. Accordingly he went straight for old Miss Ramsden's legs, whereupon a very pretty hubbub ensued. Peter was dragged off, and there was really no damage done, except to a very ancient black alpaca gown; but Aunt Rebecca had a fit of hysterics, and was subse-

quently led away to bed by Martha, who was summoned, and who slapped her on the back and applied restoratives without apparent success.

It was an unfortunate episode, and it had the effect of putting Chris in the wrong. Still she could not find it in her heart to punish Peter, who was much elated, and who, for fully ten minutes afterwards, sat nodding his head and giving little grunts, evidently saying to himself: "That's the sort of dog I am!"

It was not without some reluctance that Chris left this faithful partizan of hers in Martha's care on the following day. "I do believe," she said, "that Aunt Rebecca is capable of keeping him all day without food."

To which Martha replied, "That she is, miss, and no wonder. But he shall 'ave his dinner; though I do think you ought to 'ave give him a whipping. You naughty little creatur' you! How could you beyave so!"

But Peter, who liked Martha, knowing her to be a person of sterling qualities, rubbed himself against her and showed no signs of penitence; and so Chris departed, feeling that he was in safe hands.

She spent a long and tedious day at the Wimbledon villa which Mr. Compton had hired for the summer months. That hard-worked gentleman did not himself appear, his avocations compelling him to leave for London early in the morning and remain there until late at night. His wife was a faded, rather peevish sort of person, and his numerous daughters were colourless both in a physical and in a metaphorical sense. In the course of the afternoon Mrs. Compton said hesitatingly: "James told me to ask you whether you were comfortable with Miss Ramsden?" and seemed relieved when Chris replied: "Oh, yes, thank you; tolerably comfortable." It was evident that she had only invited her young kinswoman to pass a few hours with her because she had been ordered to do so, and that she found the hours

as long as her guest did. Chris was glad to get away from them, and registered an inward vow that she would not again trespass upon their hospitality.

It was growing dark when she reached Balaclava Terrace once more, and whistled twice after the peculiar fashion which Peter knew. But Peter did not come charging out of the house with a volley of short, joyous barks, as he was wont to do on those rare occasions when he had been deserted for a time by his mistress. Only Martha stood in the doorway with an odd, scared look upon her face, and caught Chris by the arm, whispering, "Hush, miss! don't whistle for him: he can't 'ear you. The poor little dog"—— She stopped short and gave a kind of gasp, which ended almost like a sob.

"What have you done with him?" asked Chris, turning pale. "Where is he?"

"Oh, miss—oh, my dear, he's dead! It was none of my doing. The Lord He knows I'd give the 'arf of what I've saved in all these years to give him back to you as you give him to me! but there! what's the good of talking? You won't forgive me, I know, nor yet I can't forgive myself. Come into the kitching, and I'll tell you all about it."

Martha had perhaps anticipated an outburst of reproaches; if so, she had misjudged the probable effect of her news. Chris followed her into the kitchen, and sat down upon one of the wooden chairs without uttering a single word; and so she had to tell her tale unaided by any of those interrogations and interpolations which are dear to women.

Told in that way, it was the tale of a foul murder, and the case for the murderess was scarcely arguable. Miss Ramsden, it appeared, had got up in a very bad temper, and with the memory of her wrongs of the previous night strong upon her. Coming down stairs somewhat earlier than usual,

she had encountered Peter and had struck at him with her stick, whereupon he had, as she declared, flown at her and bitten her foot. Martha could not say whether this was or was not a true account of an incident which she had not witnessed, but at any rate Miss Ramsden had no wound to show. "And, my dear, I knew no more than the babe unborn what she was thinking of when she told me to get her dressed, because she was going out to the chemist's to buy some medicine; and when I see her come back, and the young man from the chemist's with her, I supposed 'twas no more than some dispute about the bill, like what she's always 'avin' with them, and that she'd brought him 'ere to show him her receipt. I was cookin' the dinner at the time, and I let Peter out o' my sight, which I never ought to 'ave done it, and the same I confess and repent of. Well, ten minutes arter that she rang for me and I went up to the droring-room—and 'twas all over. 'The pore dog was mad,' says she, 'and he 'ad to be put out o' the way. And you'd best remove the body,' says she. Well, I spoke to Miss Rebecca as I never thought I could have spoke to her; but I was that angry the words come out o' theirselves, and I believe I went so fur as to give her warning, though I ain't goin' to desert her, whatever she done. And if 'tis any comfort to you to know that she's lyin' down in her bed at this moment, shakin' all over with fright——"

"Where is he?" interrupted Chris quietly.

Martha led the way into the scullery, where poor Peter lay, stiff and stark, his joys and sorrows ended for ever, and those soft, loving eyes of his, in which his mistress had so often read as much as any human tongue can speak, dull and glazed. Chris bent over him and kissed his curly head. Then, "Martha," said she, "have you a spade? I want to bury him, and there is no time to be lost."

Martha had no spade, but she had a shovel and a pick which she used for breaking coal; and with those implements a grave was soon dug in the back-garden in which Peter's body was laid. When the work, which had been accomplished in silence, was completed, Chris knelt down and kissed her dead friend once more.

"Good-bye, dear, dear Peter!" she whispered. "You were always good and true; and I believe we shall meet again, in spite of what people say. If there is a heaven for Aunt Rebecca, there must be a heaven for dogs."

"Indeed, I think so too, my dear,"

sobbed Martha, casting orthodoxy to the winds. "And oh, if you could forgive the pore old missus! I believe she was frightened of the dog, and I do believe she's sorry now—yes, that I do!"

"It makes no difference," answered Chris coldly, "whether she is sorry or not. I will never forgive her, and I will never, if I can help it, see her or speak to her again."

The girl's face was so pale and stern that Martha could only weep feebly and murmur: "Oh dear, oh dear! what ever shall we do!"

(To be continued.)

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1888.

CHRIS.

CHAPTER X.

"MARTHA," said Chris, when the little grave had been filled in, "I left Peter in your care, and he has been killed. You say you are sorry, and I suppose you are. Do you wish to show that you are sorry?"

Poor Martha made an indescribable and somewhat grotesque gesture, which seemed to signify assent.

"Then," continued Chris, "you can do it by enabling me to escape from this house, where I would rather die than spend another night. I must begin packing at once, and you must help me, and call a cab afterwards, for we have barely an hour left."

"Oh, miss, I durstn't do it!" cried Martha, wringing her hands distractedly. "Go and lay down upon your bed, and I'll bring you a cup of tea presently; and try if you can't cry a bit, which is the best thing for all as is in trouble; and to-morrow——"

"There is no time to argue!" interrupted Chris; "I mean to go, and I have money enough to pay for my journey. All you can do is to prevent my taking any clothes with me. If you won't help me, I shall go straight off to the station as I am."

"But—but if I was to 'old you fast, miss?" suggested Martha, somewhat timorously; for indeed she was over-awed by the girl's coolness.

Chris instantly whipped out of her No. 341.—VOL. LVII.

pocket the long Spanish knife which José had given her. "Martha," said she, "I intend to go, and I can't answer for what I might do to any one who tried to hold me. Do you understand?"

"Oh, my dear," whimpered Martha, "don't look at me so! And put away that 'orrid great knife, which it gives me quite a turn on'y to see it. But where would you go, my pore child, all by yourself?"

"Perhaps I had better not tell you," answered Chris. "You will be asked questions, and it would be just as well that you should have no reply to give; though I shall write to Mr. Compton as soon as I reach the place that I am bound for. I shall be with friends, and I shall be well taken care of."

"Well," sighed Martha, "if go you must and will, to be sure there's no sense in your going with nothing but the clothes you stand up in. But why not see your aunt and say the same to her as you've said to me?"

"Because I could not endure to look at her," answered Chris shortly. "Come, Martha, if you are going to help me at all, you must do it at once." And taking the old woman by the arm, she led her back into the house and up stairs.

The reason which Chris assigned for her surreptitious flight was genuine enough, so far as it went; for she had an overpowering repugnance to the idea of facing Peter's murderess; but

it was not her only reason. Miss Ramsden probably had legal power, and certainly had practical power, to detain her: she might even, if the worst came to the worst, call in the police and cause a public scandal. Whereas, if she were separated from her niece by the whole length of France, negotiations would have to be conducted through Mr. James Compton, who would be less difficult to deal with. Chris hastily consulted a continental Bradshaw, while Martha, with many subdued groans, was stuffing her clothes into her trunks, and found that she would have no chance of catching the direct mail to Paris. It would however be quite possible for her to take the Southampton and Havre route, thus leaving London an hour later; only it would be necessary, even so, to use the utmost despatch.

Unfortunately, Martha would not and could not be hurried. Every few minutes she stopped packing, threw herself back, sitting upon her heels, and ejaculated, "Oh, my dear, I durstn't do it!—I reelly durstn't!" and it was only by alternate entreaties and menaces that she could be induced to resume her labours.

What gave Chris even more anxiety than the lukewarmness of her fellow-conspirator was that Miss Ramsden's bedroom was next door, and that boxes cannot be moved nor drawers opened and shut without some noise. And, sure enough, when they had nearly completed their preparations, there came three loud thumps upon the partition wall which caused them to start and exchange affrighted glances.

"There!" exclaimed Martha, sinking despairingly into a chair, "that settles it! Go to her I must, and what in this world I'm to say to her ——"

"Listen to me, Martha," interrupted Chris, taking the woman by the shoulders and looking straight into her eyes: "I have heard you tell Aunt Rebecca fibs before now, and I know that you can tell them very well.

You will go to her now, and you will say just whatever comes into your head, except the truth; only you are not to be away more than five minutes. If you stand by me I will reward you handsomely as soon as I can, but if you betray me ——."

"Oh, laws, child," broke in Martha, "don't talk to me about rewards! Goodness knows it isn't a reward I want!"

"Well, you will get a reward—of one kind or another. I am only a girl, but I am desperate; and by far the safest thing you can do is to obey me."

Thus cautioned, Martha tottered out of the room, and Chris, having hastily locked her boxes, sat down and waited during the longest five minutes that she had ever spent in her life. Nevertheless, the allotted time had barely expired when her emissary returned, wearing an air of mingled contrition and triumph.

"Well?" asked Chris expectantly.

"Well," answered Martha, "she don't suspect nothin'. There! It did go against me to deceive her, and she so porely too. But I kep' sayin' to myself, 'Tis for the sake of others, not for your own, that you're carryin' on in this scanderlous way, and maybe that 'll be took into account.' Mortal bad she says she is; and to be sure she do look it. 'Bin ringin' that bell for the last 'alf hour,' says she; and then she fancied she 'eard me movin' in the next room, which was why she knock through. So I give her her medicine, and then she seems a bit easier and wants to know whether you was come in yet. 'Come in?' I says: 'I believe you she 'ave! And in that tearin' and horful passion you wouldn't credit it without you was to see it. And you'd best let me get back to her as soon as I can,' I says, 'and put her safe to bed; for 'tis my belief as she's in no state to be left alone, much less to be allowed within a harm's length of you.' Scared!—well, I don't know as I ever see any one look more scared than pore Miss Rebecca did at that.

Began tremblin' all over, so she shook the bed under her, and, 'Don't let her in 'ere, Martha,' she says, 'don't you let her into this room, whatever you do!' So I puts on a blood-curdlin' sort of a voice, and says I——"

Chris cut this discursive narrative short without ceremony. "That will do, Martha: I don't want to hear what either of you said, and if I did I shouldn't have time to listen. Now run as fast as you can and call a cab, and tell the man to take off his boots in the hall before he comes up for the boxes, because there is a lady ill in the house. Do you see?"

Off trotted Martha, still much elated by the success of her wily policy; and a few minutes later Chris had the satisfaction of hearing a cab stop at the door. The carrying of the boxes down stairs was anxious work, but no sound proceeded from Miss Ramsden's room; and while the cabman, who took an excruciatingly long time about it, was putting on his boots, Chris could hear Martha rehearsing under her breath the details of an interview which had not yet taken place. "'Keb?' says I. 'What are you a-thinkin' of? There ain't bin no keb drove away from *this* 'ouse. You must ha' bin dreamin',' I says——"

But the old woman's view of the situation suddenly changed again at the last moment, when she thrust her head through the window of the cab in which Chris had already seated herself and sobbed out, "Oh, my dear, you ain't goin' away without a word of pardon for your pore old Martha, are you? 'Twas my fault maybe, but 'twas never my intention, as well you know. And I done all you told me since, ain't I?"

Then for the first time Chris smiled. "I have nothing to forgive you for, Martha," she said, taking the old woman's hand, "and I don't think you were at all to blame. Only I had to tell you so 'cause it was necessary to frighten you. Good-bye, Martha: I won't forget how you have helped me."

Possibly Martha, who had just succeeded so magnificently in frightening somebody else, did not quite like being reminded of her own timidity. At any rate, she dried her eyes as the cab disappeared, and summoned up a sort of laugh. "Pore dear!" she murmured. "She and her knife!—as if I ever believed she'd stab me! Waterloo Station she told the cabman, and she's goin' to friends in furrin parts, as I see by her lookin' at them furrin time-tables. They'll ketch her up and bring her back agin in a few days, I s'pose; but 'twas as well to let her 'ave her own way at startin'. Nothin' like 'avin' your own way for coolin' the blood; and as for Miss Rebecca, if this gives her a turn, 'tis no more than she deserves."

Meanwhile Chris was being conducted to her destination at the utmost speed which an old-fashioned four-wheeled cab could accomplish; that is to say, very slowly indeed. She offered the cabman a double fare if he would drive fast, whereupon he lashed his horse into a lumbering canter; but that did not imply any great increase of pace, and it was with only three minutes to spare that the fugitive reached Waterloo.

She took her ticket for Paris, booked her luggage, and was pushed into a carriage just as the train was starting; and then at length she had leisure to reflect upon what she was doing and was about to do. Hitherto there had only been room in her mind for the one idea, that she must at all hazards effect her escape from the wicked and treacherous old woman who had murdered her dog; but now she could not help beginning to wonder whether the Laverignes, upon whose protection she had resolved to throw herself, would be altogether enchanted when a young woman who had run away from her relations dropped upon them from the clouds. It seemed shabby to doubt it, and yet there was room for just a little bit of doubt. "At any rate," thought Chris, "if they don't want me they need not keep me. I am ready to

work for my living, or do anything that James Compton may tell me to do, until I come of age, except go back to Aunt Rebecca. That I won't do; and I don't see how he can possibly make me."

It is always a comfort to know one's own mind. Chris, having made up hers quite decidedly, was able to dismiss all anxiety with regard to such future events as were beyond her control, and could allow herself to cry a little over the bereavement which she had sustained. She was alone in the railway-carriage so that there was no need to conceal her tears, which flowed without restraint while the train sped down the line towards Southampton.

Most people seem to think that there is something ridiculous in mourning over the death of a dog, although they have no reason for thinking so beyond that which is responsible for the rest of their opinions, namely, that they have always been given to understand as much. Poor Peter had been the most sincere, the most devoted, and the most sympathizing friend that Chris had ever possessed; and surely she might be pardoned for regretting him more than she would have regretted any of her relations, who had manifested none of those qualities. But a dead dog, like a dead man, has passed beyond our reach: no tears can touch him nor sorrow bring him back to us: we must go our way as best we can without him; and the sad thing is that we are able to manage this with much greater ease than we should have supposed. Chris however was hardly old enough to know that; and perhaps it was a good thing for her that she should have deemed herself inconsolable, since she was thus prevented from dwelling overmuch upon the perils and folly of the enterprise to which she was committed. She said to herself that she really didn't care what became of her, which was of course absurd; yet not more so than many unuttered assertions which the rest of us have made in our time.

What happened to Chris very soon

after she had embarked at Southampton was to encounter a heavy easterly swell, which made her deplorably seasick, and all the night through rendered her insensible to everything save the dismal misery of the present. The passage nevertheless was a tolerably quick one, and there was a long time to wait at Havre before the express left for Paris, at which city she arrived between four and five o'clock on the following afternoon, hungry, weary, and travel-stained.

Her original intention had been to drive straight to the Lyons Station and proceed to Cannes by the night train; but she now felt too worn out to stick to this plan, and she thought besides that it would be as well to prepare the Lavergues for her arrival by a telegram. So, instead of continuing her journey, she went to a quiet little hotel in one of the streets leading from the Rue de Rivoli to the Rue St. Honoré where her father, who knew how to make himself comfortable, had been wont to put up in days gone by; and there she met with a welcome at once respectful and voluble from the landlord and landlady.

These good folks, who had not heard of the death of their former patron, expressed themselves as desolated when the sad news was communicated to them and showed their regret after the customary French fashion, which we, who are less expansive, console ourselves by calling all humbug. Humbugs or not, they were very kind to Chris, and put her into their best rooms and bothered her with no questions until later in the evening, when she had had a nice little dinner and when curiosity naturally began to assert itself. She was going to friends at Cannes, she told the fat landlord, who lifted up his hands in amazement and ejaculated, "Cannes, in the month of September! But mademoiselle will be cooked alive! And what friends can mademoiselle have at Cannes at such a time of the year?"

"They are French friends," Chris explained: "they live there all the

year round, and they have not been cooked yet. Besides, I love the sun. And that reminds me that I want to send a telegram to them at once. When does the train leave to-morrow morning?"

The landlord was not sure, but would inquire. At the same time, if he might be permitted to give his opinion, he would say that such a journey as that would be better performed by night than by day, *rapporé à la chaleur*. Let mademoiselle repose herself until the following evening: he himself would accompany her to the station and recommend her to the care of the guard: the trains for the south were not crowded at that season, and it would be easy to secure a *coupé-lit*. As for the expense of remaining a few more hours in Paris, he would only say that old customers were not strangers, and he ventured to think that mademoiselle would not complain of the amount of her bill.

After a minute or two of consideration, Chris decided to take this advice. The night journey would not only be less fatiguing, but would land her at Cannes at a more convenient time; and to remain where she was for another twenty-four hours would expose her to no fresh risk, since, even in the very improbable event of her aunt's sending somebody in pursuit of her, it would scarcely occur to the pursuer to seek for her in Paris. Accordingly she despatched her telegram and went to bed, where she was soon sleeping as soundly as if she had committed no outrage against those social laws which may be said to form the tap-root of civilization. It is true that when she woke on the following morning she was a little overawed at finding herself in a French hotel, and, for the time being, absolute mistress of her own destinies; but when she had swallowed her coffee (there is still good coffee to be had in Paris, though not at any of the best hotels or restaurants), she began to exult in her freedom and in the thought that, come

what might, she could never again be forced to return to the hideous squalor and monotony of a residence at Primrose Hill.

This however was but a transient phase of feeling, due chiefly to the prettiness and cleanliness of her surroundings. As the morning went on her spirits sank again: she remembered how completely alone she was in the world, and her misgivings with regard to the reception likely to be accorded to her by the Laverignes returned with increased force. Dr. Laverigne prided himself upon being unconventional; but the qualities upon which most of us pride ourselves are precisely those which we do not possess, and the worthy doctor was at all events a Frenchman from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot. Now a Frenchman must be very unconventional indeed—in fact, he must be a sort of outlaw—before he will quarrel with his family; and there was reason to fear that Dr. Laverigne would regard his young friend's escapade in a somewhat serious light. To take the law into your own hands is not at all the same thing as to become independent; and Chris mournfully acknowledged to herself that her future must to a great extent be shaped in accordance with the views of a whimsical old French physician and a dry English lawyer. She had to fall back upon her one consolation—"At any rate, they can't make me go back to Aunt Rebecca, because I won't go."

After she had disposed of her mid-day meal she put on her hat and started for the gardens of the Tuileries, whither she had wandered with Peter a few months, which seemed like years, before. The landlord, who ran out to open the door for her, was visibly shocked at the idea that any young lady could walk through the streets of Paris alone; but he did not permit himself any spoken remonstrance, and for her own part she was too much accustomed to taking care of herself to have any fear of her fellow-mortals,

CHAPTER XI.

ON that hot afternoon the Tuileries' gardens were deserted save by a few white-capped nurses and pale-faced children, with whom Chris tried to make friends. They ought to have been in the country or at the seaside; and so perhaps they thought, for they were peevish and defiant, and she fancied—though that was probably only imagination—that the nurses looked strangely at her. At any rate, they did not seem anxious for her company; so she strolled on, feeling very weary and lonely, crossed the Place de la Concorde and, making her way up the gradual ascent of the Champs Elysées, where only an occasional hired carriage filled with tourists was visible, found herself at length at the Arc de Triomphe. It was a longish walk and she was rather tired after it; but she thought that, as she had come so far, she might as well go a little farther and rest a while under the shade of the trees in the Bois de Boulogne. Accordingly she plodded on, and, as soon as she had passed through the iron gates, struck off into a by-road which seemed to hold out promise of coolness and seclusion. She might have had both the one and the other by remaining quietly indoors; but neither her age nor her temperament permitted her to sit still doing nothing, and consequently, as might have been anticipated, she had by this time made herself very hot.

What was perhaps hardly to be anticipated was that she should encounter an acquaintance in a sequestered alley of the Bois de Boulogne; yet if she had been wise she would have taken that possibility into account, for who can hope nowadays to escape meeting with acquaintances at any place on this side of the equator? Thus it was not really an extraordinary incident, although it was an excessively annoying one, that no sooner had Chris seated herself on the grass beneath a spreading tree than a car-

riage passed within a stone's throw of her containing three evident Englishmen, in one of whom she recognized with dismay the superb proportions and rubicund countenance of Mr. Ellacombe.

Unluckily he also recognized her, for he made a snatch at his hat, ejaculated "Hullo!" and "By Jove!" and then, scrambling up, dealt the coachman a resounding blow between the shoulders with his stick, as a gentle hint to pull up.

"*Arrêtez*, you fool!" Chris heard him shout; and then (for his voice was a powerful one) she was able to distinguish every word of the explanation which he vouchsafed to his friends. "Drive on, you fellows, I'll be with you by dinner-time. Just caught sight of somebody whom I rather want to speak to." The other two men turned round, looked hard at her and grinned: there was some muttering, apparently of a jocular kind, since it was followed by peals of unrestrained merriment; then the carriage rolled away towards Paris, and Mr. Ellacombe, all smiles, advanced across the grass.

If he did not then and there fall down in a fit it was not for want of every kind wish that he might do so on the part of the lady whom he was approaching. Chris had no desire ever to speak to the man again: she was particularly vexed at having met him in such circumstances: she had been infuriated by the laughter of his companions, and she considered that he was taking an unwarrantable liberty in getting out of his carriage to accost her. Worst of all, she had a horrible suspicion that he was not perfectly sober. The truth is that he had been lunching a little too well at the Pré Catalan, otherwise he could scarcely have failed to notice the girl's frigid demeanour and lowered brows.

"Well," he exclaimed, "I do call this luck!"

"So do I," thought Chris, "I call it luck of the very worst description." But she said aloud, "How do you do, Mr. Ellacombe? I am sorry you

stopped your carriage, but if you will follow this road and take the first turn to the right and then keep straight on you will come to a stand of *fiacres* before long."

"Oh, that'll be all right," answered Ellacombe cheerfully. "I'll walk the whole way back if it comes to that. I'd have walked double the distance to see you. And what are you doing in Paris of all places in the world?"

There could be no doubt about it, the man was not quite himself. He had assumed his worst manner, and how bad that might become Chris knew by unpleasant experience. "Do sit down again," he pleaded, casting himself full length upon the turf from which she had risen: "I want so awfully to have a talk with you."

But Chris did not yield to this seductive invitation. "I must be making my way back to my hotel," she said. "I leave for the south of France to-night, and I have to pack up."

"For the south of France? What a funny place to be going to! I thought people only went there in winter. But you have heaps of time yet. Don't hurry off, or I shall think I have driven you away."

"I must go," answered Chris firmly. "But," she added, as he scrambled to his feet, "please don't let me take you out into the sun if you would rather remain where you are. I like a hot sun, but most people don't. Indeed, I believe it is rather dangerous for them."

"As if I should allow you to start off all alone!" cried the gallant Ellacombe. "And who are you travelling with?" he asked, as he strode along the road by her side.

"I am not travelling with anybody," answered Chris; "I am going to stay with some friends." And then, by way of changing the subject, she inquired what had brought him to Paris.

He gave vent to a sigh so tremendous that she regretted having put the question, and guessed at once what his reply was going to be. "I had to get through the time somehow," he said,

"I couldn't stand home after you went away, so I got some fellows to run over here with me by promising to pay all expenses. They ain't particularly nice fellows," he added plaintively, "but you couldn't expect nice fellows to come to Paris in September."

"They certainly didn't look very nice," agreed Chris, with a resentful remembrance of their behaviour to her. "Perhaps if they had been nice they wouldn't have liked you to pay their expenses for them."

"Oh, I don't know: that isn't the sort of thing that people object to, as a rule. Anyhow, I shall soon get rid of them, for one might as well be at home as in this stifling hole, and if you're going away I shall hate the place more than I do already! I say, Miss Compton, you'll be back at Brentstow in November, won't you?"

"No," answered Chris, "certainly not. I don't think it is likely that I shall be in England at all in November."

Ellacombe whistled. "Going to stay abroad the whole winter, then?" he asked presently.

"Yes, I hope so. My plans are rather unsettled as yet, but in any case I shall not return to Brentstow."

Ellacombe pondered a while. He had a vague impression that he owed Chris an apology, but he had also an impression which was not vague, and in support of which he could doubtless have adduced more or less convincing evidence, that it was a very great mistake ever to apologize to a woman. So he dismissed that point from his mind, and gave himself up to other reflections, the eventual outcome of which was that he remarked gravely, "If you're not at Brentstow in the winter, Miss Compton, I sha'n't see you, I'm afraid."

Chris said she was afraid he wouldn't, whereupon he once more became very solemn and pensive. At length he resumed, with some suddenness: "It just comes to this, Miss Compton, that I shall have to ask you now what I meant to have asked you a couple of

months hence. I'm a man of few words, and I can't put things prettily, but I can put them plainly. Will you marry me, Miss Compton?—there!"

Chris was not altogether unprepared for this abrupt proposal, nor was she at all dismayed by it. In ordinary circumstances it is probably rather disagreeable to be obliged to refuse any suitor, but when you are above everything eager to get rid of a man, perhaps that is as sure a way as another of accomplishing your object. When once Mr. Ellacombe should have been made to understand that he could not possibly have what he asked for, he would surely see that there was nothing for him to do but to withdraw at once, and make his way back to Paris by a circuitous route. Unfortunately that was just what Mr. Ellacombe would not understand, although his addresses were rejected in language as unequivocal as was consistent with courtesy. His first impression evidently was that Chris doubted his sincerity, which he accordingly protested with unnecessary warmth: then, as this failed to produce the desired effect, he grew puzzled and rather angry.

"I know what it is!" he exclaimed at length, "some of those brutes down in Devonshire have been telling you things about me. Well, I won't call them liars, though I dare say that is what some of them are. But this I'll promise you, Miss Compton, I'll give up every bad habit I've got into if you'll be my wife. Can I say more?"

Certainly he could add nothing that was of a nature to advance his suit, but, though not tipsy, he had had just enough wine to make him stupid and obstinate: consequently, he said a good deal more when this appeal proved fruitless, and some of the things that he said were not pleasant to listen to.

"I can tell you that there are plenty of girls in Devonshire, and in London too, who would be glad enough to have such a chance," was one of his judicious remarks. "They've tried for it pretty

hard and pretty often, but you are the only one who has ever had it offered to her."

"At any rate, I am innocent of having tried for it," observed Chris drily.

"Well, I don't know about that. Lady Barnstaple didn't seem to think so. At all events, she is prepared to back me up."

"Mr. Ellacombe," said Chris, turning at bay, "you are very impertinent and very foolish! Lady Barnstaple has no authority over me, and very likely I shall never see her again in my life; but even if she were my guardian she couldn't force me to marry a man whom I don't choose to marry."

Ellacombe frowned. "I'm not going to own myself beaten yet," said he doggedly. "Who are your guardians?—for I suppose you have some."

"My cousin Mr. James Compton is my guardian, I believe," answered Chris; "but you must know very little about me if you think that I should allow any one to dictate to me in a matter of this kind. Perhaps the best plan is to confess to you that I am at this moment in full flight from my aunt and from my guardian, and that they have not the slightest chance of persuading me to return to them. That ought to convince you that I know my own mind and take my own way."

Apparently however it had not that effect. Mr. Ellacombe was a little startled, but in no way discomfited. "You've plenty of pluck," said he admiringly. "I like a girl who has pluck, and I don't think a bit the worse of you for having bolted. But mind you, Miss Compton, it isn't every man who would say that. Because, you know, it's a deuced awkward thing for a girl to run away from her friends. Remarks are made, and people draw their own conclusions, and altogether it does her no good. I dare say you didn't think about that when you showed them a clean pair of heels. But never mind! you sha'n't suffer for it, I promise you. You come straight

back to London with me to-morrow, and we'll announce our engagement and be married as soon as you please. Then we can snap our fingers at the gossips."

It was an offensive thing to say, and it was said in an offensive manner; though the speaker may be acquitted of any intention to give offence.

"I don't quite know what you mean, Mr. Ellacombe," answered Chris; "but if anybody is inclined to gossip about me, I suppose I can snap my fingers alone. I should like to be left alone at once, if you please; so I will say good-bye now."

She stood still in a determined manner; but Ellacombe only burst out laughing. "What a little spitfire you are!" he exclaimed. "Well, I like you all the better for it; only really, you know, you mustn't think that I'm going to be sent off like this, with my tail between my legs. Come and sit down here and tell me what you want. I sha'n't grudge you anything that I can give, you may be sure."

He laid his hand upon her wrist as he spoke, and with an exertion of force which was perhaps greater than he imagined, drew her towards a bench. Chris was very angry, but also rather alarmed. They were now in the Avenue du Bois de Bologne, and plenty of people, including a *sergent de ville*, were within hail; yet she did not quite like to call for assistance, and she was making up her mind to endure Mr. Ellacombe's unwelcome society a little longer when, to her great joy, she caught sight of a tall, slim figure approaching her with which she had good reason to be familiar. "Oh, Val!" she said involuntarily, "how glad I am to see you!"

Mr. Richardson started, took off his hat, and advanced with outstretched hand, his handsome face, which had looked somewhat sombre the minute before, breaking out into smiles.

While greetings were being interchanged Ellacombe stood twirling his moustache and looking pugnaciously at the new-comer. "Perhaps," he said

at length, "you will introduce me to your friend, Miss Compton?"

Chris hurriedly performed the required ceremony, and added in an undertone to Val, "Please make him go away."

Val, who was himself a pugnacious young man, obeyed her with the utmost promptitude. "Mr. Ellacombe," said he, "I am sure you will excuse us if we wish you good-day. Miss Compton and I have not met for some months; and as we are engaged to be married ——"

"What!" thundered Ellacombe. And then, turning to Chris, "Is this true, Miss Compton?"

Chris made a sign of assent. It seemed to be the best way of getting rid of him, and it was hardly worth while to explain that the announcement was not quite strictly accurate.

"Then," said Ellacombe, becoming suddenly sober and dignified, "I think you might have told me so a little sooner. Good-bye, Miss Compton, I shall not mention my having seen you here to anybody. Probably you would rather I didn't."

If any disagreeable insinuation was intended to be conveyed by the last words it was lost upon Chris, who was only too thankful to see Ellacombe's broad back turned towards her. She sank down upon the bench to which she had been led, while Val, seating himself beside her, looked inquiring. Indeed, there were circumstances connected with this meeting which he not unnaturally expected her to account for. However, it was neither of Mr. Ellacombe nor of her own presence in Paris that Chris was first moved to speak by the sight of this old friend.

"Oh, Val!" she exclaimed, "Peter is dead!"

"Poor little chap!" returned the young man sympathetically. "But that's the worst of Yorkshire terriers, they're always delicate if they're at all well-bred."

"He wasn't delicate: he never had a day's illness in his life," Chris declared; and straightway she narrated

how the poor dog had been basely done to death; how she had fled from the roof of the criminal; and how she was now on her way to throw herself upon the protection of the Lavergues.

Mr. Richardson bit his lip and looked rather grave over it. "And pray," he inquired, "who is the red-bearded gentleman who thought you might have told him of your engagement a little sooner?"

"Oh," answered Chris, "he is a very disagreeable person who beats his dogs and who, I am afraid, is given to drinking. I met him in Devonshire when I was staying with Lady Barnstaple. I didn't dislike him so much at the time, but poor dear Peter did—and bit him. He said that about our engagement because he has just been asking me to marry him, and of course I refused him; and, for some reason or other, he didn't seem to believe that I was in earnest. But you know, Mr. Richardson," she added, bethinking herself that it was about time to avert possible misconceptions, "it isn't really an engagement, and I only let him think so in order to drive him away."

"Well, at any rate you needn't begin to call me 'Mr. Richardson' again," said Val. "Is our carrotty friend possessed of money or lands?"

"Yes, I believe he is well off: he has rather a large property close to Brentstow," answered Chris indifferently.

"And yet you refused him? What made you do that, Chris?"

"I don't care enough about money to marry for the sake of it," she replied.

"Come! that's a consolatory and refreshing sentiment to listen to. Especially as I have no money and no prospects. All the same, I wish you could have given another reason, Chris: I wish you could have told me that you haven't quite forgotten me in all this time."

"Of course I haven't forgotten you," returned Chris, colouring a little, for in truth she had seldom thought of him. "But I couldn't say that it was

for your sake that I refused Mr. Ellacombe, because that would have been untrue."

"Well," said Val, with a laugh and a shrug of his shoulders, "so long as it wasn't for somebody else's sake. Anyhow, you *have* refused him, and that's some comfort. Do you know, I am on my way to England, and if I hadn't met you to-day I should have turned up at your London address some time before the end of the week and found the bird flown. A nice fright I should have had!"

"My aunt will hear before the end of the week that I am safe at Cannes," replied Chris. "I left without telling her, because I didn't want to see her, and because I wanted to avoid a fuss, but I have no intention of hiding from her."

"I expect you'll have to go back again, you know," remarked Val after a pause.

"But if I won't?"

"I really don't know how far the rights of guardians are protected by extradition treaties, but I should imagine that in any case they might bring pressure to bear upon you by stopping the supplies. Besides, from a social point of view, it is undesirable to defy your guardians. By the way, have they told you yet what your fortune amounts to?"

This query, which was brought out with a somewhat exaggerated assumption of carelessness, might have put a suspicious person upon the alert, but it produced no such effect upon Chris, to whom it had never occurred that Val Richardson could wish to marry her on account of her modest dowry. She replied that she believed she would have a few hundreds a year when she came of age, but did not know how many. Six or seven being suggested as the probable minimum, she answered that she supposed that would be about it, but confessed that she had not paid much attention to the statements laid before her by her cousin. Now, every one will admit that a lover who has next to no means

of subsistence of his own is entitled to somewhat fuller information than that, if only in order that he may resign all claim upon a lady whose income is insufficient to support a husband. Mr. Richardson looked vexed and impatient for a moment, but he displayed neither vexation nor impatience in his rejoinder, which indeed was a very sensible one.

"I really think," said he, "that the best thing you can do is to go back to your aunt without waiting to be coerced. I can quite understand your being angry with her; but it seems to me that you would make a great mistake if you were to cut yourself adrift. You say she is old, and I presume she has money, which you might as well inherit as not. Besides, you may not have to remain with her long. Most likely she would be glad to see you married; so, if you tell her that you are engaged to me—"

"But I am not," interrupted Chris sharply. "You yourself said that I was not."

Val laughed. "That was at Cannes," he began. "After the events of to-day—"

But he stopped short when he saw that Chris, instead of listening to him, was shaking hands with a young man who had rushed across the road to accost her, and who was uttering loud ejaculations of astonishment and joy. It was indeed a day of many meetings, and Chris had good reason to wish that she had curbed her appetite for fresh air and exercise. Neither of her previous encounters had deprived her of her presence of mind; but when she found herself face to face with Gerald Severne, whom she had supposed to be shooting grouse in the Highlands, she became, for some reason or other, confused and abashed; and her embarrassment was so painfully apparent that he became in some measure infected by it.

"You didn't expect to see me here, I suppose, Miss Compton?" he said almost apologetically. "The fact is I've been done out of my leave. One

of our fellows has been called away suddenly, and as there's a lot of work to do they telegraphed for me without compunction. Rather hard lines, I think—at least I thought so until a moment ago. But how do you come to be in Paris at this time of the year?"

Then for the first time he became aware of Val Richardson, and Chris—somewhat unnecessarily, perhaps—introduced the two men to one another. Gerald's countenance fell perceptibly when he heard the name of the stranger, to whom he raised his hat without offering his hand. A rather disagreeable interval of silence ensued, which Val broke by remarking—"Well, Chris, we ought to be moving on, I suppose: there isn't a great deal of time to spare."

If a man addresses a lady to whom he is in no way related by her Christian name, only one deduction can be drawn as to the footing upon which he stands with regard to her, and Gerald Severne drew it. Great as his distress and disappointment were, they were for the moment held in check by his sense of having committed a *gaucherie*, and his desire to withdraw as speedily as possible from company in which he evidently was not wanted. He said something, he hardly knew what, bowed, and was about to take to his heels when Chris, who partly guessed what was passing in his mind, stopped him.

"Mr. Severne," she stammered, "as I have met you, perhaps I had better say—I mean, I hope you won't think—that is, I am not *staying* in Paris. I am only passing through on my way to the south, and everybody will know all about it soon; only, if you don't mind, I would rather you didn't mention having seen me when you are writing to Lady Barnstaple or Gracie."

Gerald's face grew longer and his eyes grew larger, as indeed was scarcely surprising after such a speech as that. He was quite incapable of making any immediate reply; and Chris went on desperately: "The truth is that I have

run away from my aunt's house. I had good reasons for leaving her, and I shall write to her in a day or two; but—but, you understand—”

“I quite understand,” answered Gerald very gravely. “Of course I shall not think of telling any one that I have seen you.”

And without even saying good-bye, he turned on his heel and was soon out of sight.

CHAPTER XII.

“WELL,” remarked Val Richardson, as Chris and he resumed their walk, “you’ve done it now, and no mistake!”

“What do you mean?” asked Chris anxiously. “Oughtn’t I to have told him that I had run away?”

Val laughed. “It was scarcely prudent, was it? Not that I complain: on the contrary, I am rather disposed to rejoice. Only, you see, there are now two men who have met you here with me, and one of them has been told that we are engaged, while the other is under the impression that we are either married already or about to be married immediately. I don’t know whether that is exactly what you would wish.”

“Oh!” exclaimed Chris, standing still and clasping her hands: “do you really think that is Mr. Severne’s impression? But why should it be?”

“Because, my dear Chris, you couldn’t have told him so much more plainly. He saw you walking with me: he heard from your own lips that you had left your aunt’s house, and that everybody would soon know why you had done so: added to which, he was begged not to mention that you were in Paris. What construction would any intelligent human being be likely to put upon such facts and statements as those?”

Chris turned white. “I never meant it,” was all that she could say. “I thought it was best to tell him the truth. I was afraid he might write to Lady Barnstaple, and he seemed to think it odd that I should be with you,

and I wanted him to understand that I had only met you by chance.”

“But unfortunately that was not what you said, and I will venture to assert pretty positively that his belief was what I stated it to be just now.”

“At any rate,” observed Chris, with a long sigh, “he promised not to tell any one that he had seen us.”

“Yes; but I doubt whether you can rely quite implicitly upon his discretion, or upon the discretion of the red-bearded man either. As a general rule, people think themselves bound to keep a secret so long as it is a secret, and no longer. Your aunt, I should say, will be sure to raise a hue and cry after you: you will be fortunate if the story doesn’t get into the newspapers, and you can’t expect that Lady Barnstaple will remain in ignorance of it. Well, then, you know, when she discusses your escapade with her neighbour and her son, they will naturally say, ‘Since you know all about it there’s no harm in our mentioning that we met her in the Champs Elysées with a young man whose intentions appeared to be strictly honourable.’ Don’t look so angry: I’m only trying to make the position of affairs clear to you; and after all, there’s an easy way of putting chattering tongues to silence. Runaway marriages are a little out of date: still they are not unheard of, and of course they are not disgraceful, and—”

“I will never consent to any such thing!” interrupted Chris indignantly. “If you saw that Mr. Severne was under a false impression, I think you might have said a word to undeceive him; but you speak as if you wished to take advantage of my having made this dreadful mistake. At all events, you can’t say that I ever promised to marry you, and you may be sure that I shall not let myself be entrapped into a runaway marriage.”

“Perhaps you are right,” returned Val coolly. “I am not sure that a runaway marriage would be even possible, and I have no wish to get myself into trouble with the Court of Chancery. But an engagement I really do think

that you will have to admit; and, as I was saying before your friend joined us, my opinion is that the wisest thing you can do will be to go straight back to your aunt's house. I don't think you can doubt that I love you, Chris, and I don't think you meant what you said when you made that rather cruel speech about my wishing to take advantage of your having got yourself into a mess. I quite admit that I have no right to hold you to your engagement, because I'm so awfully hard up just now; but for your own sake I am sure that it would be better to announce it provisionally, and if you choose to throw me over later I shall not complain."

This had a generous sound; yet Chris could not help feeling some doubts as to the generosity and sincerity of the speaker. She was, however ashamed of doubting him, and tried to throw as much friendliness as she could into her reply, which was to the effect that she could not admit any positive engagement. "If disagreeable things are said about me, I must bear them," she declared. "I would bear anything rather than attempt to live with Aunt Rebecca again."

Val was not a little surprised to find that he could not move the girl from her determination. He argued with her the whole way back to her hotel: he even went near to losing his temper with her; but she stuck resolutely to what she had said. Come what might she would never see her Aunt Rebecca again if she could help it; and he was beginning to own himself beaten, and debate inwardly whether he had better accompany her to Cannes or put himself in communication with her family, when an unexpected and powerful ally came to his aid.

This was no less a person than Mr. James Compton, who, when the pair reached their destination, was discovered under the *porte cochère* with his hat in his hand, mopping his forehead and apparently expostulating with the landlord in Anglo-French.

"Oh, here she is!" he exclaimed.

"Well now, Christina, this is too bad! —it really is too bad! I have told you distinctly and repeatedly that if you had any complaints to make they were to be addressed to me, and that they would meet with such attention as they might deserve. Instead of which, you must needs conduct yourself after this preposterous fashion! Upon my word, one would suppose that you were utterly ignorant of the laws of your country!"

"One would be right then," replied Chris composedly. "I know nothing whatever about the laws of my country. But I know that I won't go back to Balaclava Terrace."

"Oh, dear me! dear me!" ejaculated Mr. Compton irritably: "that is a nice sort of thing to say to your trustee and your father's executor! Won't, indeed! But, my good girl, there is such a word in the dictionary as must, and people who say they won't do things may sometimes be made to do them."

"How," inquired Chris, "are you going to make me return to England?"

If it came to that, Mr. Compton was not quite sure. He changed his tone and replied, "When I tell you that Miss Ramsden is seriously, indeed I may say dangerously, ill, and that her illness is chiefly due to your thoughtless behaviour, I trust that even you will see the propriety of starting for London with me by to-night's mail. Perhaps, in the circumstances, I ought hardly to be expected to reason with you, but I am prepared to do so—I am prepared to do so. Be so kind as to step into this room for a few minutes."

And he led the way towards the *bureau*, which the landlord, who had been listening to the foregoing dialogue with much interest, indicated by a wave of the hand. Then, and not until then, he noticed Val, who indeed was following Chris with an air of authority and protection. "And pray, who is this?" he inquired.

The person alluded to answered the question suavely. "My name is

Richardson," said he. "I have been acquainted with Miss Compton for some time past, and I may as well mention at once that I am engaged to be married to her."

Then it was pretty to see how the lawyer bristled up and frowned. "Oh, nonsense!" he returned. "Pooh, pooh! don't talk to me like that, sir, if you please. You are probably aware that Miss Compton is not of age and cannot engage herself to anybody without the consent of her guardian." For this Richardson was, at any rate, a man, not an unreasoning and incomprehensible girl, and could be treated accordingly.

But Val did not seem to be at all frightened. "Of course," he answered politely, "I am quite aware of that, but I don't despair of obtaining her guardian's consent. Perhaps, when you have done speaking to her, you will spare me five minutes. I'll wait here for you." Whereupon he took out a cigarette and lighted it.

Mr. Compton grunted, but did not refuse the interview solicited. The young man might, for anything that he knew to the contrary, be an eligible young man, or again he might be in a position to give trouble. Either way, it would be as well to hear what he had to say for himself. So Val was left to the society of the landlord, while Mr. Compton retired into the *bureau* with Chris, who asked: "How did you discover that I was here?"

"Oh, that was not a matter of much difficulty. When I was sent for to your aunt's house yesterday morning I learnt from the servant that you had started for the Continent, and that you had told your cabman to drive to Waterloo. I crossed by Dover and Calais last night, and on arriving here went straight to the Lyons Station, thinking that in all probability you intended casting yourself upon the protection of Dr. Lavergne at Cannes. But as you had not been seen there, and as I could not, in any case, have left for

the south before to-night, it seemed to me best to make inquiries at the St. Lazare terminus, where I at once obtained the information that I desired. You had been noticed there on your arrival, and the address to which you had been taken was procured for me after a short delay. The French are a people whom I dislike and distrust," concluded Mr. Compton, who had perhaps spoken to half-a-dozen Frenchmen in his life, "but I am bound to admit that in some respects they are more businesslike than we are."

"And so Aunt Rebecca sent for you. Is it true that she is dangerously ill?" inquired Chris, after a pause.

"I am not in the habit of saying what is untrue, Christina. Your aunt has had a slight stroke of paralysis; and although I do not wish to be guilty of any exaggeration, and the doctor told me that he did not apprehend immediate danger, it is evident that, at her time of life and in her weak state of health, such an illness might at any moment terminate fatally. I may add that she herself ascribes it to anxiety about you, and that she entreated me most earnestly to bring you back to her. I was to say that she sincerely regrets having ordered your dog to be destroyed, but she assured me—and I confess that I see no reason to doubt her word—that she fully believed the animal to be mad."

"He was not mad, and she knew that he was not," returned Chris, who had been wavering, but whose wrath was rekindled by this statement.

"Very well, Christina: I will not attempt to argue the point with you. I think however you will agree with me that when your aunt, who may be dying, expresses the strongest desire to have you with her, and when she declares her intention of making every reparation in her power for the wrong of which you complain, you cannot refuse to give way to her."

Chris sighed, and bowed her head in sign of assent. Certain injuries are

irreparable, but none are—or at all events none ought to be—absolutely unpardonable. It did not seem likely that Miss Ramsden would die; but if she said she was sorry, and if she thought she was going to die, there was obviously nothing for it but to capitulate.

“And now,” continued Mr. Compton, taking much inward credit to himself for having carried his point at so small an expenditure of breath, “perhaps you will be so good as to tell me who Mr. Richardson is, what he means by his impudent assertion that you are engaged to be married to him, and whether it was in order to meet him that you left England?”

Mr. Compton, albeit a solicitor, may have had some knowledge of the methods employed by the other branch of the legal profession, and understood how to get at the truth by cross-examination. Ten minutes had not elapsed before he had extorted from Chris not only all that she knew about Val Richardson, but also the unlucky fact that she had encountered both Mr. Ellacombe and Mr. Severne in the course of the day. He shook his head and said it was an awkward business—very awkward indeed. Like Val, he had little confidence in the ability or the inclination of those two young men to keep a secret. “And whatever else may be doubtful,” he concluded, “one thing is as plain as can be, namely, that you are in this Mr. Richardson’s power. I don’t know whether you have realized that?”

“How in his power? What can he do to me?” asked Chris.

“What can he do to you? Really, Christina!—but I suppose *all* young women are perfect idiots! Don’t you understand that what he can do is just this? He can say that you ran away to meet him at Paris, and that I pursued you and caught you up just in time to save you from flying to Jericho or some such place with him. And he can bring pretty strong evidence in support of his assertion too.”

“I don’t think he would behave in such a way,” Chris said.

“I sincerely hope not; but from what you tell me of him I should imagine that it was well within the bounds of possibility. In fact, I may as well tell you plainly that, though he appears to be a thoroughly undesirable and unsuitable husband for you, I believe that the only thing I can do in the circumstances is to sanction an engagement—a conditional engagement—between you.”

“I don’t wish to be engaged to him,” said Chris slowly.

“I am sorry to hear it, because I can see no alternative course open to you. Engagements do not invariably and necessarily entail marriages, and no doubt it will be in my power to insist upon a long delay. But perhaps I had better speak to the young man himself. Now, Christina, if you will go up stairs and pack your clothes, you will find me ready for you when it is time to start.”

Mr. Compton, after the manner of victors, had assumed a somewhat more peremptory tone from the moment that he had achieved his victory; but Chris was too dispirited to quarrel with him on that account, and went off to her room without a word. She was obliged to admit to herself that the man was right. She had done a very foolish thing, and ill luck, combined with her own folly, had placed her in a position so compromising that Val, if he was inclined to profit by it, might hold her at his mercy. And she could not feel quite as sure as she would have liked to feel that he was above taking that ignoble advantage. Mr. Compton, as one acquainted with the seamy side of human nature, had very little doubt upon the point. He stepped out into the court-yard, where Val was smoking his cigarette, motioned to that young gentleman to seat himself upon a bench, and said—

“Now, Mr. Richardson, I am at your service. You state that you are engaged to my cousin. What is your

income? What are your prospects? And to what members of your family can you refer me for those particulars which I should naturally wish to receive about a total stranger who makes such a statement to me?"

Val, with a slight smile, deplored the circumstance that he was an orphan. Furthermore, he admitted frankly that he had no near relatives, that he had no prospects worth mentioning, and that his income was precarious. Still he was not without hope that something would turn up. He understood that Miss Compton was tolerably well provided for, and although he admitted that he was not entitled to press for an immediate marriage, he could not see his way to resigning all claim upon her. "Taking everything into consideration," said he, "it would really be best for her own sake to let people know of our engagement."

"Exactly so," agreed Mr. Compton drily: "I thought we should hear that argument before long. Well, Mr. Richardson, as I was saying to my cousin just now, we have practically no option but to accept your terms. I should however recommend you to be satisfied with what we are prepared to concede. Let it be understood that if, at the expiration of an interval of time which we need not at present fix precisely—say eighteen months hence—you are able to show that you have reasonable means and prospects, and if your conduct during that interval has been steady and respectable, the marriage shall take place: if otherwise, it shall be abandoned. I am proceeding of course upon the assumption that my cousin's escapade will become known and that her friends will think she contemplated a runaway marriage which was prevented by me. Disagreeable, but endurable. If, contrary to my expectation, the secret should be kept, you would be able, in the event of our dismissing you, to hold a sort of threat of exposure over

our heads: only you must bear in mind that our course would then be plain and easy. We should simply tell the truth, and we should be believed. Everybody would be aware that you had been engaged to my cousin for a considerable length of time, and our reasons for breaking off the engagement would be at everybody's service. I don't know whether I make myself clear?"

"Perfectly clear, thank you," answered Val laughing. "You don't seem to entertain a very flattering opinion of me, Mr. Compton?"

"I know next to nothing about you," returned the lawyer shortly. "If you care about my good opinion, I dare say you can earn it."

"It shall be my endeavour to do so," Val declared with due gravity. "I am going to London immediately, and I suppose I may take it that I shall be permitted to call upon Miss Compton as often as I please?"

"Oh, certainly. That is, as often as she may please. I think you heard me mention that her aunt, Miss Ramsden, is seriously ill; so that she is likely to be a good deal occupied."

Val promised that he would neither demand nor expect more than Miss Compton was inclined to give him, which sounded magnanimous and drew a few words of commendation from the lawyer. Mr. Compton had no intention in the world of allowing his cousin to throw herself away upon a penniless adventurer; but that an engagement must be submitted to he saw plainly enough, and he thought that she might be trusted to reduce the privileges of her betrothed to a minimum.

Shortly afterwards Chris came down stairs and, having despatched a second explanatory telegram to the Lavergues, declared herself ready to set out.

"I shall see you again very soon," Val whispered, as he helped her into the carriage; but to this encouraging announcement she made no reply.

(To be continued.)

THOMAS MOORE.¹

It would be interesting, though perhaps a little impertinent, to put to any given number of well-informed persons under the age of forty or fifty the sudden query, who was Thomas Brown the Younger? And it is very possible that a majority of them would answer that he had something to do with Rugby. It is certain that with respect to that part of his work in which he was pleased so to call himself, Moore is but little known. The considerable mass of his hack-work has gone whither all hack-work goes, fortunately enough for those of us who have to do it. The vast monument erected to him by his pupil, friend, and literary executor Lord Russell, or rather Lord John Russell (for we do not say that "the Duke of Marlborough" fought at Sedgmoor or "the Duke of Wellington" at Assaye), is a monument of such a Cyclopean order of architecture, both in respect of bulk and in respect of style, that most honest biographers and critics acknowledge themselves to have explored its recesses but cursorily. Even of his poems proper less is now read than of any of the brilliant group of poets of which he was one, with the possible exceptions of Crabbe and Rogers; while, more unfortunate than Crabbe, he has had no Mr. Courthope to come to his rescue. And this brings us to the book which is in more ways than one the text-book of this paper. We shall not have very much to say of the details of M. Vallat's very creditable and useful monograph. It would be possible, if we were merely reviewing it, to pick out some of the curious errors of hasty deduction

which are never wanting in a book of its nationality. If (and no shame to him) Moore's father sold cheese and whisky, *le whisky d'Irlande* was no doubt his staple commodity in the one branch, but scarcely *le fromage de Stilton* in the other. An English lawyer's studies are not even now, except at the universities and for purposes of perfunctory examination, very much in Justinian, and in Moore's time they were still less so. And if Bromham Church is near Sloperton, then it will follow as the night the day that it is not *dans le Bedfordshire*. But these things matter very little. They are found in their different kinds in all books; and if we English bookmakers (at least some of us) are not likely to make a Bordeaux wine merchant sell Burgundy as his chief commodity, or say that a village near Amiens is *dans le Béarn*, we no doubt do other things quite as bad. On the whole, M. Vallat's sketch, though of moderate length, is quite the soberest and most trustworthy sketch of Moore's life and of his books, as books merely, that I know. In matters of pure criticism M. Vallat is less blameless. He quotes authorities with that apparent indifference to, or even ignorance of, their relative value which is so yawning a pit for the feet of the foreigner in all cases; and perhaps a wider knowledge of English poetry in general would have been a better preparation for the study of Moore's in particular. "Never," says M. Renan in his latest work, "never does a foreigner satisfy the nation whose history he writes"; and this is as true of literary history as of history proper. But M. Vallat satisfies us in a very considerable degree; and even putting aside the question whether he is satisfactory

¹ *Etude sur la Vie et les Œuvres de Thomas Moore*; by Gustave Vallat. Paris: Rousseau. London: Asher and Co. Dublin: Hodges, Figgis, and Co. 1887.

altogether, he has given us quite sufficient text in the mere fact that he has bestowed upon Moore an amount of attention and competence which no compatriot of the author of "*Lalla Rookh*" has cared to bestow for many years.

I shall also here take the liberty of neglecting a very great—as far as bulk goes by far the greatest—part of Moore's performance. He has inserted so many interesting autobiographical particulars in the prefaces to his complete works, that visits to the great mausoleum of the Russell memoirs are rarely necessary and still more rarely profitable. His work for the booksellers was done at a time when the best class of such work was much better done than the best class of it is now; but it was after all work for the booksellers. His "*History of Ireland*," his "*Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald*," &c., may be pretty exactly gauged by saying that they are a good deal better than Scott's work of a merely similar kind (in which it is hardly necessary to say that I do not include the "*Tales of a Grandfather*" or the introductions to the Dryden, the Swift, and the Ballantyne novels), not nearly so good as Southey's, and not quite so good as Campbell's. The *Life of Byron* holds a different place. With the poems, or some of them, it forms the only part of Moore's literary work which is still read; and though it is read much more for its substance than for its execution, it is still a masterly performance of a very difficult task. The circumstances which brought it about are well known, and no discussion of them would be possible without plunging into the Byron controversy generally, which the present writer most distinctly declines to do. But these circumstances, with other things among which Moore's own comparative faculty for the business may be not unjustly mentioned, prevent it from taking rank at all approaching that of Boswell's or Lockhart's inimitable biographies. The chief

thing to note in it as regards Moore himself is the help it gives in a matter to which we shall have to refer again, his attitude towards those whom his time still called "the great."

And so we are left with the poems—not an inconsiderable companion seeing that its stature is some seven hundred small quarto pages closely packed with verses in double columns. Part of this volume is however devoted to the "*Epicurean*," a not unremarkable example of ornate prose in many respects resembling the author's verse. Indeed, as close readers of Moore know, there exists an unfinished verse form of it which in style and general character is not unlike a more serious "*Lalla Rookh*." As far as poetry goes, almost everything that will be said of "*Lalla Rookh*" might be said of "*Alciphron*:" this latter, however, is a little more Byronic than its more famous sister, and in that respect not quite so successful.

Moore's life, which is not uninteresting as a key to his personal character, is very fairly treated by M. Vallat, chiefly from the poet's own authority; but it need not detain us very long. He was born at Dublin on May 28th, 1779. There is no mystery about his origin. His father, John Moore, was a small grocer and liquor-shop keeper who received later the place of barrack-master from a patron of his son. The mother, Anastasia Codd, was a Wexford girl, and seems to have been well educated and somewhat above her husband in station. Thomas was sent to several private schools, where he appears to have attained some scholarship and to have early practised composition in the tongue of the hated Saxon. When he was fourteen, the first measure of Catholic Emancipation (which gave votes and other things to the dwellers in the cold shade) opened Trinity College to him, and that establishment, "the intellectual eye of Ireland" as Sir William Harcourt has justly called it, received him a year later. The "silent sister" has always fostered a genial, if inexact, fashion of scholarship

in which Moore's talents were well suited to shine, and a pleasant social atmosphere wherein he was also not misplaced. But the time drew near to '98, and Moore, although he had always too much good sense to dip deeply into sedition, was certain from his sentimental habits to run some risk of being thought to have dipped in it. To the end of his life, though it is certain that he would have regarded what is called Nationalism in our days with disgust and horror, he cannot be acquitted of using the loosest of language on subjects where precision is particularly to be desired. Robert Emmet was his contemporary, and the action which the authorities took was but too well justified by the outbreak of the insurrection later. A Commission was named for purifying the college. Its head was Lord Clare, one of the greatest of Irishmen, the base or ignorant vilifying of whom by some persons in these days has been one of the worst results of the Home Rule movement. It had a rather comic assessor in Dr. Duigenan, the same, I believe, of whom it has been recorded that, at an earlier stage of his academic career and when a junior Fellow, he threatened to "bulge the Provost's eye." The oath was tendered to each examinee, and on the day before Moore's appearance Emmet and others had gone by default, while it was at least whispered that there had been treachery in the camp. Moore's own performance by his own account was heroic and successful: by another, which he very fairly gives, a little less heroic but still successful. Both show clearly that Clare was nothing like the stage-tyrant which the imagination of the seditious has chosen to represent him as being. That M. Vallat should talk rather foolishly about Emmet was to be expected; for Emmet's rhetorical rubbish was sure to impose, and has always imposed, on Frenchmen. The truth of course is that this young person—though one of those whom every humane man would like to keep mewed

up till they arrived, if they ever did arrive, which is improbable, at years of discretion—was one of the most mischievous of agitators. He was one of those who light a bonfire and then are shocked at its burning, who throw a kingdom into anarchy and misery and think that they are cleared by a reference to Harmodius and Aristogeiton. It is one of the most fearful delights of the educated Tory to remember what the grievance of Harmodius and Aristogeiton really was. Moore (who had something of the folly of Emmet, but none of his reckless conceit) escaped, and his family must have been exceedingly glad to send him over to the Isle of Britain. He entered at the Middle Temple in 1799, but hardly made even a pretence of reading law. What happened to him exactly, is one of those puzzles which in the days when society was much smaller, the makers of literature fewer, and the resources of patronage greater, continually meet the student of literary history. Moore toiled not neither did he spin. He slipped, apparently on the mere strength of an ordinary introduction, into the good graces of Lord Moira, who introduced him to the exiled Royal Family of France, and to the richest members of the Whig aristocracy—the Duke of Bedford, the Marquis of Lansdowne, and others, not to mention the Prince of Wales himself. The young Irishman had indeed, like others, his "proposals" in his pocket—proposals for a translation of Anacreon which appeared in May 1800. The thing which thus founded one of the easiest, if not the most wholly triumphant, of literary careers is not a bad thing. The original, now abandoned as a clever though late imitation, was known even in Moore's time to be in parts of very doubtful authenticity, but it still remains, as an original, a very pretty thing. Moore's version is not quite so pretty, and is bolstered out with paraphrase and amplification to a rather intolerable extent. But there was considerable fellow-feeling between the author, whoever he was,

and the translator, and the result is not despicable. Still there is no doubt that work as good or better might appear now, and the author would be lucky if he cleared a hundred pounds and a favourable review or two by the transaction. Moore was made for life. These things happen at one time and do not happen at another. We are inclined to accept all such as ultimate facts into which it is useless to inquire. There does not appear to be among the numerous fixed laws of the universe any one which regulates the proportion of literary desert to immediate reward, and it is on the whole well that it should be so. At any rate the publication increased Moore's claims as a "lion", and encouraged him to publish next year the "*Poems of the late Thomas Little*" (he always stuck to the Christian name), which put up his fame and rather put down his character.

In later editions Thomas Little has been so much subjected to the fig-leaf and knife that we have known readers who wondered why on earth anyone should ever have objected to him. He was a good deal more uncastrated originally, but there never was much harm in him. It is true that the excuse made by Sterne for Tristram Shandy, and often repeated for Moore, does not quite apply. There is not much guilt in Little, but there is certainly not much innocence. He knows that a certain amount of not too gross indecency will raise a snigger, and like Voltaire and Sterne himself he goes and does it. But he does not do it very wickedly. The propriety of the nineteenth century, moreover, had not then made the surprisingly rapid strides of a few years later, and some time had to pass before Moore was to go out with Jeffrey and nearly challenge Byron for questioning his morality. The rewards of his harmless iniquity were at hand; and in the autumn of 1803 he was made Secretary of the Admiralty in Bermuda. Bermuda, it is said, is an exceedingly pleasant place; but either there is no Secretary

of the Admiralty there now, or they do not give the post to young men four-and-twenty years old who have written two very thin volumes of light verses. The Bermoothes are not still vexed with that kind of Civil Servant. The appointment was not altogether fortunate for Moore, inasmuch as his deputy (for they not only gave nice berths to men of letters then, but let them have deputies) embezzled public and private moneys with disastrous results to his easy-going principal. But for the time it was all, as most things were with Moore, plain sailing. He went out in a frigate, and was the delight of the gun-room. As soon as he got tired of the Bermudas, he appointed his deputy and went to travel in America, composing large numbers of easy poems. In October, 1804, he was back in England, still voyaging at His Majesty's expense, and having achieved his fifteen months' trip wholly on those terms. Little is heard of him for the next two years, and then the publication of his American and other poems, with some free reflections on the American character, brought down on him the wrath of "*The Edinburgh*," and provoked the famous leadless or half-leadless duel at Chalk Farm. It was rather hard on Moore, for the real cause of his castigation was that he had offended democratic principles, while the ostensible cause was that, as Thomas Little, he had five years before written loose and humorous verses. So at least thinks M. Vallat, with whom we are not wholly disposed to agree, for Jeffrey, though a Whig, was no Democrat, and he was a rather strict moralist. However, no harm came of the meeting in any sense, though its somewhat burlesque termination made the irreverent laugh. It was indeed not fated that Moore should smell serious powder, though his courage seems to have been fully equal to any such occasion. The same year brought him two unquestioned and unalloyed advantages, the friendship of Rogers and the be-

ginning of the Irish Melodies, from which he reaped not a little solid benefit, and which contain by far his highest and most lasting poetry. It is curious but by no means unexampled that, at the very time at which he was thus showing that he had found his right way, he also diverged into one wholly wrong—that of the serious and very ineffective Satires, “Corruption,” “Intolerance,” and others. The year 1809 brought “English Bards and Scotch Reviewers” with a gibe from Byron and a challenge from Moore. But Moore’s challenges were fated to have no other result than making the challenged his friends for life. All this time he had been more or less “about town.” In 1811 he married Elizabeth Dyke (“Bessy”), an actress of virtue and beauty, and wrote the very inferior comic opera of “The Blue Stocking.” Lord Moira gave the pair a home first in his own house, then at Kegworth near Donington, whence they moved to Ashbourne. Moore was busy now. The politics of “The Two-penny Postbag” are of course sometimes dead enough to us; but sometimes also they are not, and then the easy grace of the satire, which is always pungent and never venomous, is not much below Canning. Its author also did a good deal of other work of the same kind, besides beginning to review for “The Edinburgh.” Considering that he was in a way making his bread and butter by lampooning, however good-humouredly, the ruler of his country, he seems to have been a little unreasonable in feeling shocked that Lord Moira, on going as viceroy to India, did not provide for him. In the first place he was provided for already; and in the second place you cannot reasonably expect to enjoy the pleasures of independence and those of dependence at the same time. At the end of 1817 he left Mayfield (his cottage near Ashbourne) and Lord Moira for Lord Lansdowne and Sloperton, a cottage near Bowood, the end of the one sojourn and the beginning of the other being distinguished by the ap-

pearance of his two best works next to the Irish Melodies—“Lalla Rookh” and “The Fudge Family at Paris.” His first and almost his only heavy stroke of ill-luck now came on him: his deputy at Bermuda levanted with some six thousand pounds, for which Moore was liable. Many friends came to his aid, and after some delay and negotiations, during which he had to go abroad, Lord Lansdowne paid what was necessary. But Moore afterwards paid Lord Lansdowne, which makes a decided distinction between his conduct and that of Theodore Hook in a similar case.

Although the days of Moore lasted for half an ordinary life-time after this, they saw few important events save the imbroglio over the Byron memoirs. They saw also the composition of a great deal of literature and journalism, all very well paid, notwithstanding which, Moore seems to have been always in a rather unintelligible state of pecuniary distress. That he made his parents an allowance, as some allege in explanation, will not in the least account for this; for, creditable as it was in him to make it, this allowance did not exceed one hundred pounds a year and he must have spent little in an ordinary way. His Sloperton establishment was of the most modest character, while his wife was an excellent manager, and never went into society. Probably he might have endorsed, if he had been asked, the great principle which somebody or other has formulated, that the most expensive way of living is staying in other people’s houses. At any rate his condition was rather precarious till 1835, when Lord John Russell and Lord Lansdowne obtained for him a pension from the Civil List of three hundred pounds a year. In his very last days this was further increased by an additional hundred a year to his wife. His end was not happy. The softening of the brain, which set in about 1848, and which had been preceded for some time by premonitory symptoms, can hardly, as in the cases

of Scott and Southey, be set down to overwork, for though Moore had not been idle, his literary life had been mere child's play to theirs. He died on February 26th, 1852.

Of Moore's character not much need be said, nor need what is said be otherwise than favourable. Not only to modern tastes but to the sturdier tastes of his own day, and even of the days immediately before his, there was a little too much of the parasite and the hanger-on about him. It is easy to say that a man of his talents, when he had once obtained a start, might surely have gone his own way and lived his own life without taking up the position of a kind of superior gamekeeper or steward at rich men's gates. But race, fashion, and a good many other things have to be taken into account; and it is fair to Moore to remember that he was, as it were from the first, bound to the chariot-wheels of "the great," and could hardly liberate himself from them without churlishness and violence. Moreover it cannot possibly be denied by any fair critic that if he accepted to some extent the awkward position of led poet, he showed in it as much independence as was compatible with the function. Both in money matters, in his language to his patrons, and in a certain general but undefinable tone of behaviour, he contrasts not less favourably than remarkably both with the ultra-Tory Hook, to whom we have already compared him, and with the ultra-Radical Leigh Hunt. Moore had as little of Wagg as he had of Skimpole about him; though he allowed his way of life to compare in some respects perilously with theirs. It is only necessary to look at his letters to Byron—always ready enough to treat as spaniels those of his inferiors in station who appeared to be of the spaniel kind—to appreciate his general attitude, and his behaviour in this instance is by no means different from his behaviour in others. As a politician there is no doubt that he at least thought himself to be quite sincere.

It may be that, if he had been, his political satires would have galled Tories more than they did then, and could hardly be read by persons of that persuasion with such complete enjoyment as they can now. But the insincerity was quite unconscious, and indeed can hardly be said to have been insincerity at all. Moore had not a political head, and in English as in Irish politics his beliefs were probably not founded on any clearly comprehended principles. But such as they were he held to them firmly. Against his domestic character nobody has ever said anything; and it is sufficient to observe that not a few of the best as well as of the greatest men of his time, Scott as well as Byron, Lord John Russell as well as Lord Moira, appear not only to have admired his abilities and liked his social qualities, but to have sincerely respected his character. And so we may at last find ourselves alone with the plump volume of poems in which we shall hardly discover with the amiable M. Vallat, "the greatest lyric poet of England," but in which we shall find a poet certainly, and if not a very great poet, at any rate a poet who has done many things well, and one particular thing better than anybody else.

The volume opens with "Lalla Rookh," a proceeding which, if not justified by chronology, is completely justified by the facts that Moore was to his contemporaries the author of that poem chiefly, and that it is by far the most considerable thing not only in mere bulk, but in arrangement, plan, and style, that he ever did. Perhaps I am not quite a fair judge of "Lalla Rookh." I was brought up in what is called a strict household where, though the rule was not, as far as I can remember, enforced by any penalties, it was a point of honour that in the nursery and schoolroom none but "Sunday books" should be read on Sunday. But this severity was tempered by one of the easements often occurring in a world which, if not the best, is certainly not the worst of all

possible worlds. For the convenience of servants, or for some other reason, the children were much more in the drawing-room on Sundays than on any other day, and it was an unwritten rule that any book that lived in the drawing-room was fit Sunday-reading. The consequence was that from the time I could read till childish things were put away I used to spend a considerable part of the first day of the week in reading and re-reading a collection of books, four of which were Scott's poems, "*Lalla Rookh*," The Essays of Elia (First Edition,—I have got it now), and Southey's "*Doctor*." Therefore it may be that I rank "*Lalla Rookh*" rather too high. At the same time I confess that it still seems to me a very respectable poem indeed of the second rank. Of course it is artificial. The parade of second, or third, or twentieth-hand learning in the notes makes one smile, and the whole reminds one (as I daresay it has reminded many others before) of a harp of the period with the gilt a little tarnished, the ribbons more than a little faded, and the silk stool on which the young woman in ringlets used to sit much worn. All this is easy metaphorical criticism, if it is criticism at all. For I am not sure that, when the last age has got a little further off from our descendants, they will see anything more ludicrous in such a harp than we see in the faded spinnets of a generation earlier still. But much remains to *Lalla* if not to *Feramorz*. The prose interludes have lost none of their airy grace. Even Mr. Burnand has not been able to make *Mokanna* ridiculous, nor have the recent accounts of the actual waste of desert and felt huts banished at least the poetical beauty of "*Merou's bright palaces and groves*." There are those who laugh at the bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream: I do not. "*Paradise and the Peri*" is perhaps the prettiest purely sentimental poem that English or any other language can show. "*The Fire Worshipers*" are rather long, but

there is a famous fight — more than one indeed—in them to relieve the monotony. For "*The Light of the Harem*" alone I have never been able to get up much enthusiasm: but even "*The Light of the Harem*" is a great deal better than Moore's subsequent attempt in the style of "*Lalla Rookh*," or something like it, "*The Loves of the Angels*." There is only one good thing that I can find to say of that: it is not so bad as the poem which similarity of title makes one think of in connection with it—*Lamartine's* disastrous "*Chûte d'un Ange*."

As "*Lalla Rookh*" is far the most important of Moore's serious poems, so "*The Fudge Family in Paris*" is far the best of his humorous poems. I do not forget "*The Two-Penny Postbag*," nor many capital later verses of the same kind, the best of which perhaps is the Epistle from Henry of Exeter to John of Tichme. But "*The Fudge Family*" has all the merits of these with a scheme and framework of dramatic character which they lack. Miss Biddy and her vanities, Master Bob and his guttling, the eminent turncoat Phil Fudge, Esq., himself with his politics, are all excellent. But I avow that *Phelim Connor* is to me the most delightful, though he has always been rather a puzzle. If he is intended to be a satire on the class now represented by the O'Briens and the McCarthys he is exquisite, and it is small wonder that Young Ireland has never loved Moore much. But I do not think that Thomas Brown the Younger meant it, or at least wholly meant it, as satire, and this is perhaps the best proof of his unpractical way of looking at politics. For *Phelim Connor* is a much more damning sketch than any of the Fudges. Vanity, gluttony, the scheming intrigues of eld, may not be nice things, but they are common to the whole human race. The ridiculous rant which enjoys the advantages of liberty and declaims against the excesses of tyranny is in its perfection Irish alone. However this may be,

these lighter poems of Moore are great fun, and it is no small misfortune that the younger generation of readers pays so little attention to them. For they are full of acute observation of manners, politics, and society by an accomplished man of the world, put into pointed and notable form by an accomplished man of letters. Our fathers knew them well, and many a quotation familiar enough at second hand is due originally to the Fudge Family in their second appearance (not so good, but still good) many years later, to "The Two-Penny Postbag" and to the long list of miscellaneous satires and skits. The last sentence is however to be taken as most strictly excluding "Corruption," "Intolerance," and "The Sceptic." "Rhymes on the Road," travel-pieces out of Moore's line, may also be mercifully left aside and "Evenings in Greece;" and "The Summer Fête" (any universal provider would have supplied as good a poem with the supper and the rout-seats) need not delay the critic and will not extraordinarily delight the reader. Not here is Moore's spur of Parnassus to be found.

For that domain of his we must go to the songs which, in extraordinary numbers, make up the whole of the divisions headed, Irish Melodies, National Airs, Sacred Songs, Ballads and Songs, and some of the finest of which are found outside these divisions in the longer poems from "Lalla Rookh" downwards. The singular musical melody of these pieces has never been seriously denied by any one, but it seems to be thought, especially now-a-days, that because they are musically melodious they are not poetical. It is probably useless to protest against a prejudice which, where it is not due to simple thoughtlessness or to blind following of fashion, argues a certain constitutional defect of the understanding powers. But it may be just necessary to repeat pretty firmly that any one who regards even with a tincture of contempt such work (to take various characteristic examples)

as Dryden's lyrics, as Shenstone's, as Moore's, as Macaulay's Lays, because he thinks that if he did not condemn them, his worship of Shakespeare, of Shelley, of Wordsworth would seem, or would be suspect, is most emphatically not a critic of poetry and not even a catholic lover of it. Which said, let us betake ourselves to seeing what Moore's special virtue is. It is acknowledged that it consists partly in marrying music most happily to verse; but what is not so fully acknowledged as it ought to be is that it also consists in marrying music not merely to verse but to poetry. Among the more abstract questions of poetical criticism few are more interesting than this, the connection of what may be called musical music with poetical music; and it is one which has not been much discussed. Let us take the two greatest of Moore's own contemporaries in lyric, the two greatest lyrists as some think (I give no opinion on this) in English, and compare their work with his. Shelley has the poetical music in an unsurpassable and sometimes in an almost unapproached degree, but his verse is admittedly very difficult to set to music. I should myself go farther and say that it has in it some indefinable quality antagonistic to such setting. Except the famous Indian Serenade I do not know any poem of Shelley's that has been set with anything approaching to success, and in the best setting that I know of this the honeymoon of the marriage turns into a "red moon" before long. That this is not merely due to the fact that Shelley likes intricate metres any one who examines Moore can see. That it is due merely to the fact that Shelley, as we know from Peacock, was almost destitute of any ear for music is the obvious and common explanation. But neither will this serve, for we happen also to know that Burns, whose lyric, of a higher quality than Moore's, assorts with music as naturally as Moore's own, was quite as deficient as Shelley in this respect. So was Scott, who

could yet write admirable songs to be sung. It seems therefore almost impossible, on the comparison of these three instances, to deny the existence of some peculiar musical music in poetry, which is distinct from poetical music, though it may coexist with it or may be separated from it, and which is independent both of technical musical training and even of what is commonly called "ear" in the poet. That Moore possessed it in probably the highest degree, will I think, hardly be denied. It never seems to have mattered to him whether he wrote the words for the air or altered the air to suit the words. The two fit like a glove, and if, as is sometimes the case, the same or a similar poetical measure is heard set to another air than Moore's, this other always seems intrusive and wrong. He draws attention in one case to the extraordinary irregularity of his own metre (an irregularity to which the average pindaric is a mere jog-trot), yet the air fits it exactly. Of course the two feet which most naturally go to music, the anapaest and the trochee, are commonest with him; but the point is that he seems to find no more difficulty, if he does not take so much pleasure, in setting combinations of a very different kind. Nor is this peculiar gift by any means unimportant from the purely poetical side, the side on which the verse is looked at without any regard to air or accompaniment. For the great drawback to "songs to be sung" in general since Elizabethan days (when, as Mr. Arber and Mr. Bullen have shown, it was very different) has been the constant tendency of the verse-writer to sacrifice to his musical necessities either meaning or poetic sound or both. The climax of this is of course reached in the ineffable balderdash which usually does duty for the libretto of an opera, but it is quite as noticeable in the ordinary songs of the drawing-room. Now Moore is quite free from this blame. He may not have the highest and rarest strokes

of poetic expression; but at any rate he seldom or never sins against either reason or poetry for the sake of rhythm and rhyme. He is always the master not the servant, the artist not the clumsy craftsman. And this I say not by any means as one likely to pardon poetical shortcomings in consideration of musical merit, for, shameful as the confession may be, a little music goes a long way with me; and what music I do like, is rather of the kind opposite to Moore's facile styles. Yet it is easy, even from the musical view, to exaggerate his facility. Berlioz is not generally thought a barrel-organ composer, and he bestowed early and particular pains on Moore.

To many persons, however, the results are more interesting than the analysis of their qualities and principles; so let us go to the songs themselves. To my fancy the three best of Moore's songs, and three of the finest songs in any language, are "Oft in the stilly Night," "When in Death I shall calm recline," and "I saw from the Beach." They all exemplify what has been pointed out above, the complete adaptation of words to music and music to words, coupled with a decidedly high quality of poetical merit in the verse, quite apart from the mere music. It can hardly be necessary to quote them, for they are or ought to be familiar to everybody; but in selecting these three I have no intention—I have an intention as different as may possibly be—of distinguishing them in point of general excellence from scores, nay hundreds of others. "Go where Glory waits thee" is the first of the Irish melodies, and one of the most hackneyed by the enthusiasm of bygone Pogsons. But its merit ought in no way to suffer on that account with persons who are not Pogsons. It ought to be possible for the reader, it is certainly possible for the critic, to dismiss Pogson altogether, to wave Pogson off, and to read anything as if it had never been read before. If this be done we shall hardly wonder at the delight which those famous men, our

fathers who were before us, and who perhaps will not compare altogether badly with ourselves, took in Thomas Moore. "When he who adores thee," is supposed on pretty good evidence to have been inspired by the most hollow and senseless of all pseudo-patriotic delusions, a delusion of which the best thing that can be said is that "the pride of thus dying for" it has been about the last thing that it ever did inspire, and that most persons who have suffered from it have usually had the good sense to take lucrative places from the tyrant as soon as they could get them, and to live happily ever after. But the basest, the most brutal, and the bloodiest of Saxons may recognise in Moore's poem the expression of a possible, if not a real, feeling given with infinite grace and pathos. The same string reverberates even in the thrice and thousand times hackneyed Harp of Tara. "Rich and rare were the Gems she wore" is chiefly comic opera, but it is very pretty comic opera; and the two pieces "There is not in the wide world" and "How dear to me" exemplify, for the first but by no means for the last time, Moore's extraordinary command of the last phase of that curious thing called by the century that gave him birth Sensibility. We have turned Sensibility out of doors; but he would be a rash man who should say that we have not let in seven worse devils of the gushing kind in her comparatively innocent room.

Then we may skip not a few pieces, only referring once more to "The Legacy" ("When in Death I shall calm recline"), an anacreontic quite unsurpassable in its own kind. We need dwell but briefly on such pieces as "Believe me if all those endearing young Charms," which is typical of much that Moore wrote, but does not reach the true devil-may-care note of Suckling, or as "By the Hope within us springing", for Moore's warlike pieces are seldom or never good. But with "Love's Young Dream" we come back to the style of which it is im-

possible to say less than that it is quite admirable in its kind. Then after a page or two we come to the chief *crucés* of Moore's pathetic and of his comic style, "The Last Rose of Summer," "The Young May Moon" and "The Minstrel Boy." I cannot say very much for the last, which is tainted with the unreality of all Moore's Tyrtæan efforts; but "The Young May Moon" could not be better, and I am not going to abandon the Rose, for all her perfume be something musty—a *pot-pourri* rose rather than a fresh one. The song of O'Ruark with its altogether fatal climax—

"On our side is virtue and Erin,
On theirs is the Saxon and guilt—"

(with the inimitable reflection it carries with it that it was an Irishman running away with an Irishwoman that occasioned this sweeping moral contrast) must be given up; but surely not so "Oh had we some bright little Isle of our own." For indeed if one only had some bright little isle of that kind, some "rive fidèle où l'on aime toujours," and where things in general are adjusted to such a state, then would Thomas Moore be the Laureate of that bright and tight little island.

But it is alarming to find that we have not yet got through twenty-five pages out of some hundred or two, and that the Irish Melodies are not yet nearly exhausted. Not a few of the best known of Moore's songs, including "Oft in the stilly Night", are to be found in the division of National Airs which is as a whole a triumph of that extraordinary genius for setting which has been already noticed. Here is "Flow on thou shining River", here the capital "When I touch the String", on which Thackeray loved to make variations. But "Oft in the stilly Night" itself is far above the others. We do not say "stilly" now: we have been taught by Coleridge (who used to use it freely himself before he laughed at it) to laugh at "stilly" and "paly" and so forth. But the most acrimonious critic

may be challenged to point out another weakness of the same kind, and on the whole the straightforward simplicity of the phrase equals the melody of the rhythm.

The Sacred Songs need not delay us long for they are not better than sacred songs in general, which is saying remarkably little. Perhaps the most interesting thing in them is the well-known couplet,

“ This world is but a fleeting show
For man’s illusion given — ”

which, as has justly been observed, contains one of the most singular estimates of the divine purpose anywhere to be found. But Moore might, like Mr. Midshipman Easy, have excused himself by remarking, “ Ah! well, I don’t understand these things.” The miscellaneous division of Ballads, Songs, &c., is much more fruitful. “ The Leaf and the Fountain,” beginning “ Tell me, kind seer, pray thee,” though rather long, is singularly good of its kind—the kind of half-narrative ballad. So in a lighter strain is “ The Indian Bark.” Nor is Moore less at home after his own fashion in the songs from the Anthology. It is true that the same fault may be found here which has been found with his *Anacreon*, and that it is all the more sensible because at least in some cases the originals are much higher poetry than the pseudo-Teian. To the form and style of Meleager Moore could not pretend; but as these are rather songs on Greek motives than translations from the Greek, the slackness and dilution matter less. But the strictly miscellaneous division holds some of the best work. We could no doubt dispense with the well-known ditty (for once very nearly the “ rubbish ” with which Moore is so often and so unjustly charged) where Posada rhymes of necessity to Granada, and where, quite against the author’s habit, the ridiculous term “ Sultana ” is fished out to do similar duty in reference to the Dulcinea, or rather to the Mari-tornes of a muleteer. But this is

quite an exception, and as a rule the facile verse is as felicitous as it is facile. Perhaps no one stands out very far above the rest: perhaps all have more or less the mark of easy variations on a few well-known themes. The old comparison that they are as numerous as motes, as bright, as fleeting, and as individually insignificant, comes naturally enough to the mind. But then they are very numerous, they are very bright, and if they are fleeting, their number provides plenty more to take the place of that which passes away. Nor is it by any means true that they lack individual significance.

This enumeration of a few out of many ornaments of Moore’s muse will of course irritate those who object to the “ brick-of-the-house ” mode of criticism; while it may not be minute enough, or sufficiently bolstered by actual quotation, to please those who hold that simple extract is the best, if not the only tolerable form of criticism. But the critic is not alone in finding that, whether he carry his ass or ride upon it, he cannot please all his public. What has been said is probably enough, in the case of a writer whose work, though as a whole rather unjustly forgotten, survives in parts more securely even than the work of greater men, to remind readers of at least the outlines and bases of his claim to esteem. And the more those outlines are followed up, and the structure founded on those bases is examined, the more certain, I think, is Moore of recovering, not the position which M. Vallat would assign to him of the greatest lyrist of England (a position which he never held and never could hold except with very prejudiced or very incompetent judges), not that of the equal of Scott or Byron or Shelley or Wordsworth, but still a position high enough and singularly isolated at its height. Viewed from the point of strictly poetical criticism, he no doubt ranks only with those poets who have expressed easily and acceptably the likings and passions and thoughts and fancies of the average

man, and who have expressed these with no extraordinary cunning or witchery. To go further in limitation, the average man, of whom he is thus the bard, is a rather sophisticated average man, without very deep thoughts or feelings, without a very fertile or fresh imagination or fancy, with even a touch—a little touch—of cant and “gush” and other defects incident to average and sophisticated humanity. But this humanity is at any time and every time no small portion of humanity at large, and it is to Moore’s credit that he sings its feelings and its thoughts so as always to get the human and durable element in them visible and audible through the “trappings of convention.” If he does not always ring true, a much smaller part of him rings false than happens with far more pretentious poets. Again, he has that all-saving touch of humour which enables him, sentimentalist as he is, to be an admirable comedian as well. Yet again, in carrying out these various, not always very elevated or dignified, functions of his, he has the two qualities

which one must demand of a poet who is a poet, and not a mere maker of rhymes. His note of feeling, if not full or deep, is true and real. His faculty of expression is not only considerable, but it is also distinguished: it is a faculty which in the same measure and degree nobody else has possessed. On one side he had the gift of singing those admirable songs—songs in every sense of the word—of which we have been talking. On the other, he had the gift of right satiric verse to a degree which only three others of the great dead men of this century in England—Canning, Praed, and Thackeray—have reached, and of a stamp which was not identical with anything of theirs. Besides all this, he was a “considerable man of letters.” But your considerable men of letters, after flourishing, turn to dust in their season, and other considerable or inconsiderable men of letters spring out of it. The true poets and even the true satirists abide, and both as a poet and a satirist Thomas Moore abides and will abide with them.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

RIGHT AND WRONG.

UNDER this title there appeared lately a paper by Mr. W. S. Lilly,¹ in which he deplores the influence of physical science on ethical theory. Though there are obvious objections to the treatment of philosophical questions in a brief and popular form, there is also something to be said for attempting from time to time to present their main issues unencumbered, as far as possible, by technicalities. With Mr. Lilly's main position, so far as it can be inferred from his article, I agree; but I propose to remark on some points which might perhaps have been better commended by a somewhat different treatment, and further to use the opportunity of the discussion for a few words on the general question concerned.

About half of the article is occupied by an exposition, or rather description, of "the new morality," by which is meant an ethical system including ethics in the domain of Physical Science, and announcing itself necessarily in some form of Hedonism, or Utilitarianism, some theory which makes pleasure the end of moral action. As representatives of Hedonism he quotes Mr. Herbert Spencer, Dr. Huxley, Mr. John Morley, Mr. Cotter Morison, M. Littré, and a nameless "popular professor in the Paris school of medicine," who lately announced to his pupils that "when the rest of the world has risen to the intellectual level of France, &c., the present crude notions regarding morality, religion, divine providence, deity, the soul, and so forth, will be swept away." It will be observed that in this remarkable group, Mr. Spencer is the only one, I believe, who has attempted any special and detailed treatment of moral philosophy. There

are surely others who might have been included to give a fair representation of the main tenets of the Utilitarian school. No mention is made, for instance, of Professor Henry Sidgwick, who would certainly have to be reckoned with in any deliberate controversy with the Hedonist school of moralists. In one passage (p. 69) Mr. Lilly proposes to "look at the old precept 'Thou shalt not commit adultery' in the light of the new morality;" and "if pleasure be the sanction of ethics", the only argument he will allow the new moralist to address to an intending offender is, "It is for the general interest, which is in truth your own interest, that you should forbear. Some day, when you marry, some one may seduce your wife." Not only Mr. Sidgwick but most other Utilitarians would, I feel sure, repudiate the argument here presented as a gross travesty of their reasoning. They are amply competent to take care of themselves in controversy: let us not strengthen their hands by giving them cause to charge us with misrepresentation such as this. And in the statement of both his adversaries' position and his own Mr. Lilly shows a tendency to rhetorical amplification which should be carefully avoided in such discussions. The question of the foundation of the sense of right and wrong is a philosophical and theoretic one (whatever practical effects may follow its decision), and as such let it be debated. I hold, with Mr. Lilly, that "not among the beggarly elements of the external universe, but in the inner world of consciousness, of volition, of finality, we are to seek the ultimate bases of right and duty." But this epithet of "beggarly" were far better away. The question is not what is beggarly or unbeggarly, dignified or

¹ "Fortnightly Review," January, 1888.

degrading, but simply what is true. I rejoice to think that what I believe to be true happens also to be the more dignified theory, but this is not to be used as an argument for its acceptance. Persuasion is the aim of rhetoric: the discovery of truth is the aim of philosophy.

These considerations are only emphasized by the conviction that our theory of right and wrong is bound up with the purely intellectual question of our theory of knowledge and consciousness. The subject is long, my space is short: it will be best to attempt (with full consciousness of the risk of its uselessness) some very brief outline of the position as I conceive it. It is not necessary to be a minute student of philosophic systems to grasp the main issues. A very moderate acquaintance with Plato or Kant would supply some framework for the convictions of an Intuitionist or Transcendentalist: a moderate period of reflection would probably suffice in most cases for decision this way or that. Only it must be steady reflection, concentrated thought. Possibly it might without presumption be doubted whether there have not been great thinkers (and among them some of the most illustrious discoverers and expositors in Physical Science) who have never seriously confronted these primary philosophic issues. Or perhaps we shall have to think that (as has, I believe, sometimes been said) a man is born either a Transcendentalist or a Phenomenalist, a believer either in the universe of thought or in that of sensation as the primary reality. Briefly stated, I take the fundamental position of the Transcendentalist (underlying a hundred metaphysical theories) to be of this kind. We answer the Phenomenalist's appeal to experience by demanding that it shall be an appeal to the whole of experience. And in the intellectual and in the moral world we find certain remainders not reducible into elements regulated by the law of material nature. In the moral world, howsoever the Determi-

nist, who denies the freedom of the will, may analyse a moral action into a mechanical sequence of cause and effect, the consciousness of an act of will, of moral choice, remains. Howsoever the Hedonist may analyse the motive into a pursuit of pleasure, for the individual or the race, the consciousness remains of a law of right and wrong transcending this, not to be reduced into alien elements, and indeed only to be described vaguely (as it seems to me) as a striving after the realization of a moral ideal. Still more decisive and far-reaching is the consideration that any analysis of the mind into a "flux of sensations" and "states of consciousness" will not account for thought. There must be a perceptive and apprehensive power beneath these to present them in intelligible order, and in this power must surely be to us the primal reality, transcending all phenomenal data. It may be further maintained that while, as intelligence, this power, this free spirit, relates and determines its perceptions, so also, as will, it forms from its impulses objects of conscious desire and purpose, and among these moral ideals which it seeks to realise. The object with which for the time it identifies itself is the object of will. Thus will is not a separate faculty, nor yet a mere resultant of natural forces, but an expression of the spirit, thinking and desiring, choosing among desires, identifying itself with an object of thought and desire. These conclusions are entirely independent of the advance of Physical Science, and of all phenomenal knowledge. They cannot be effected by such investigations as, for instance, those of the Psychical Society, however valuable and interesting these may be in themselves. It is not by any phenomenal evidence, but by a necessity of the understanding that they convince us of the existence of a spiritual principle in the universe.

But it is one thing to adopt these main principles, it is another thing to adopt any particular metaphysical

system that may be based on them, or to suppose that any such system can be erected with the same completeness and distinctness that belong to Physical Science. Metaphysicians too often seem to claim to give the same satisfaction in their kind as physical scientists do in theirs, and hardly to recognise how Metaphysic both challenges and is baffled by the limits of human intelligence. For instance, to assert the independence and reality of the spiritual principle and of its necessity in perception and in will, is to assert what is not only (as it seems to us) true, but also intelligible. But when (as we repeatedly find in metaphysical works) the epithet "eternal", meaning "not in time", is bestowed on this principle, which at the same time is said to realize itself gradually in man, we are made aware that we have stepped from firm ground into a void where the human mind cannot sustain itself—or at any rate that we have left the language of philosophy for that of religion or of poetry. Can the word eternal be intelligibly applied to a conceivable thing, except comparatively, that is, as expressing permanence through a period in which other things change? We can distinctly conceive nothing except in time and space, and even though we may be obliged to think of some things as not in time, the relations of these to things in time can hardly be thinkable. Eternity and infinity are negative terms, and cannot intelligibly be predicated of the subjects of gradual development. Again, though we can convict the Determinist, as I have said, of leaving a remainder unaccounted for in a moral act, we can hardly, perhaps, pretend to explain that act with the completeness with which it would have been explained if the Determinist theory had been true. Once more, the Hedonist definition of the end of moral action as the greatest happiness of the greatest number doubtless escapes a charge inevitably incident to the transcendental ethics—the charge that in defining that end we are compelled

to move in a circle which brings us back to our starting point. The end of moral action, we say, is a moral ideal, an idea which the good will seeks to realize; and being asked what is the good will, we can only say that it is the will which seeks to realize that idea. Not the less are we prepared to show that when Hedonist utilitarianism appears to avoid this circle by saying that the "unconditional good," is pleasure, the advantage gained is altogether illusory, because the end in that case is not a moral one at all. In the words of the late Professor Green, [*"Prolegomena to Ethics,"* p. 205]:

"If we say that the unconditional good is pleasure, and that the good-will is that which in its effects turns out to produce most pleasure on the whole, we are certainly not chargeable with assuming in either definition the idea to be defined. We are not at once explaining the unconditional good by reference to the good will, and the good will by reference to the unconditional good. But we only avoid doing so by taking the good will to be relative to something external to itself, to have its value only as a means to an end wholly alien to, and different from, goodness itself. Upon this view the perfect man would not be an end in himself; a perfect society of men would not be an end in itself. By such a theory we do not avoid the logical embarrassment attending the definition of a moral ideal; for it is not a moral ideal, in the sense naturally attached to that phrase, that we are defining. By a moral ideal we mean some type of man or character or personal activity, considered as an end in itself."

Is not reasoning such as that contained in these weighty sentences worth many pages of declamation against "uncouth shibboleths" of a "sect of Physicists" and their "stifling empirical doctrines"?

Whether attention to the points here touched upon may have any effect either in influencing those who are disposed to reduce ethical theory to a department of Physical Science to a reconsideration of the real "data of ethics," or on the other hand in persuading metaphysicians to a franker acknowledgement of the necessary vagueness of many of their definitions,

I cannot tell. But at least I hope that these remarks may perhaps do something toward their more immediate and simpler purpose. This is that they may contribute to the expression of the conviction of the truest friends of philosophy, that in discussion of these matters rhetoric should be sedulously eschewed. Such discussions may indeed lead us, as has been said above, into regions belonging to poetry rather than to philosophy. Hence the symbolic myths of Plato, and the old saying about him, that when he can no longer walk, he flies. Only when we reach this point let us not deceive ourselves as to whether we are on firm ground or in the air. But in whatever way philosophy may regard her relation to poetry, with rhetoric at any rate she ought to have no dealings. Yet how seldom is this remembered by philosophers, especially moral philosophers. And the declamation that many of them have expended upon the degradation of adopting a Hedonist system of ethics is not only wasted, but tends also to foster an injurious and false impression that those who withhold assent from the Hedonist principles are, or think themselves, morally superior to their opponents. It ought not to be necessary to say that the moral superiority of the Hedonist who acts well over the Transcendentalist who acts ill is no whit affected by the question as to which is philosophically, that is, intellectually, right in his analysis of the principles of moral conduct. We may go further, and freely allow that of all moral theories that have had practical influence in the modern world Utilitarianism has done the best service. It has helped to challenge and overthrow social abuses, to make social institutions reasonable and equitable, to vindicate the claims of the neglected and oppressed, and generally to give a wider and juster range to the desire to do good. There may be something of accident and coincidence in this; at any rate it does not in the least show that the same beneficial action may not

be taken by those who hold a conflicting theory. It has been the ready applicability of Utilitarianism, with its criterion of the greatest happiness of the greatest number, which has made it so serviceable in testing and reforming public institutions. But the existence of public spirit, and of all moral good, is independent of the current theories on its analysis, or the analysis of its aims. And this suggests a truth which it would perhaps be too much of a digression to dwell on here—the far greater capacity and dignity of man as a moral than as an intellectual being. We have seen how baffling are the limits of his intelligence; and even within these limits how feeble it is. A heroic moral act, even a feeling of absolute love or trust or devotion, is perfect in itself: the greatest intellectual achievements of men are full of obvious defects and limitations. It is not by the fruit of the tree of knowledge, as the serpent promised, that man can really approach the divine; but in a moment of self-sacrifice he is, for that moment, a part and peer of Gods.

The considerations suggested, or recalled, in this paper must needs present a somewhat aphoristic, but I hope not dogmatic, appearance. I must in conclusion say one word of protest on the final paragraph of Mr. Lilly's article, in which he deplores and rails against the unidealism of "the British mind" as something peculiar and "congenital" to it. Such impeachments, and their contradiction, are alike hard to verify, especially without more knowledge than I possess of contemporary continental writers. But is this anything more than a random statement? Would it be borne out by comparison of the attitude of the best British teachers, even in the field of Physical Science, with the attitude of corresponding teachers on the Continent—by comparison, for instance, of Darwin with Hæckel? Has not a sheer and intolerant materialism found its most conspicuous advocacy and adhesion in France

and Germany? And is there nothing inspiring in our great naturalist's modest loyalty to truth, and in his ardent faithfulness in her service? Mr. Lilly speaks of Mr. Spencer's writings on ethics, but he makes no reference to that profound and elaborate work of Mr. Green which I have quoted above. Yet the latter writer, so far as I have gathered, is at least as influential as Mr. Spencer in the English university where philosophy is most studied, and which therefore may be taken as, in some sense, a sample of philosophical thought in this country. As compared with this charge against "the British mind" there seems to me far more of truth as well as of impressiveness in a remark of some French critic that I remember reading, to the effect that the cause of England's preeminence in poetry (accepted by the critic as certain) is to be found in the deeply religious character

of her national genius. We have of late had before us a discreditable—I might say a revolting—instance of a politician's attempt to palliate his own baseness by self-righteous horror at the sins of his country, for whose policy he has been more than any living man responsible. Let us on all subjects beware of any approach toward this ignoble pharisaism. By all means let each one of us search out and correct our national faults (we have our full share), but not in a separate and superior attitude. As in every man are mixed good and bad, so of the good and bad alike one part is due to his country's nature and history, another part to his own. We shall respect him most who is disposed to attribute the greater part of the evil to himself, and the greater part of the good to his country.

ERNEST MYERS.

THE BIRD OF DAWNING.

THESE morns of March,
In the still dark before the break of day,
A Blackbird comes to pipe his deep-toned lay,
Safe in the citadel of lime or larch.

That lonely note!
It murmured in the river of my dream,
Like the faint undersong within the stream,
A call familiar from a realm remote.

Waking, I heard
Mellow and loud, the minstrel of the tree
Scattering the gold of liberal melody,—
The kingly exultation of the Bird.

When all is o'er,
From Life's blind slumber shall I wake to hear
The loved, the silenced voices, close and clear,
Tormented with desire and doubt no more?

THE SPANISH COLLEGE IN THE UNIVERSITY OF BOLOGNA.¹

DAILY the indefatigable omnibus of the Hotel Brun at Bologna disgorges its tale of tourists into the noisy paved courtyard. The first thought with all is, very properly, the hour of dinner: the second with most is, very improperly, the hour of the earliest express on the morrow. Of those who remain to explore Bologna, few are aware that within a short walk of their hotel is to be found an institution absolutely unique outside the universities of Oxford and Cambridge. Between the Via Belfiore and the two streets which converge into the Via Saragozza lies a triangular island inclosed by walls. Herein lies the Spanish College, the sole survivor of the numerous colleges which once graced, or as educational reformers would believe, disgraced the universities of Italy, France, Germany, and Spain. "This is," says Denifle, "weakly though it be, a survival of the Middle Ages, the solitary example on the Continent." The Spanish College is no seminary for the education of pupils in a particular faculty, nor is it an aggregation of lecture-rooms. It is a corporation consisting of a Rector, and of, what would be called in England, Bachelor Fellows: it holds real property, and its principle is still the idea of a common home for students of a common nationality, which was the basis of most of the colleges of the Middle Ages. Its members matricu-

late in the University, and take their degrees in the ordinary course. But the visitor will not find a large number of undergraduates residing within its walls, though excluded from the corporation. This is a peculiar and comparatively modern accretion of the English college. The Spanish College is in a manner the All Souls of Bologna, whilst the status of its Fellows has some resemblance to the now obsolete Taberdars of Queen's at Oxford. The building itself is a small English college translated into Italian. By the gateway is the porter's lodge, opposite it is the chapel, adjoining the latter, upon the first floor, the Rector's lodgings. The quadrangle contains a well, a more practical form of the Mercury of Christ Church; and on each of its two lateral sides are the Fellows' rooms, on the ground and on the first floor, but, being in Italy, they are naturally protected by a *loggia*, or open corridor. Opposite the chapel and over the entrance are the dining-hall, the library, and the common rooms. In addition to this there is a fine hall of reception in which hang the few portraits that have been spared to the College, while it possesses a luxury to which even All Souls has not yet attained,—an excellent billiard-room.

But to the visitor from an English university perhaps the most interesting feature of all consists in the Fellows' rooms. They are an almost exact reproduction on a small scale of those which house our own undergraduates. The sitting-room and the bedroom communicate, and both are inexpensively but comfortably furnished. There is the same modest supply of books, the same erratic taste in pictures: we find an occasional piano or other instrument of torture: we become acquainted with

¹ This article is mainly based upon the notes and documents published, in 1880 at Madrid, by Don Pedro Borrajo y Herrera and Don Hermenegildo Giner de los Ríos; partly on two visits made by the writer. The account of the College given by Sepulveda is invaluable but scanty. Illustrative matter has been gleaned from Don Vicente de la Fuente, "Historia de las Universidades en España," Madrid, 1885, and from Denifle, "Die Universitäten des Mittelalters," Berlin, 1885.

the features of the owner's nearest or prettiest relations: the pair of foils replaces the cricket-bat and the racquet. May it be added that the bedroom is infinitely cleaner?

Sepulveda, himself a member of the College, has left a vivid picture of its appearance early in the sixteenth century. The library then adjoined the chapel: the hall had enjoyed a pleasant view of the Apennines, but was too far from the kitchen, and another room had recently been used. He describes the tennis-court and the shady garden with its canopy of vines, and dwells with enthusiasm on its well-drained cellar. The quadrangle was then adorned with trees and shrubs: "In the middle of the College lies a court planted here and there with trees, with laurel, box, and jessamine, as people call the plant." The ornamental parts of the College, the façade, the gallery, the portico and the chapel have been remodelled or rebuilt; but the little vaulted rooms are probably much the same as when they were first inhabited, nor has time destroyed the picturesqueness of the garden.

The origin of the Spanish College dates from the golden age of collegiate life, and few save royal foundations can boast a more distinguished parent than Cardinal Alborno. He was employed by the Papal Court of Avignon in the apparently hopeless task of recovering its territorial possessions. He was a soldier, a statesman, and an administrator of the first order, and he carried his commission through. Bologna became naturally the centre of his operations. The town owed to him its canal, and in return, he determined that its University should benefit his countrymen. In his will, made at Ancona in 1364, he appointed the future College his residuary legatee; but even before his death, he provided his relation, Alvarez de Alborno, and his chamberlain with sufficient funds for the purchase of land and the building of the College, which was completed in 1367. Shortly

before the founder's death, Alborno himself drew up the statutes, which most unfortunately no longer exist, and Alvarez de Alborno resigned his office into the hands of Alvaro de Martinez, the first Rector elected according to statute, by the members of the College. Under the founder's will the site of the College was to be within convenient distance to the schools: it was to contain a chapel, a courtyard, lodgings, and a garden, and the endowment was sufficient to support a Rector, twenty-four students who were to reside for eight years, and two chaplains. Alborno himself called his foundation *La Casa Española*, but its official title became *Collegium majus Sancti Clementis Hispanorum*.

Solitary survival as the Spanish College now is, at the time of its birth it had many sisters. The fourteenth century was pre-eminently the age of collegiate foundations, though not a few may date from the thirteenth. In the Cardinal's own University of Toulouse three colleges had been founded between 1337 and 1360, two more in 1363, another in 1364, while three immediately followed the foundation of the Spanish College. He was thus thoroughly acquainted with the collegiate system. In Bologna itself it had long existed. Its first college, intended for scholars of Avignon, had been founded in February, 1257, the same month and year to which the Sorbonne owed its origin, though the character of the latter was different. Since then a College for natives of Brescia was built in 1326, and another for students of Reggio in 1362-3. At Paris a very large number of colleges was founded in the course of the century, almost all of a national or provincial character. At Oxford the foundation of Queen's precedes, that of New College shortly follows the Spanish College. At Cambridge, Pembroke, Gonville, Trinity Hall, Corpus, and Clare are all within twenty years of it. The same may be said of the earliest colleges of Padua, Perugia,

Montpellier, Avignon, Cahores. The great Collegium Carolinum of Prague dates from 1366, and the first colleges at Heidelberg and Vienna fall within the century. Colleges have been more tenacious of life in Spain than in any other continental country, but no greater mistake can be made than to suppose 'that the Cardinal brought his system from his native country. The earliest college, that of Lerida, can hardly have existed: the second, the famous Collegio mayor de San Bartolom of Salamanca, was founded consciously on the lines of the Spanish College of Bologna in 1401. It served also as a model, at the request of the people of Siena, for a college which, in 1408, Gregory the Twelfth formed out of the Casa della Misericordia. Foundations at Valladolid and Alcalá, at Seville and Salamanca, owe their origin, their privileges or their statutes to their compatriot at Bologna. It is noticeable also that a second college for Spaniards was founded at Bologna, funds connected with which apparently existed until quite recently.

The Casa Española prospered, if it did not grow. Favours were showered upon it from all quarters. Charles the Fifth placed its doctors on an equal footing with those of Salamanca and Valladolid. Philip the Second recognised the degrees taken by its members as equivalent to those taken in the national universities, a privilege rarely conferred on foreigners. Its servants wore the royal livery. The Popes were even more practical in their patronage. They exempted the College from taxation, civil or ecclesiastical, and gave it the right of annual presentation to one of the Spanish prebends reserved to the Papacy. The Rector had the grant of jurisdiction, civil, criminal and ecclesiastical, over all members and servants of the College. Equally liberal was the Senate of Bologna, which exempted the College from contributions to the town, and excluded the building from the town-numbering, as being Spanish territory. In the eighteenth century it regarded

the College as a Casa Nobile, with the result that the Municipal authorities had to be invited to the Founder's days.

The natural result of the prosperity of the College was that it early came into collision with the University. There were grave questions of precedence which had to be referred to the government of the town. The most important was settled by the governor, the Bishop of Concordia, in 1436, who decided that the Rector should rank second to the Rector of the University. But to modern readers there was a far more interesting cause of jealousy between the College and the University. Within the College lectures were given in all the branches of study to which the members devoted themselves; and so excellent was the teaching provided by these lectures that the professors of the University found their own classes dwindling. No doubt the Bolognese professors, like their modern compeers, were righteously indignant that the college tutor should demean himself so far as to lecture with a view to "the schools." At all events they preferred their complaints on the subject to the Senate of Bologna. The latter acted in a spirit of compromise quite foreign to a modern Government University Commission. It ordered the discontinuance of the obnoxious lectures, but directed that four professorial Chairs should be given to members of the College. The modern tutor might well be content with such a compromise.

A lighter form of skirmishing was carried on between the students and the Jews, if that may be called a skirmish where the fighting is all on one side. It appears the students had acquired the habit of snowballing the Jews, who finally compounded by a handsome gratuity. The subsequent expulsion of the latter by the town was obviously a dead loss to the College; but in compensation, on the first day of snow, several snowballs were presented upon a silver waiter to the municipal authorities, who thereon

paid the scot originally exacted from the Jews. A similar ceremony took place at the presentation of the Rector to the Legate, the Archbishop, and the Gonfalonier, but as the Rector was elected at the beginning of May, it is difficult to see, even in Bologna, whence the snow can have been procured. Whatever truth the story may contain the fact remains that the presentation was called "The Gift of Snow."

The life of the College for the first century and a half of its existence was apparently solely connected with the affairs of the University. The only exception may be said to have been the shelter which it afforded to the first printers in Bologna, who were driven within its walls by an outbreak of the copyists who saw their occupation gone. The first book said to have been printed within the College, a manual on Law, by Pedro, Bishop of Brescia, is still one of the treasures of the library.

The establishment of the Spanish power in Italy necessarily gave the College a political complexion which was not favourable to its best interests. The tendency to interfere in Italian politics very early showed itself. In 1511 the students joined the Spanish troops allied to Julius the Second in the attack upon Mirandola, and lost two killed and one prisoner. The French troops, who restored the Bentivoglio dynasty lodged in the College, and, as usual, looted it. The Spanish war of Succession was the cause of a fresh series of troubles. In 1703 the Duke of Castiglione was sheltered in the College during his negotiations with the Prince of Mirandola for the admission of French troops into his garrisons. The students seem warmly to have espoused the cause of Phillip the Fifth; but in 1708 General Daun removed the Bourbon arms, and temporarily shut up the College, which he forced in 1709 to recognise Charles, though it does not appear to have resumed work till 1715. Equally serious were the events of the wars which followed.

In 1735 the Duke of Montemar took up his quarters in the College, which became a voluntary arsenal for munitions of war. In 1743 the Fellows gave up their rooms to wounded officers from the field of Campo Santo, and when the Austrians compelled the retreat of the Spanish troops on Naples, more than one hundred of these poor fellows were left in the town. These had recourse to the Rector for means of escape: he collected barges which were professedly to be freighted with grain from the College estates, and shipped the officers down to Comacchio.

That the College survived the French Revolution is perhaps the surest test of its vitality. After the establishment of the Cisalpine Republic it was deprived of many of its privileges, and probably only saved from extinction by the exertion of Talleyrand. It dragged out a precarious existence until 1812, when by Napoleon's orders the agricultural property was confiscated under pretence of debts due from the Spanish Government. The furniture and the portraits of old members were sold. The latter must have been more interesting than artistically meritorious, for they were knocked down at an all-round price of two francs the dozen. At this period paintings by Rafael disappeared from the College, and the great fresco representing the coronation of Charles the Fifth by Pope Clement was irretrievably ruined. The College was put up to auction, and, finding no purchaser, was converted into a workhouse. The library was fortunately saved by Mezzofanti, who secured it for the town, by which it was afterwards restored. On the return of peace the re-establishment of the College was made the subject of negotiations between the Papal, Austrian, and Spanish Governments. The original estates were irrecoverable, but the College was endowed with lands of a corresponding value, situated chiefly in the March of Ancona.

The ship had weathered the storm,

but very nearly foundered in the calm which succeeded. In 1853 a royal ordinance deprived the College of its most cherished privilege, that the degrees taken at Bologna should rank as those taken in the national universities. On the death of the Rector in 1855 the Dean, Don J. Maria Irazoqui, received, instead of a notification of the appointment of a successor, an order to deliver over to one Marliani the whole of the College property within the space of twenty-four hours. The Dean foresaw that the transference of the property to a Government Commission was but a stepping-stone to the suppression of the College. There was apparently a project for transferring the revenues to the support of a Seminary at Rome. Such action on the part of the Spanish Government of those days would correspond to a scheme on the part of an English Government for transferring collegiate revenues to the support of technical education in the large towns. Practical utility would be urged in both cases. A somewhat later, but still more imbecile, idea was the conversion of the College into a School of Art for Spanish painters. Re-painting rather than painting would certainly have been the natural result of study in the Pinacotheca of Bologna. The Dean, however, stood up manfully for the sacredness of the founder's wishes, and for the cause of liberal education. The privileges and the prestige of five centuries could not be transferred to the growth of a day. "The result," he writes, "would be the extinction of a foundation which has produced men of such renown, with the object of creating another whose members would study with a view to successful competition for ecclesiastical prizes rather than to eminence in research."

The gallant Dean was no mere obstructive: he was prepared with a new scheme better adapted to the exigencies of the day, and he won his cause, receiving for reward his appointment as Rector. The last

great danger which the College had to undergo was due to the establishment of the new kingdom of Italy. In 1861 the Government decreed the sequestration of the College: its seals were put upon the doors of the Bursary, and the Rector was forbidden to interfere in the administration of the revenues. Here again Irazoqui was successful by means of timely appeal to the Spanish Government. Nor was he forgetful of the interests of his colleagues. He made in 1875 an application for the increase of the Fellows' stipend. He represented that the sum of four hundred *reals* (about four pounds of our money) allowed under the statutes of 1365 were quite inadequate to meet modern necessities, and petitioned for its increase to three thousand *reals* (about thirty-two pounds). The stipends were raised, but not to this amount. It is doubtful if the revenues could have supported the charge, for the net income in 1873 amounted to not more than thirty-five thousand, one hundred and nineteen *lire* (about fourteen hundred and five pounds).

This slight historical sketch will show that the Spanish College had a reason for its existence which was the cause of its vitality. Notwithstanding the great power of the University of Bologna the College was not out-grown by, nor absorbed in, the University-system, as has been usually the case on the Continent. The shocks which it has suffered have been purely the result of external political circumstances, arising mainly from the position held by the Spanish crown in Italy, which rather endangered than guaranteed its existence. The sole exception perhaps was the threatened Government Commission of 1855, which was the more dangerous because it was a self-conscious mania for reform, and a pedantic governmental fussiness which ten years previously had closed the career of the whole collegiate system in the mother country.

If however what may be called the external history of the College has its interest, its internal life as illustrated by its statutes gives a far more vivid idea of collegiate life in Italian or Spanish universities. Every member of a university is of course aware that statutes may survive long after they have ceased to be operative; yet it may safely be averred that in all cases there has been a time when they had a practical meaning.

The earliest statutes were modified by several of the Popes of the Renaissance: some of those made in 1536 are still preserved, though the complete scheme from which the following details have been extracted belongs to 1648, and was the work of the Protector, the Cardinal de la Cueva. In it, however, are imbedded a great portion of the earlier statutes, subject to modifications intended to meet the change of circumstances. The editor of Sepulveda's works states that the statutes framed by him in 1536 still for the most part ruled the College at the date of publication in 1780. Moreover those of 1648 closely resemble many collegiate statutes of the fifteenth century. The College now consisted of the Rector, thirty-one members, and four chaplains. The Rector must be in orders, at least twenty-five years old, and a member of at least two years' standing. He was elected on May 1st, held office for one year and was not re-eligible. The method of election was that peculiar mixture of voting and lot well known in the Italian municipalities. The names of all members of over six months' standing were inclosed in balls of wax and thrown into a basin of water. One of the chaplains, with his eyes carefully shut, drew ten names, and out of these ten another chaplain then drew three. The members thus drawn were the electors. They were themselves ineligible, were allowed to hold no communication with the other members, nor to eat and drink until they had com-

pleted the election. If they agreed upon a candidate no more formalities were necessary; but if they could not decide between two or three candidates the basin was brought into play again, and the Rector drawn by lot. Notwithstanding the obvious element of chance, the election was perhaps not more liable to accident than that of Heads of Colleges at the present day. A chaplain with his eyes shut will occasionally make as good a choice as a Fellow with his eyes open.

The Rector once elected was a person of great importance during his year of office. Not only was he the second personage in the University, but he might be elected to the Rectorship of the University, in which case however the College economically withdrew his Fellowship and salary, giving him only an allowance of wine. He exercised a general supervision over the discipline and the estates of the College, and twice a year he was required by statute to inspect the Fellows' rooms. Young and inexperienced, however, as he must often have been, it was necessary to prevent negligence or favouritism by as severe and detailed a scale of penalties as that applied to the other members of the College. He exercised jurisdiction—civil, criminal, and ecclesiastical—over all persons connected with the College; but his action was checked by the direct intervention of the Cardinal Protector, and by the yearly visitation of the Archbishop of Bologna and the Abbot of St. Michele del Monte. His year of office did not count among the eight years of the tenure of his Fellowship, and he received a salary of one hundred and fifty pounds Bolognese (a little more than six pounds of our own money). Of this however one-third was only paid on his vacating office in the event of good behaviour, while two-thirds had to be spent in dress "for the credit of the College." A survival of a similar idea may possibly be seen in the tall hat and black coat which the most light-hearted of laymen

think it proper to adopt in England on election to the Headship of a House. The Rector held College meetings from time to time, but ordinary business was transacted with the aid of a committee of four, who were annually elected by lot. An unpleasant part of his duties was the obligation to remain in Bologna in the case of plague. In this event two companions were chosen by lot, unless indeed two members volunteered. The same practice prevailed in Spain. Pedro Torres in his diary relating to Salamanca writes: "On July 6, 1507, the members of the College drew lots for the plague."

Of the thirty-one members, ten were to be students in Theology and twenty-one in Law, Medicine being now excluded. They must have studied at least four years in a Spanish university, and have taken or qualified for the degree of Bachelor. If Canonists they must have studied both Canon and Civil Law, and if Theologians, Philosophy, Theology, and Grammar. No encouragement was given to those nervous, uncomfortable students who are always changing their minds and their schools. A member once elected must adhere to his Faculty, though he might study other subjects in addition. The right of presentation lay with the Bishop and Chapter of the dioceses with which the Founder had been connected, while three presentations were reserved for Founder's kin. If there were not qualified members, or if the Bishops failed to present and the College therefore declined in numbers, it was empowered to nominate from other dioceses.

All candidates must be at least twenty-one years of age, and must be of legitimate birth and Christians born and bred (*Christianos viejos*): there was to be no taint of Jewish or Moorish blood. This qualification existed in Sepulveda's time, but it probably dated from the fanatical period of Ferdinand and Isabella. At Sigüenza, the "new Christians" were expelled in 1497. The riches of the

father did not disqualify, but a limitation was placed on the private income of the candidate. Members of Religious Orders were not admitted as candidates, nor those suffering from infectious diseases or other inconvenient complaints. Nor might a candidate be married, nor have been a servant at another College, nor must he have a father, brother, uncle or nephew in the College.

The candidate was expected to reside in Bologna for thirty days, was then subjected to an examination in *viva voce*, and finally to the ballot. It appears doubtful if the College often or ever reached the full numbers of the Foundation, and this perhaps is not surprising. Thirty days previous acquaintance, an examination in *viva voce*, and the use of the ballot, might keep down the number of Fellows in many a college—to say nothing of the previous qualification of *Christiano viejo*.

Once admitted the young Fellow fared well. The complaints which Londoners make as to the sleeping accommodation of an Oxford college would have been hypercritical. The beds of the Spanish College were required to have the normal number of legs, two woollen mattresses, one of straw or feathers, a pillow equally well stuffed, two blankets and four sheets. The sheets were to be washed at least once a month under penalty of a fine of five *soldi* (twopence half-penny). Besides this, the furniture consisted of a chest with lock and key, a copy of the statutes, presses for clothes and books, a reading-desk, and other tables necessary for study.

The diet may be regarded as monotonous. It consisted of soup, the quality of which was to be regulated by the Rector, two pounds of veal, which on fast-days was to be replaced by fish and eggs, and dessert to the value of five *soldi*. There were only two meals a day. If a student for devotional reasons wished to fast he was allowed the full commons for the day at breakfast. On feast-days an addition was made to the fare of half

a fowl or pigeon, or a capon from the College estates. No private delicacies were allowed to be brought into hall, nor was eating or drinking permitted in private rooms except when strangers were invited to dine by the members with the Rector's permission.

Strict regulations were made as to behaviour and dress when the members of the College left its walls. During the hours of lecture they must only use the streets leading direct to the schools. No member was allowed to go out without a companion; but a senior might always call upon a junior to accompany him on his walk, and a severe penalty was attached to refusal on the part of the unfortunate junior. The dress consisted of a black gown reaching to the heels, with sleeves and a wide collar, and a *beca* of purple cloth. The latter was a kind of hood, which however fell over the shoulder and chest. In Spain its various colours distinguished one college from another. The Spanish students at Bologna also wore the woollen scapular, which the Italians had discarded "as an uncomfortable and useless encumbrance." The modern undergraduate who abhors the use of academicals would endorse Sepulveda's criticism on the conservatism of the College Dons. "This, if I may say what I think, is a nuisance with which we might well dispense, as being both inconvenient and undignified. We should indeed have done so long ago, but for the obstinate opposition of certain Conservative bores." Boots and stockings must be black, and the head-dress was to be a decent *sombrero* adorned only with a twisted cord. Inside the walls the black gown of the College was to be worn, and no light suits were allowed in chapel. Two gowns of black cloth and two purple hoods were given by the College to each Fellow in the course of his eight years' residence. The Rector only was allowed to array himself on public occasions in expensive silk or cloth cassock and gown, and, contrary to present etiquette at Oxford, pictures represent him as wearing

elaborate gloves. In Spain at Alcalá the presentation of gloves formed a part of the ceremony on taking the Doctor's degree, a custom which has descended to the modern University of Madrid. Statutes upon dress are notoriously the hardest to observe; and as at Oxford the black or subfusc raiment is not invariably worn, and as undergraduates may be seen in the streets without cap or gown, so at Bologna, at a somewhat later date than these statutes, we are told that the students of the Spanish College were in the habit of dressing *à la Francesca*. At the present day apparently it is only the Rector who even possesses a gown, and the dress of the students is unexceptionably modern, and eminently non-academic. If the stranger is anxious as to the costumes of the old Spanish University, he will most easily find these at Coimbra. Great attention was naturally paid to the religious needs of the College. The chaplains were not members of the Corporation, and they had no right of attendance at College meetings; but they lived in common with the Fellows, and like them had their commons and their allowance of oil and candles for midnight study. They were permitted to study Theology or Canon Law, but were not allowed to hold any office which might clash with these duties. If they took their degrees the College allowed them four pounds Bolognese (about three shillings and fourpence) for purposes of entertainment. Chapel was compulsory twice a day, but attendance was rewarded by four pounds (Bolognese) a year, while absence was punished by deprivation of battels. On feast-days, if a member was late for mass he lost his wine for breakfast, and if he was not in before the gospel he sacrificed his portion of fowl. Under pain of expulsion the members were obliged to confess at Christmas, Easter, and the Assumption of the Virgin, and the Rector also on All Saints' Day.

Study was not necessarily very severe. Each student must devote

one or two hours a day to his faculty either in his own room or in the library. It was the business of the Visitor to ascertain that each student gave satisfactory proof of his year's work. Every Saturday evening there was a debate, in which each member in order of seniority had to maintain three conclusions on subjects connected with his faculty. These were posted on the hall-door the previous evening. The argument was opened by the youngest member, and the Rector had the duty of directing the debate and of summing up. A strong feeling of *esprit de corps* existed in the College, and every precaution was taken that it should not be disgraced by the idleness or stupidity of its members. No Fellow might read his exercise for his degree in public, until it had been previously heard in College and received a majority of votes. A member might read a paper in the chapel, which was open to the public, but only after it had received the sanction of his companions. So, too, with due licence from the College, he might give lectures within or without its walls. If any Fellow sought a post or a Chair in the University, all members of the College were bound to help him.

The Fellows probably worked hard, for there was little else to do. Brutal athleticism was conspicuous by its absence. The occasional mention of stables is not sufficient warrant for the existence of hunting, or possibly even of riding men. They were probably intended for the cart-horses or oxen from the estates, and for the bailiff's mules. But, as a great treat, a game of ball might be played on feast-days after dinner, but only with moderation and for a limited time. For this purpose there was a court behind the chapel, and the game was probably that of *pallone*, a kind of tennis which is still played by professionals at Bologna. Cards and dice were absolutely prohibited, except between Christmas and Easter, when they might be played under Rectorial supervision

and in the Rectorial reception-room. But strangers were strictly excluded from all these unseemly pastimes. Nor was music regarded with any great favour, though a Fellow was allowed to sing or play in his rooms if he could do so without disturbing his colleagues or the neighbours. Strict rules were made against masquerading and dancing: the dances prohibited must have been of what is popularly known as a Spurgeonic character. The general discipline was strict. Blasphemy, bad language, fighting or quarrelling were severely punished. Theft was treated with comparative leniency. No ladies were admitted, even under pretence of attending service, or visiting the chapel. The Rector however might give leave for the admission of a mother or sister, or any female relation to whom no suspicion could possibly attach. After lock-up, the gate could only be opened by express permission of the Rector. But young men are alike at all times, and it was found necessary to inflict severe penalties on those who climbed over walls, or got out and in by windows. The walls of the College were high, and the benighted Spaniard had not the advantages offered by the top of a hansom cab; but doubtless even in those days a convenient policeman was willing to give "a leg up" for a consideration. The substantial Spanish or Italian *reja* must, however, have been much less easily removable than the English window-bar.

The scale of punishments was very precise. For ordinary breaches of discipline the sound principle was adopted that the heart is most easily touched through the stomach, and the deprivation of part or all of the day's commons was the usual form of punishment, even for the chaplains. But pecuniary fines were also frequently imposed; and for severer offences members might be locked up in their rooms or even in prison, rusticated for a period, or expelled.

The regulations respecting the property of the College were admirable.

Within ten months of admission every member must make himself acquainted with its property within the walls of Bologna, and within two years he must visit all the agricultural estates. But no Fellow was allowed to pay such visits unless accompanied by the proper authorities. Unauthorised junior Fellows of an English college have been known to create a panic among the tenants by making amateur proposals for a peasant-tenantry. The danger at Bologna was of a more practical character. The authorities feared that the needy Fellow might take a holiday at the expense of the College. Twice a year the Rector and the councillors went on progress round the Estates, and six times a year the whole College had a picnic, for which double commons were allowed. The Rector had, as has been seen, the general supervision of the Estates, but the Bursar (*Economo*) was a great personage. The members had formerly managed the estates, but their competence had not been remarkable, and under the statutes of 1648, the Cardinal Protector nominated a Spanish or Italian Bursar, not a member of the College, but a man with a practical knowledge of agriculture and agricultural contracts. He held office for three years, but might be reappointed. He had the letting of the farms by public auction. He collected the rents, which might be paid in money if it were considered advantageous, provided that sufficient wine and grain were reserved for the use of the College. He was personally present on the estates at sowing-time and at harvest. He saw that the land was properly manured, and that the conditions of the leases were kept with regard to rotation of crops and cutting of timber. The supervision of repairs was also one of his functions, though he was limited in the amount which he could spend without the leave of a College meeting. He was also domestic Bursar. He must see that the meat bought was of good quality and weight, and he must buy at advantage and

with ready money. All salaries were paid by him, and he was obliged to keep an inventory of furniture, and proper books of account, which were annually presented to the Cardinal Protector; moreover he was audited every three months by the Rector. A book containing a list of the estates and their rents was kept in the library, so that all the members might have an opportunity of inspecting it. The debtors of the College paid money not to the Bursar, but to the Monte di Pietà, or other safe depository. On this the Bursar drew by means of a cheque signed by the Rector; but if the amount exceeded two hundred pounds (Bolognese), the Councillors must also sign. No alienation of the College estates or of its books was permitted, though the outlying properties might be exchanged with the consent of the Cardinal Protector. More prudent than recent University Commissions the statutes provided not only for growth of income but for its possible diminution. Extra table-allowances were first to be sacrificed, and then the stipends of the Rector, Officers and Fellows of the College were to be diminished. In case of increase of value the unearned increment was to be invested in land, and half the proceeds to be given to poor "unattached" Spanish students in Bologna.

All important transactions concerning the estates had to be signed by each member of the College, as being a co-proprietor. The seal and valuable documents were kept in a chest in the chapel, of which the Rector and each of the councillors had a key; but the chest could only be opened by the five keys at once. All documents were to be copied, and negligence with regard to them was visited by severe penalties.

Equal precautions were taken with regard to the library. The catalogue was to be carefully kept. No book was to be taken out under pain of excommunication, and if a book were thus lost its value was to be replaced, and meanwhile the loser forfeited his commons and his salary, and was

expelled if he failed to indemnify the College. Readers were directed to handle books carefully, not to leave them lying open, and the last man in the library was to shut the door under penalty of a fine. It is obvious on which side the Cardinal de la Cueva's vote would have been counted in the debate on lending books from the Bodleian Library.

The rest of the establishment consisted of a bailiff, to assist the Rector and Bursar in the management of the estates, a skilful cook and under-cook, a manciple, four servants and a porter. The manciple was responsible for the marketing: the porter might be an old man, and his chief function was to keep out of the College the boys who used to pester the students on their return home. Of the servants, one waited on the Rector, two on the Fellows, while the fourth cleaned the stairs and public rooms. Attached to the College were a doctor, a surgeon, a notary and an advocate who were usually paid in kind by grain and grapes. A barber and a washerwoman also attended weekly.

Such were the statutes which in the main governed the Foundation until the new scheme of 1876 came into force. In 1757-8 however an important change was made in the position of the Rector, who, in consequence of an unseemly dispute on the election, was henceforth nominated by the Crown from among past or present members of the College, while the office became more or less a permanent appointment.

Under the scheme of 1876, the College was to consist of a Rector, two Chaplains, eight Fellows, a *Contador* and an *Economo* (senior and junior Bursar). The Rector is appointed by the Crown. He must have resided at least three years in the College, must be over twenty-eight years of age and under forty-five. Married Heads of Houses are not regarded with favour. For the Rectorship, a bachelor or widower without children is preferred: at all events, if the Rector is married,

his family is not allowed to live in the College. As of old, he has the general superintendence of the property and of discipline. It is interesting to find that the penalties contemplated by the new statutes consist usually of "gating."

The Fellows must be of legitimate birth, between eighteen and twenty-four years of age, and they must have taken the degree of Bachelor. They receive free board, lodging, service and medical attendance and an income of five hundred *lire* (twenty pounds sterling), while the College now defrays the expenses of matriculation. The new statutes still regard them as heirs of the Founder. They take formal possession of the property of the College in the presence of a notary, and their signatures are required in any important transactions connected with it. There are few detailed clauses as to study and discipline. A thesis has to be written once a year, which should be forwarded to the Secretary of State. Of the eight Fellows, the Archbishop of Toledo was to nominate two, who were to devote themselves to Theology or Canon Law. Two students of Jurisprudence were to be appointed by the Rector of the Central University of Spain: two nominations fell to the Secretary of State, one to the Rector of the Spanish College and one to the family of the Founder. Members appointed by the Secretary of State are expected to study diplomacy, while one at least of the remaining two should devote himself to scientific agriculture. A ninth place was open to any candidate of the Founder's family who was otherwise qualified. The statutable numbers however have never been kept up. In 1797, there were ten Fellows. In 1874 there were four, exclusive of the Rector. At the time of my visit there were apparently five, and of the two with whom I had the pleasure of making acquaintance, one was studying for the diplomatic career, the other was working at Natural Science. Their opinion was that their own country offered an equally good

education in Law, but that the Natural Science school of Bologna was far superior. Regulations appear to have been relaxed ever since the last statutes, under which there was a resident chaplain who said mass daily, though attendance at chapel was only compulsory on feast-days. The resident chaplain and the daily service have disappeared. The stern old regulations as to the admission of ladies have become a dead letter. It is doubtful indeed whether the authorities have risen to the pitch of liberality attained elsewhere, and that the fair *artistes* of the Bologna theatres are permitted to grace by their presence the services on Sunday evening; but at all events English ladies are allowed to enter under pretence of visiting the chapel, even without the special licence of the Rector. It is possible that they may be classed among "those female relatives, to whom no suspicion can possibly attach."

Notwithstanding such modifications, no institution perhaps of such an age has in the main followed so closely in the lines laid by its Founder. Any

divergence has been rather in the direction of quantity than of quality. The Spanish College has retained to a remarkable degree its national exclusiveness, survivals of which still linger in the form of provincialism in the English universities, sometimes accounting for the traditional enmities of certain colleges, the origin of which has been long forgotten. It shares, too, with the English colleges the very great merit of providing a common society for men whose studies lie in opposite directions; whereas, on the Continent, most of the modern so-called colleges, the clubs, and the seminaries are based on the narrow principle that birds of a faculty should flock together. Small as the Spanish College is, and narrow as is its sphere of action, it is yet a living protest against the principle which is almost universal upon the Continent, and which is rapidly infecting England, that education consists solely in the acquisition of knowledge. For this, and for other reasons, let us hope that it may live long.

E. ARMSTRONG.

THE REVERBERATOR.¹

III.

THE young ladies consented to return to the Avenue de Villiers, and this time they found the celebrity of the future. He was smoking cigarettes with a friend, while coffee was served to the two gentlemen (it was just after luncheon), on a vast divan, covered with scrappy oriental rugs and cushions: it looked, Francie thought, as if the artist had set up a carpet-shop in a corner. She thought him very pleasant; and it may be mentioned, without circumlocution, that the young lady ushered in by the vulgar American reporter, whom he didn't like, and who had already come too often to his studio to pick up "glimpses" (the painter wondered how in the world he had picked *her* up), this charming candidate for portraiture struck Charles Waterlow on the spot as an adorable model. She made, it may further be declared, quite the same impression on the gentleman who was with him, and who never took his eyes off her while her own rested, afresh, on several finished and unfinished canvasses. This gentleman asked of his friend, at the end of five minutes, the favour of an introduction to her: in consequence of which Francie learned that his name (she thought it singular) was Gaston Probert. Mr. Probert was a smooth, smiling youth, with a long neck and a very tall collar: he was represented by Mr. Waterlow as an American, but he pronounced the American language (so at least it seemed to Francie) as if it had been French.

After Francie had quitted the studio with Delia and Mr. Flack (her father, on this occasion, was not of the party),

the two young men, falling back upon their divan, broke into expressions of æsthetic rapture, declared that the girl had qualities—oh, but qualities, and a charm of line! They remained there for an hour, contemplating these rare properties in the smoke of their cigarettes. You would have gathered from their conversation (though, as regards much of it, only perhaps with the aid of a grammar and dictionary) that the young lady possessed plastic treasures of the highest order, of which she was evidently wholly unconscious. Before this, however, Mr. Waterlow had come to an understanding with his visitors— it had been settled that Miss Francina should sit for him at his first hour of leisure. Unfortunately that hour presented itself as still remote, and he was unable to make a definite appointment. He had sitters on his hands—he had at least three portraits to finish before going to Spain. And he adverted with bitterness to the journey to Spain—a little excursion laid out precisely with his friend Probert for the last weeks of the spring, the first of the southern summer, the time of the long days and the real light. Gaston Probert echoed his regrets, for though he had no business with Miss Francina (he liked her name), he also wanted to see her again. They half agreed to give up Spain (they had, after all, been there before), so that Waterlow might take the girl in hand without delay, the moment he had knocked off his present work. This amendment did not hold, however, for other considerations came up, and the artist resigned himself to the arrangement on which the Miss Dossons had quitted him: he thought it so characteristic of their nationality that they should settle a matter of that sort for themselves.

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This was simply that they should come back in the autumn, when he should be comparatively free: then there would be a margin, and they might all take their time. At present, before long (by the time he should be ready), the question of Miss Francina leaving Paris for the summer would be sure to come up, and that would be a tiresome interruption. She liked Paris, she had no plans for the autumn, and only wanted a reason to come back about the twentieth of September. Mr. Waterlow remarked humorously that she evidently bossed the shop. Meanwhile, before starting for Spain, he would see her as often as possible—his eye would take possession of her.

His companion envied him his eye: he intimated that he was jealous of his eye. It was perhaps as a step towards establishing his right to be jealous that Mr. Probert left a card upon the Miss Dossons at the Hôtel de l'Univers et de Cheltenham, having first ascertained that such a proceeding would not, by the young American sisters, be regarded as an unwarrantable liberty. Gaston Probert was an American who had never been in America, and he was obliged to take counsel on such an emergency as that. He knew that in Paris young men didn't call at hotels on honourable damsels; but he also knew that honourable damsels didn't visit young men in studios; and he had no guide, no light that he could trust, save the wisdom of his friend Waterlow, which, however, was for the most part communicated to him in a derisive and misleading form. Waterlow, who was after all himself an ornament of the French, and the very French, school, jeered at his want of national instinct, at the way he never knew by which end to take hold of a compatriot. Poor Probert was obliged to confess that he had had terribly little practice, and in the great medley of aliens and brothers (and even more of sisters), he couldn't tell which was which. He would have had a country and coun-

trymen, to say nothing of countrywomen, if he could; but that matter had not been settled for him, and there is a difficulty in settling it for one's self. Born in Paris, he had been brought up altogether on French lines, in a family which French society had irrecoverably absorbed. His father, a Carolinian and a Catholic, was a Gallomaniac of the old American type. His three sisters had married Frenchmen, and one of them lived in Brittany and the others much of the time in Touraine. His only brother had fallen, during the terrible year, in defence of their adoptive country. Yet Gaston, though he had had an old Legitimist marquis for his godfather, was not legally one of its children: his mother had, on her deathbed, extorted from him the promise that he would not take service in its armies: she considered, after the death of her elder son (Gaston, in 1870, was a boy of ten), that the family had borne sufficient witness to a merely constructive allegiance.

The young man therefore, between two stools, had no clear sitting-place: he wanted to be as American as he could and yet not less French than he was: he was afraid to give up the little that he was and find that what he might be was less—he shrank from a flying leap which might drop him in the middle of the sea. At the same time he was aware that the only way to know how it feels to be an American is to try it, and he had many a purpose of making the westward journey. His family, however, had been so completely Gallicised that the affairs of each member of it were the affairs of all the rest, and his father, his sisters and his brothers-in-law had not yet sufficiently made this scheme their own for him to feel that it was really his. It was a family in which there was no individual, but only a collective property. Meanwhile he tried, as I say, by safer enterprises, and especially by going a good deal to see Charles Waterlow in the Avenue de Villiers, whom he believed to be his

dearest friend, formed for his affection by Monsieur Cabanel. He had an idea that in this manner he kept himself in touch with his countrymen; and he thought he tried especially when he left that card on the Misses Dosson. He was in search of freshness, but he need not have gone far: he need only have turned his lantern upon his own young breast to find a considerable store of it. Like many unoccupied young men at the present hour, he gave much attention to art, lived as much as possible in that alternative world, where leisure and vagueness are so mercifully relieved of their crudity. To make up for his want of talent he espoused the talent of others (that is, of several), and was as sensitive and conscientious about them as he might have been about himself. He defended certain of Waterlow's purples and greens as he would have defended his own honour; and in regard to two or three other painters had convictions which belonged almost to the undiscussable part of life. He had not, in general, a high sense of success, but what kept it down particularly was his indocile hand, the fact that, such as they were, Waterlow's purples and greens, for instance, were far beyond him. If he hadn't failed there, other failures would not have mattered, not even that of not having a country; and it was on the occasion of his friend's agreement to paint that strange, lovely girl, whom he liked so much and whose companions he didn't like, that he felt supremely without a vocation. Freshness was there at least, if he had only had the method. He prayed earnestly, in relation to methods, for a providential reinforcement of Waterlow's sense of this quality. If Waterlow had a fault, it was that he was sometimes a little stale.

He avenged himself for the artist's bewildering treatment of his first attempt to approach Miss Francie by indulging, at the end of another week, in a second. He went about six o'clock, when he supposed she would have re-

turned from her day's wanderings, and his prudence was rewarded by the sight of the young lady sitting in the court of the hotel with her father and sister. Mr. Dosson was new to Gaston Probert, but the visitor's intelligence embraced him. The little party was as usual expecting Mr. Flack at any moment, and they had collected down stairs, so that he might pick them up easily. They had, on the first floor, an expensive parlour, decorated in white and gold, with sofas of crimson damask; but there was something lonely in that grandeur, and the place had become mainly a receptacle for their tall trunks, with a half-emptied paper of chocolates or *marrons glacés* on every table. After young Probert's first call his name was often on the lips of the simple trio, and Mr. Dosson grew still more jocose, making nothing of a secret of his perception that Francie hit the bull's-eye "every time." Mr. Waterlow had returned their visit, but that was rather a matter of course, because it was they who had gone after him. They hadn't gone after the other one: it was he who had come after them. When he entered the hotel, as they sat there, this pursuit, and its probable motive, became startlingly vivid.

Delia had taken the matter much more gravely than her father: she said there was a great deal she wanted to find out. She mused upon these mysteries visibly, but without advancing much, and she appealed for assistance to George Flack, with a candour which he appreciated and returned. If he knew anything he ought to know who Mr. Probert was; and she spoke as if it would be in the natural course that he should elicit the revelation by an interview. Mr. Flack promised to "nose round": he said the best plan would be that the results should "come back" to her in *The Reverberator*: he appeared to think that the people could be persuaded that they wanted about a column on Mr. Probert. His researches, however, were fruitless, for in spite of

the one fact the girl was able to give him as a starting-point, the fact that their new acquaintance had spent his whole life in Paris, the young journalist couldn't scare up a single person who had even heard of him. He had questioned up and down, and all over the place, from the Rue Scribe to the far end of Chaillot, and he knew people who knew others who knew every member of the American colony: that select body which haunted poor Delia's imagination, glittered and echoed there in a hundred tormenting roundabout glimpses. That was where she wanted to get Francie, as she said to herself; she wanted to get her right in there. She believed the members of this society to constitute a little kingdom of the blest; and she used to drive through the Avenue Gabriel, the Rue de Marignan and the wide vistas which radiate from the Arch of Triumph and are always changing their names, on purpose to send up wistful glances to the windows (she had learned that all this was the happy quarter) of the enviable but unapproachable colonists. She saw these privileged mortals, as she supposed, in almost every victoria that made a languid lady with a pretty head flash past her, and she had no idea how little honour this theory sometimes did her expatriated countrywomen. Her plan was already made to be on the field again the next winter and take it up seriously, this question of getting Francie in.

When Mr. Flack said to her that young Probert's set couldn't be either the rose or anything near it, since the oldest inhabitant had never heard of them, Delia had a flash of inspiration, an intellectual flight that she herself didn't measure at the time. She asked if that didn't perhaps prove on the contrary quite the opposite—that they were just the cream and beyond all others. Wasn't there a kind of inner circle, and weren't they somewhere about the centre of that? George Flack almost quivered at this pregnant suggestion from so unusual a quarter, for he

guessed on the spot that Delia Dosson had divined. "Why, do you mean one of those families that have worked down so far, you can't find where they went in?"—that was the phrase in which he recognized the truth of the girl's idea. Delia's fixed eyes assented, and after a moment of cogitation George Flack broke out—"That's the kind of family we want a sketch of!"

"Well, perhaps they don't want to be sketched. You had better find out," Delia had rejoined.

The chance to find out might have seemed to present itself when Mr. Probert walked in that confiding way into the hotel; for his arrival was followed, a quarter of an hour later, by that of the representative of The Reverberator. Gaston liked the way they treated him; though demonstrative it was not artificial. Mr. Dosson said they had been hoping he would come round again, and Delia remarked that she supposed he had had quite a journey—Paris was so big; and she urged his acceptance of a glass of wine or a cup of tea. She added that that wasn't the place where they usually received (she liked to hear herself talk of "receiving"), and led the party up to her white and gold saloon, where they should be so much more private: she liked also to hear herself talk of privacy. They sat on the red silk chairs, and she hoped Mr. Probert would at least taste a sugared chestnut or a chocolate; and when he declined, pleading the imminence of the dinner-hour, she murmured, "Well, I suppose you're so used to them—living so long over here." The allusion to the dinner-hour led Mr. Dosson to express the wish that he would go round and dine with them without ceremony: they were expecting a friend—he generally settled it for them—who was coming to take them round.

"And then we are going to the circus," Francie said, speaking for the first time.

If she had not spoken before she had done something still more to the

purpose: she had removed any shade of doubt that might have lingered in the young man's spirit as to her charm of line. He was aware that his Parisian education, acting upon a natural aptitude, had opened him much—rendered him perhaps even more morbidly sensitive—to impressions of this order: the society of artists, the talk of studios, the attentive study of beautiful works, the sight of a thousand forms of curious research and experiment, had produced in his mind a new sense, the exercise of which was a conscious enjoyment, and the supreme gratification of which, on several occasions, had given him as many ineffaceable memories. He had once said to his friend Waterlow: “I don't know whether it's a confession of a very poor life, but the most important things that have happened to me in this world have been simply half-a-dozen impressions—impressions of the eye.” “Ah, *malheureux*, you're lost!” the painter had exclaimed, in answer to this, and without even taking the trouble to explain his ominous speech. Gaston Probert, however, had not been frightened by it, and he continued to be thankful for the sensitive plate that nature (with culture added), enabled him to carry in his brain. The impression of the eye was doubtless not everything, but it was so much gained, so much saved, in a world in which other treasures were apt to slip through one's fingers; and above all it had the merit that so many things gave it and that nothing could take it away. He had perceived in a moment that Francie Dosson gave it; and now, seeing her a second time, he felt that she conferred it in a degree which made acquaintance with her one of those “important” facts of which he had spoken to Charles Waterlow. It was in the case of such an accident as this that he felt the value of his Parisian education—his modern sense.

It was therefore not directly the prospect of the circus that induced him to accept Mr. Dosson's invitation; nor was it even the charm exerted by the girl's appearing, in the few words

she uttered, to appeal to him for herself. It was his feeling that, on the edge of the glittering ring, her type would form his entertainment, and that if he knew it was rare, she herself didn't. He liked to be conscious, but he didn't like others to be. It seemed to him, at this moment, after he had told Mr. Dosson he should be delighted to spend the evening with them, that he was indeed trying hard to discover how it would feel to be an American: he had jumped on the ship, he was pitching away to the west. He had led his sister, Mme. de Brécourt, to expect that he would dine with her (she was having a little party), and if she could see the people to whom, without a scruple, with a quick sense of refreshment and freedom, he now sacrificed her! He knew who was coming to his sister's, in the Place Beauvau: Mme. d'Outreville and M. de Grospré, old M. Courageau, Mme. de Brives, Lord and Lady Trantum, Mlle. de Saintonge; but he was fascinated by the idea of the contrast between what he preferred and what he gave up. His life had long been wanting—painfully wanting—in the element of contrast, and here was a chance to bring it in. He seemed to see it come in powerfully with Mr. Flack, after Miss Dosson had proposed that they should walk off without their initiator. Her father did not favour this suggestion: he said, “We want a double good dinner to-day, and Mr. Flack's got to order it.” Upon this Delia had asked the visitor if *he* couldn't order—a Frenchman like him; and Francie had interrupted, before he could answer the question—“Well, *are* you a Frenchman? that's just the point, isn't it?” Gaston Probert replied that he had no wish but to be of *her* nationality, and the elder sister asked him if he knew many Americans in Paris. He was obliged to confess that he didn't, but he hastened to add that he was eager to go on, now that he had made such a charming beginning.

“Oh, we ain't anything—if you

mean that," said the young lady. "If you go on, you'll go on beyond us."

"We ain't anything here, my dear, but we are a good deal at home," Mr. Dosson remarked, smiling.

"I think we are very nice anywhere!" Francie exclaimed: upon which Gaston Probert declared that they were as delightful as possible. It was in these amenities that George Flack found them engaged; but there was none the less a certain eagerness in his greeting of the other guest, as if he had it in mind to ask him how soon he could give him half an hour. I hasten to add that, with the turn the occasion presently took, the correspondent of *The Reverberator* renounced the effort to put Mr. Probert down. They all went out together, and the professional impulse, usually so irresistible in George Flack's mind, suffered a modification. He wanted to put his fellow-visitor down, but in a more human, a more passionate, sense. Probert talked very little to Francie, but though Mr. Flack didn't know that on a first occasion he would have thought that violent, even rather gross, he knew it was for Francie, and Francie alone, that the fifth member of the party was there. He said to himself suddenly, and in perfect sincerity, that it was a mean class any way, the people for whom their own country was not good enough. He didn't go so far, however, when they were seated at the admirable establishment of M. Durand, in the Place de la Madeleine, as to order a bad dinner to spite his competitor; nor did he, to spoil this gentleman's amusement, take uncomfortable seats at the pretty circus in the Champs Elysées to which, at half-past eight o'clock, the company was conveyed (it was a drive of but five minutes) in a couple of cabs. The occasion therefore was superficially smooth, and he could see that the sense of being disagreeable to an American newspaper-man was not needed to make his nondescript rival enjoy it. He hated his accent,

he hated his laugh, and he hated above all the lamblike way their companions accepted him. Mr. Flack was quite acute enough to make an important observation: he cherished it and promised himself to bring it to the notice of his gullible friends. Gaston Probert professed a great desire to be of service to the young ladies—to do something which would help them to be happy in Paris; but he gave no hint of an intention to do that which would contribute most to such a result—bring them in contact with the other members, and above all with the female members, of his family. George Flack knew nothing about the matter, but he required, for purposes of argument, that Mr. Probert's family should have female members, and it was lucky for him that his assumption was just. He thought he foresaw the effect with which he should impress it upon Francie and Delia (but above all upon Delia, who would then herself impress it upon Francie), that it would be time for their French friend to talk when he had brought his mother round. *But he never would*—they might bet their pile on that. He never did, in the sequel, in fact,—having, poor young man, no mother to bring. Moreover he was mum (as Delia phrased it to herself) about Mme. de Brécourt and Mme. de Cliché: such, Miss Dosson learned from Charles Waterlow, were the names of his two sisters who had houses in Paris—gathering at the same time the information that one of these ladies was a *marquise* and the other a *comtesse*. She was less exasperated by their non-appearance than Mr. Flack had hoped, and it did not prevent an excursion to dine at St. Germain, a week after the evening spent at the circus, which included both of Francie's new admirers. It also, as a matter of course, included Mr. Flack, for though the party had been proposed in the first instance by Charles Waterlow, who wished to multiply opportunities for studying his future sitter, Mr. Dosson had characteristically constituted himself

host and administrator, with the young journalist as his deputy. He liked to invite people and to pay for them, and he disliked to be invited and paid for. He was never inwardly content, on any occasion, unless a great deal of money was spent, and he could be sure enough of the magnitude of the sum only when he himself spent it. He was too simple for conceit or for pride of purse, but he always felt that any arrangements were a little shabby as to which the expenses had not been referred to him. He never told any one how he met them. Moreover Delia had assured him that if they should go to St. Germain as guests of the artist and his friend, Mr. Flack would not be of the company: she was sure those gentlemen would not invite him. In fact she was too acute, for though he didn't like him, Charles Waterlow would on this occasion have made a point of expressing by a hospitable attitude his sense of obligation to a man who had brought him such a subject. Delia's hint, however, was all-sufficient for her father: he would have thought it a gross breach of friendly loyalty to take part in a festival not graced by Mr. Flack's presence. His idea of loyalty was that he should scarcely smoke a cigar unless his friend was there to take another, and he felt rather mean if he went round alone to get shaved. As regards St. Germain, he took over the project, and George Flack telegraphed for a table, on the terrace, at the Pavillon Henri Quatre. Mr. Dosson had by this time learned to trust the European manager of The Reverberator to spend his money almost as he himself would.

IV.

DELIA had broken out the evening they took Mr. Probert to the circus: she had apostrophised Francie as they sat, each in a red damask chair, after ascending to their apartments. They had bade their companions farewell at

the door of the hotel, and the two gentlemen had walked off in different directions. But up stairs they had instinctively not separated: they dropped into the first place and sat looking at each other and at the highly-decorated lamps that burned, night after night, in their empty saloon. "Well, I want to know when you're going to stop," Delia said to her sister, speaking as if this remark were a continuation, which it was not, of something they had lately been saying.

"Stop what?" asked Francie, reaching forward for a *marron*.

"Stop carrying on the way you do—with Mr. Flack."

Francie stared, while she consumed her *marron*: then she replied, in her little flat, patient voice, "Why, Delia Dosson, how can you be so foolish?"

"Father, I wish you'd speak to her. Francie, I ain't foolish."

"What do you want me to say to her?" Mr. Dosson inquired. "I guess I've said about all I know."

"Well, that's in fun: I want you to speak to her in earnest."

"I guess there's no one in earnest but you," Francie remarked. "These are not so good as the last."

"No, and there won't be, if you don't look out. There's something you can do if you'll just keep quiet. If you can't tell difference of style, well, I can."

"What's the difference of style?" asked Mr. Dosson. But before this question could be answered Francie protested against the charge of carrying on. Quiet? wasn't she as quiet as a stopped clock? Delia replied that a girl wasn't quiet so long as she didn't keep others so; and she wanted to know what her sister proposed to do about Mr. Flack. "Why don't you take him, and let Francie take the other?" Mr. Dosson continued.

"That's just what I'm after—to make her take the other," said his elder daughter.

"Take him—how do you mean?" Francie inquired.

"Oh, you know how."

"Yes, I guess you know how!" Mr. Dosson laughed, with an absence of prejudice which might have been thought deplorable in a parent.

"Do you want to stay in Europe or not? that's what I want to know," Delia declared to her sister. "If you want to go bang home, you're taking the right way to do it."

"What has that got to do with it?" asked Mr. Dosson.

"Should you like so much to reside at that place—where is it?—where his paper is published? That's where you'll have to pull up, sooner or later," Delia pursued.

"Do you want to stay in Europe, father?" Francie said, with her small sweet weariness.

"It depends on what you mean by staying. I want to go home some time."

"Well, then, you've got to go without Mr. Probert," Delia remarked, with decision. "If you think he wants to live over there——"

"Why, Delia, he wants dreadfully to go—he told me so himself," Francie argued, with passionless pauses.

"Yes, and when he gets there he'll want to come back. I thought you were so much interested in Paris."

"My poor child, I *am* interested!" smiled Francie. "Ain't I interested, father?"

"Well, I don't know how you could behave differently, to show it."

"Well, I do, then," said Delia. "And if you don't make Mr. Flack understand, I will."

"Oh, I guess he understands—he's so bright," Francie returned.

"Yes, I guess he does—he *is* bright," said Mr. Dosson. "Good-night, chickens," he added; and wandered off to a couch of untroubled repose.

His daughters sat up half an hour later, but not by the wish of the younger girl. She was always passive, however, always docile when Delia was, as she said, on the war-path, and though she had none of her sister's insistence she was very courageous in

suffering. She thought Delia whipped her up too much, but there was that in her which would have prevented her from ever running away. She could smile and smile for an hour without irritation, making even pacific answers, though all the while her companion's grossness hurt something delicate that was in her. She knew that Delia loved her—not loving herself meanwhile a bit—as no one else in the world probably ever would; and there was something droll in such plans for her—plans of ambition which could only involve a loss. The real answer to anything, to everything, Delia might say, in her moods of prefigurement, was: "Oh, if you want to make out that people are thinking of me, or that they ever will, you ought to remember that no one can possibly think of me half as much as you do. Therefore, if there is to be any comfort for either of us we had both much better just go on as we are." She did not, however, on this occasion, meet her sister with this syllogism, because there happened to be a certain fascination in the way Delia set forth the great truth that the star of matrimony, for the American girl, was now shining in the east—in England and France and Italy. They had only to look round anywhere to see it: what did they hear of every day in the week, but of the engagement of one of their own compeers to some count or some lord? Delia insisted on the fact that it was in that vast, vague section of the globe to which she never alluded save as "over here" that the American girl was now called upon to play, under providence, her part. When Francie remarked that Mr. Probert was not a count nor a lord, her sister rejoined that she didn't care whether he was or not. To this Francie replied that she herself didn't care, but that Delia ought to, to be consistent.

"Well, he's a prince compared with Mr. Flack," Delia declared.

"He hasn't the same ability; not half."

"He has the ability to have three

sisters who are just the sort of people I want you to know."

"What good will they do me?" Francie asked. "They'll hate me. Before they could turn round I should do something—in perfect innocence—that they would think monstrous."

"Well, what would that matter if he liked you?"

"Oh, but he wouldn't, then! He would hate me too."

"Then all you've got to do is not to do it," Delia said.

"Oh, but I should—every time," her sister went on.

Delia looked at her a moment. "What *are* you talking about?"

"Yes, what am I? It's disgusting!" And Francie sprang up.

"I'm sorry you have such thoughts," said Delia, sententiously.

"It's disgusting to talk about a gentleman—and his sisters, and his society, and everything else—before he has scarcely looked at you."

"It's disgusting if he isn't just dying; but it isn't, if he is."

"Well, I'll make him skip!" Francie went on.

"Oh, you're worse than father!" her sister cried, giving her a push as they went to bed.

They arrived at St. Germain, with their companions, nearly an hour before the time that had been fixed for dinner: the purpose of this being to enable them to enjoy, with what remained of daylight, a stroll on the celebrated terrace, with its noble view of Paris. The evening was splendid and the atmosphere favourable to this entertainment: the grass was vivid on the broad walk beside the parapet, the park and forest were fresh and leafy, and the prettiest golden light hung over the curving Seine and the far-spreading city. The hill which forms the terrace stretched down among the vineyards, with the poles delicate yet in their bareness, to the river, and the prospect was spotted, here and there, with the red legs of the little sauntering soldiers of the garrison. How it came, after Delia's warning in regard

to her carrying on (especially as she had not failed to feel the force of her sister's wisdom), Francie could not have told herself: certain it is that before ten minutes had elapsed she perceived, first, that the evening would not pass without Mr. Flack's taking in some way, and for a certain time, peculiar possession of her; and then that he was already doing so, that he had drawn her away from the others, who were stopping behind them to exclaim upon the view, that he made her walk faster, and that he ended by interposing such a distance that she was practically alone with him. This was what he wanted, but it was not all: she felt that he wanted a very great deal more. The large perspective of the terrace stretched away before them (Mr. Probert had said it was in the grand style), and he was determined to make her walk to the end. She felt sorry for his determinations: they were an idle exercise of a force intrinsically fine, and she wanted to protest, to let him know that it was really a waste of his great cleverness to count upon her. She was not to be counted on: she was a vague, soft, negative being who had never decided anything and never would, who had not even the merit of coquetry, and who only asked to be let alone. She made him stop at last, telling him, while she leaned against the parapet, that he walked too fast; and she looked back at their companions, whom she expected to see, under pressure from Delia, following at the highest speed. But they were not following: they still stood there, only looking, attentively enough, at the absent members of the party. Delia would wave her parasol, beckon her back, send Mr. Waterlow to bring her: Francie looked from one moment to another for some such manifestation as that. But no manifestation came; none, at least, but the odd spectacle, presently, of the group turning round and, evidently under Delia's direction, retracing its steps. Francie guessed in a moment what was meant

by that : it was the most definite signal her sister could have given. It made her feel that Delia counted on her, but to such a different end, just as poor Mr. Flack did, just as Delia wished to persuade her that Mr. Probert did. The girl gave a sigh, looking up at her companion with troubled eyes, at the idea of being made the object of converging policies. Such a thankless, bored, evasive little object as she felt herself ! What Delia had said in turning away was—"Yes, I am watching you, and I depend upon you to finish him up. Stay there with him—go off with him (I'll give you half an hour if necessary), only settle him once for all. It is very kind of me to give you this chance ; and in return for it I expect you to be able to tell me this evening that he has got his answer. Shut him up !"

Francie didn't in the least dislike Mr. Flack. Interested as I am in presenting her favourably to the reader, I am yet obliged, as a veracious historian, to admit that he seemed to her decidedly a brilliant being. In many a girl the sort of appreciation she had of him might easily have been converted, by peremptory treatment from outside, into something more exalted. I do not misrepresent the perversity of women in saying that our young lady might at this moment have replied to her sister with : "No, I was not in love with him, but somehow, since you are so very prohibitive, I foresee that I shall be if he asks me." It is doubtless difficult to say more for Francie's simplicity of character than that she felt no need of encouraging Mr. Flack in order to prove to herself that she was not bullied. She didn't care whether she were bullied or not ; and she was perfectly capable of letting her sister believe that she had carried mildness to the point of giving up a man she had a secret sentiment for, in order to oblige that large-brained young lady. She was not clear herself as to whether it might not be so : her pride, what she had of it, lay in an undistributed, inert form quite at the bottom of her heart,

and she had never yet invented any consoling theory to cover her want of a high spirit. She felt, as she looked up at Mr. Flack, that she didn't care even if he should think that she sacrificed him to a childish subservience. His bright eyes were hard, as if he could almost guess how cynical she was, and she turned her own again towards her retreating companions. "They are going to dinner : we oughtn't to be dawdling here," she said.

"Well, if they are going to dinner they'll have to eat the napkins. I ordered it and I know when it will be ready," George Flack replied. "Besides they are not going to dinner, they are going to walk in the park. Don't you worry, we sha'n't lose them. I wish we could !" the young man added smiling.

"You wish we could ?"

"I should like to feel that you were under my particular protection."

"Well, I don't know what the dangers are," said Francie, setting herself in motion again. She went after the others, but at the end of a few steps he stopped her again.

"You won't have confidence. I wish you would believe what I tell you."

"You haven't told me anything." And she turned her back to him, looking away at the splendid view. "I admire the scenery," she added in a moment.

"Oh, bother the scenery ! I want to tell you something about myself, if I could flatter myself that you would take any interest in it." He had thrust his cane, waist-high, into the low wall of the terrace, and he leaned against it, screwing the point gently round with both hands.

"I'll take an interest if I can understand," said Francie.

"You can understand, easy enough, if you'll try. I've got some news from America to-day, that has pleased me very much. The Reverberator has taken a jump."

This was not what Francie had expected, but it was better. "Taken a jump ?" she repeated.

"It has gone straight up. It's in the second hundred thousand."

"Hundred thousand dollars?" said Francie.

"No, Miss Francie, copies. That's the circulation. But the dollars are footing up, too."

"And do they all come to you?"

"Precious few of them! I wish they did: it's a pleasant property."

"Then it isn't yours?" she asked, turning round to him. It was an impulse of sympathy that made her look at him now, for she already knew how much he had the success of his newspaper at heart. He had once told her he loved The Reverberator as he had loved his first jack-knife.

"Mine? You don't mean to say you suppose I own it!" George Flack exclaimed. The light projected upon her innocence by these words was so strong that the girl blushed, and he went on more tenderly—"It's a pretty sight, the way you and your sister take that sort of thing for granted. Do you think property grows on you, like a moustache? Well, it seems as if it had, on your father. If I owned The Reverberator I shouldn't be stumping round here: I'd give my attention to another branch of the business. That is, I would give my attention to all, but I wouldn't go round with the cart. But I'm going to get hold of it, and I want you to help me," the young man went on: "that's just what I wanted to speak to you about. It's a big thing already, and I mean to make it bigger: the most universal society-paper the world has seen. That's where the future lies, and the man who sees it first is the man who'll make his pile. It's a field for enlightened enterprise that hasn't yet begun to be worked." He continued, glowing, almost suddenly, with his idea, and one of his eyes half closed itself knowingly, in a way that was habitual with him when he talked consecutively. The effect of this would have been droll to a listener, the note of the prospectus mingling with the accent of passion. But it was not droll to Francie: she only

thought it, or supposed it, a proof of the way Mr. Flack saw everything in its largest relations. "There are ten thousand things to do that haven't been done, and I am going to do them. The society-news of every quarter of the globe, furnished by the prominent members themselves (oh, *they* can be fixed—you'll see!) from day to day and from hour to hour, and served up at every breakfast-table in the United States—that's what the American people want, and that's what the American people are going to have. I wouldn't say it to every one, but I don't mind telling you, that I consider I have about as fine a sense as any one of what's going to be required in future over there. I'm going for the secrets, the *chronique intime*, as they say here: what the people want is just what isn't told, and I'm going to tell it. Oh, they're bound to have the plums! That's about played out, any way, the idea of sticking up a sign of 'private' and thinking you can keep the place to yourself. You can't do it—you can't keep out the light of the Press. Now what I'm going to do is to set up the biggest lamp yet made, and to make it shine all over the place. We'll see who's private then! I'll make them crowd in themselves with the information, and as I tell you, Miss Francie, it's a job in which you can give me a lovely push."

"Well, I don't see how," said Francie, candidly. "I haven't got any secrets." She spoke gaily, because she was relieved: she thought she had in reality a glimpse of what he wanted of her. It was something better than she had feared. Since he didn't own the great newspaper (her conception of such matters was of the dimmest), he desired to possess himself of it, and she sufficiently comprehended that money was needed for that. She further seemed to perceive that he presented himself to her as moneyless, and that this brought them round, by a vague but comfortable transition, to a pleasant consciousness that her father was not. The remaining induc-

tion, silently made, was quick and happy: she should acquit herself by asking her father for the sum required and just passing it over to Mr. Flack. The greatness of his enterprise and the magnitude of his conceptions appeared to overshadow her as they stood there. This was a delightful simplification, and it did not for the moment strike her as positively unnatural that her companion should have a delicacy about appealing to Mr. Dosson directly for pecuniary aid, though indeed she was capable of thinking that odd if she had meditated upon it. There was nothing simpler to Francie than the idea of putting her hand into her father's pocket, and she felt that even Delia would be glad to satisfy the young man by this casual gesture. I must add, unfortunately, that her alarm came back to her from the way in which he replied: "Do you mean to say you don't know, after all I've done?"

"I am sure I don't know what you've done."

"Haven't I tried—all I know—to make you like me?"

"Oh dear, I do like you!" cried Francie; "but how will that help you?"

"It will help me if you will understand that I love you."

"Well, I won't understand!" replied the girl, walking off.

He followed her: they went on together in silence, and then he said—"Do you mean to say you haven't found that out?"

"Oh, I don't find things out—I ain't an editor!" Francie laughed.

"You draw me out and then you jibe at me!" Mr. Flack remarked.

"I didn't draw you out. Couldn't you see me just straining to get away?"

"Don't you sympathise with my ideas?"

"Of course I do, Mr. Flack: I think they're splendid," said Francie, who didn't in the least understand them.

"Well, then, why won't you work with me? Your affection, your bright-

ness, your faith, would be everything to me."

"I'm very sorry—but I can't—I can't," the girl declared.

"You could if you would, quick enough."

"Well, then, I won't!" And as soon as these words were spoken, as if to mitigate something of their asperity, Francie paused a moment and said: "You must remember that I never said I would—nor anything like it. I thought you just wanted me to speak to my father."

"Of course I supposed you would do that."

"I mean about your paper."

"About my paper?"

"So as he could give you the money—to do what you want."

"Lord, you're too sweet!" George Flack exclaimed staring. "Do you suppose I would ever touch a cent of your father's money?"—a speech not so hypocritical as it may sound, inasmuch as the young man, who had his own refinements, had never been guilty, and proposed to himself never to be, of the plainness of twitching the purse-strings of his potential father-in-law with his own hand. He had talked to Mr. Dosson by the hour about the interviewing business, but he had never dreamed that this amiable man would give him money as an interesting struggler. The only character in which he could expect it would be that of Francie's husband, and then it would come to Francie—not to him. This reasoning did not diminish his desire to assume such a character, and his love of his profession and his appreciation of the girl at his side ached together in his breast with the same disappointment. She saw that her words had touched him like a lash: they made him blush red for a moment. This caused her own colour to rise—she could scarcely have said why—and she hurried along again. He kept close to her: he argued with her: he besought her to think it over, assured her he was the best fellow in the world. To this she

replied that if he didn't leave her alone she would cry—and how would he like that, to bring her back in such a state to the others? He said, "Damn the others!" but that didn't help his case, and at last he broke out: "Will you just tell me this, then—is it because you've promised Miss Delia?" Francie answered that she had not promised Miss Delia anything, and her companion went on: "Of course I know what she has got in her head: she wants to get you into the high set—the *grand monde*, as they call it here; but I didn't suppose you'd let her fix your life for you. You were very different before *he* turned up."

"She never fixed anything for me. I haven't got any life and I don't want to have," said Francie. "And I don't know who you are talking about, either!"

"The man without a country. He'll pass you in—that's what your sister wants."

"You oughtn't to abuse him, because it was you that presented him," the girl rejoined.

"I never presented him! I'd like to kick him."

"We should never have seen him if it hadn't been for you."

"That's a fact, but it doesn't make me love him any the better. He's the poorest kind there is."

"I don't care anything about his kind."

"That's a pity, if you're going to marry him. How could I know that when I took you up there?"

"Good bye, Mr. Flack," said Francie, trying to gain ground from him.

This attempt was of course vain, and after a moment he resumed: "Will you keep me as a friend?"

"Why, Mr. Flack, of course I will!" cried Francie.

"All right," he replied; and they presently rejoined their companions.

HENRY JAMES.

(*To be continued.*)

THE DEATH OF CLEOPATRA.

(Horace, Odes, I. 37.)

I.

Now fill the bowl, now join the dance, and see,
 Ye jovial guild, ye foot it fast and free:
 Now 'twere high time to deck in order due
 The Salian feast, and call the gods to sup with you.

II.

Now let the Cæcuban see light at last,
 Stored by our grandsires, for the hour is past
 When the dark Queen to Rome's proud Citadel
 Could plot mad ruin, and scheme to sound the Empire's knell,

III.

With a crazed court of wretches, men in name,
 Naught else: no dream too wild for her to frame,
 Distempered soul, with fortune's sweetest drink
 Intoxicate; but low her maniac pride did sink

IV.

What time her ships, scarce one unscathed, were fired:
 The madness, by her native god inspired,
 Changed to true terror. Fear lent wings, she fled
 From Italy, and lo! behind her Cæsar led

V.

The hot pursuit and plied th' incessant oar,
 —So some keen hawk drives doves in flocks before
 His path, so o'er Hæmonia's snow-clad plains
 Some hunter tracks the hare—in haste to bind in chains

VI.

The dangerous beast. Yet had she grace to choose
 A nobler death. Woman, didst thou refuse
 The touch of steel? Albeit thy barks were fleet,
 Sought'st thou on alien shores some haven of retreat?

VII.

No! all unmoved her eyes beheld again
 Her palace-home, how fallen! With high disdain
 Of life, she grasped the toothèd snakes' dark brood,
 And nursed, till their black poison mixed with all her blood,

VIII.

Her spirit rose with her resolve to die.
 She thought: "Go, gaze your fill, fierce crew, for I
 March not in your proud show, by myriads seen,
 A captive woman—No! I lived and die a Queen."

THE PROFESSION OF LETTERS.

(Tertium Quid.)

You appear, my dear George, to regard the time with the eyes of Mr. Carroll's Walrus, as one in which it is meet to talk of many things. It is no worse time, perhaps, for that purpose than another; but surely I have more than played my part. "It was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common." Let me implore Shakespeare's new editors not to strike out this sentence. To hear it even once a year may do some good to the descendants of the men for whom it was written, and to read it in its own place they have, of course, no time. You verify your English blood, my boy, by the persistence with which you urge me to write. Out of the fulness of my years you bid me to speak; yet you should remember that, "If ye will needs say I am an old man, you should give me rest." Assuming for the sake of my quotation (be all other assumptions far from us) that my previous letters have been found a good thing, shall we make it too common? To be plain with you, I have myself been fearful lest the fate which (on his own authority, and that was sometimes playful) befell my good old friend Jack Budd, might be mine. Jack, not long before we lost him, was persuaded to visit America (that grave of literary reputations!) for the purpose of reading some of the humorous pieces with which he had often entertained his own simple countrymen. On the morning after his introduction to his new audience he found on his breakfast-table a certain journal in which he had been advised to look for the earliest and surest record of the popular sentiment. As he was unconscious of

having ruffled the delicate scarfskin of American vanity, he spread the paper with no misgivings, and this was the greeting he found: "What" (superior as the best American literature is to our own in the higher æsthetical qualities, that rather large part of it which finds expression in the Press still retains some smack of the rustic Adam,)—"What does this old fat fool come here for?" Now, George, I am no longer young, I was never slim, and,—my friend in "The Saturday Review" must go on, I cannot.

You would reassure me by pointing to the popularity which the artless prattle of some amiable old gentlemen has lately achieved; but the parallel, though most flattering, is not quite exact. No sour moral pointed their ingenuous tales. 'Twas "Locksley Hall" they gave us, "wandering back to living boyhood," not "Locksley Hall, Sixty Years After." But when the "old white-headed dreamer" is brought forward as a preacher or commentator on current affairs, unless he be willing to take for his text, "this best of all possible worlds," the mood of his audience is apt to change. No full-handed applause then greets him as he totters on to the stage: rather is he likely to find himself in a hall threatening as that of Eblis,

"With dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms,"

waving him away and bidding him in no gentle tones to keep his querulous solitude. And, after all, this is but natural. Old men, when busy in comparing the former days with these, are apt to take the plane of comparison too much for granted. Nor is it only we old-world babblers who make these

mistakes. I read the other day in "The Oxford Magazine" (really a most amusing paper, which pray let me see regularly) a review of an article in some one of its metropolitan fellows on the social aspects of Oxford. My acquaintance with the subject did not allow me to measure the justice of the reviewer's strictures, but his conclusion certainly made me stare. Before venturing again on that sacred ground the writer was advised to get more knowledge of it. The advice was good, and can never be superfluous; a thing of shreds and patches the human understanding of any matter will always be. But in order to procure this fuller knowledge the writer was recommended to study two books, both no doubt deserving their high praises, but for the special purpose here assigned to them both vain as the wind, for both belonged to the past. So quickly come and go the generations of a University's life, that as well might we be referred to Petronius for an understanding of contemporary Rome, or to Ned Ward for an understanding of contemporary London,—nay, as well almost might I myself profess to instruct some brisk school-boy panting for his freshmanhood out of the scraps my memory has kept of the Oxford that was in the days before the Flood.

It is indeed curious into what mistakes the cleverest men will sometimes fall in their anxiety to make a point by comparison. There is a notable instance of this in those delightful "Essays in Criticism" (with which I am pleased to find you so intimately acquainted), where the writer would compare Addison as a moralist with Joubert. He might as well have compared Sir William Browne with Sir William Gull! Addison died in 1719, Joubert died in 1824: what plane of comparison can there be between the two? "The thoughts of men are widened by the process of the suns," and many suns rose and set between their days of thinking. Between them stand the figures of Hume and Gibbon,

of Voltaire and Rousseau, of the Encyclopædists and all the wild phantasmagoria of the French Revolution! In the widening process of such dynamic suns the gentle thoughts of Addison may well dwindle into common-places. But were they, therefore, common-places to his own generation? Beware of that word, my boy: there are few in the English language more recklessly used or more misleading than this same "common-place."

Comparisons are not necessarily odious. In delicate hands they can be made extremely amusing; but they are nearly always futile and often dangerous. It is rare even in the case of contemporaries that they can be made without so many reservations and conditions as almost to destroy their power of illustration. In the case of men separated by the impassable gulf of years, the most that can be done is to ascertain how each man's work stood in relation to the sum of knowledge available at his time. No directer comparison is possible. Therefore, besides wearying I might also mislead you were I to accept your offer of comparing the masters at whose feet we sat with those who are expanding your young ideas. Widely different they were, but I will never say yours may not be best for you. One advantage at least yours have, an advantage shared by that instrument for which the popular taste has characteristically discarded the slower moving and more fragile apparatus of Nature. As on that "agonizing wheel" you can match the feats of Camilla, *cursaque pedum prævertere ventos*, so do those intellectual bicycles, your teachers, bear you over tracts of country never dreamed of by our home-staying wits. You devour miles where we painfully encompassed yards. Yet so anxious am I to avoid the pitfalls of comparison that I will not even ask you if this breathless rate of travel allows you to enjoy the landscape so thoroughly as may the humble pedestrian.

However, I will not entirely balk

you, or myself, of the opportunity you are good enough to offer. I have never claimed the privileges of a "blessed Glendoveer," but as you profess yourself so anxious to hear, it were churlish to refuse to speak, though you will, I fear, find little in my utterances relevant to the title you have chosen for our correspondence. And indeed one or two points have risen since I first wrote which makes me willing to incur once more the reproach of the old man garrulous. I have received a letter about you and your affairs which I wish you to read. I know not who the writer is, nor what claim he has to his signature. His letter came to me through the editor whom you have persuaded to publish our correspondence, and I give it to you as it was written.

"SIR,—I have been much interested in your letters, and the sympathy which you show with University life emboldens me to write to you. I feel that you have been rather hard on our friend George, and I may add that you have caused some annoyance to his Tutors. We hoped that we had at last found a man who had chosen his own career, and was not content to drift to the Bar or be driven into the great crowd of unwilling schoolmasters. But now I fear that you have unsettled him, and he must needs read in Chambers or keep school with the rest; and some of us know that neither teaching nor law is congenial to him. I will not suggest, nor would you approve, his taking holy orders upon compulsion. Is he to become that 'local preacher' of the Higher Education, a University Extension Lecturer? The work is useful, no doubt, but as yet hardly offers a career. Or is he to fly to the prairie or the ranche, and discover at forty that he cannot make it pay? The fact is, Sir, I frankly own to you that we Tutors are in a very difficult position. Our pupils cry to us for work, and we cannot find it. They go in despair to the London 'Coaches' and end, if they are lucky, by obtaining a second-class Government clerkship. First-class openings seem closed since Lord Randolph Churchill raised his scare. But I will not dwell on a melancholy topic. You, Sir, are a man of the world, and I venture to ask you these questions: Is the hack-work of literature worse for a man's body or soul than the hack-work of other professions? Is it more cramping than the life of an usher, or, if you will, than the life of a College Don? Is it more materialising than that of a Government clerk? To commerce or manufacture we at the Universities dare hardly look. Our chemists and learned

men of science cannot find employment in manufacture: the merchants tell us they must have their men at sixteen. We classical lecturers had hoped that in journalism and literature our riper wits might find a fair field,—and then comes your warning note! I know not where we are to turn. Cannot you hold out some hopes, if not for your nephew, at least for other men?

"Yours obediently,
"A CLASSICAL TUTOR."

My lot has ever been to be misunderstood! It is hard upon me again to have to say that I never wished to warn you against Literature as a profession: I only wished to warn you against too rosy a view of its chances and charms. Hard also is it upon me that in my youth having (as they said) given so much annoyance to my Tutors, I should be now accused of playing the same trick on yours. But this comes of good-nature! In a moment of weakness I poured out my old soul to you, at your own request, and now I am expected to do as much for every one who seeks an answer to that eternal question, What is to be done with our boys? I cannot do it. Of the Church, Science, Commerce, Clerkships I know nothing. Exactly what the duties of a University Extension Lecturer may be, I do not feel clear; but if, as I partly surmise, they are to run about the country prattling to young women of things he cannot as yet know much about and they will never know anything, it should not be hard to find you some more profitable employment. Of College Dons it is not possible for me even at this distance of time to speak lightly; though when they take to encouraging young men to dabble prematurely in the mud of politics, my inbred respect is sorely tried. It is to be gathered from your conversation that you are on far more humane and sociable terms with them than ever we were with their predecessors. This is well. Those "rows of abbots purple as their vines" have long since fallen into the dust whence no good actions blossom,—though the vines flourish still and furnish, I am given to understand,

very pretty drinking. No doubt a Don's life is not the easy full-fed thing it was. He must justify his existence; and apparently (if the University Intelligence of "The Times" is to be trusted) some of your colleges can assist him only moderately to support it. But it is a life which can be made most useful, honourable, and dignified: it might also (let me add) be made extremely convenient to me, —those Common-Rooms are, if my memory serves me, most comfortable places of entertainment. Unfortunately the choice of such a life does not lie with you; and (I do not wish to hurt your feelings but) I fear it is not likely to be chosen for you. The word "usher" seems to bear some smack of indignity in these days, but that may be remedied by calling yourself a schoolmaster: "he keepit a schule, and caa'd it an acaademy." Now, a schoolmaster who stays at home and concerns himself with his proper business is in my eyes one of the most beneficent and estimable of his species; there is not much better work on which a man can employ himself. For him who goes gadding too far abroad I have indeed little respect; while for those young Jacks in Office who conceive it necessary to advertise themselves by pulling down the work of their predecessors I can wish nothing better than the fate of Mr. Squeers, and, had my elbow still the power of yore, most cheerfully would I play the part of Nicholas. 'Tis an employment moreover which certainly does not lack its fair share of prizes, and altogether one which no Classical Tutor need hang on his tip-tilted nose. Much depends upon the school and the man. You, with your habits and training, would probably be out of place among those blameless and eager Hyperboreans who yearly descend upon the fertile valleys of Isis and Cam; but there are schools further south at which you might, I should think, be comfortable and happy, and might, I should hope, do good work. The supply, however, in

this, as in most of the bread-winning departments, is probably vastly in excess of the demand; and it may also be that you have not yet sufficiently separated yourself from the profession of learning to take up with that of teaching.

But this is not the point for me to aim at. That point lies in the words: "Is the hack-work of Literature worse for a man's body or soul than the hack-work of other professions?" What is here meant by hack-work? In the literary profession, especially among those who write about it, it is common to hear work "done for the booksellers" contemptuously treated as hack-work. The contempt is often just, but not necessarily. Johnson wrote his "Lives of the Poets" for the booksellers, Southey wrote his "Life of Nelson" for them, yet these are works no sane man treats contemptuously. Every man, as I have already told you, who depends solely on his pen for a livelihood must, even if he can steer clear of the newspapers, do much work which he, if he be wise, and the world certainly, will willingly let die. If he be an honest man, a man of proper self-respect, he will do it as well as circumstances will let him; but needs must that circumstances will sometimes prove too strong for him. Yet it has been that work so done has by happy chance become a part of the world's patrimony. In short, as treason, says the epigram, may become patriotism, so hack-work may become Literature. Then, again, in every profession practised by man there must necessarily be some preliminary drudgery, some period of apprenticeship to be endured before he can be proclaimed free of the guild and qualified to set up for himself. For some men, of course, this period never passes: for some it passes to no purpose; and it is perhaps hard to say that this will always be the fault of the man. In Journalism alone of the professions the time of emancipation can never come. It is the peculiar lot of the Journalist that he can never set up for himself.

He is merged in his paper : like the actor of the Athenian stage, his face is hid in a mask and he speaks in tones not his own. He must speak in the tones of this party or that in the Church, in the State, in Trade, or in some other one of the many channels into which the great current of human affairs is parcelled. Even an editor rarely, if ever, is at liberty to consult his own wishes, feelings, or principles, should they chance to run counter to his employer's. My dictionary tells me that a hack is "a person over-worked on hire, a literary drudge." The labourer is worthy of his hire; but no labourer in the great field of Letters so surely matches this definition as the Journalist.

By Journalism let me say here once for all, that I mean the work of the daily Press, and by Journalists I mean those whose livelihood depends on that work. That distinguished man whom we have just lost, Sir Henry Maine, often contributed to a daily paper; so too have many of his most famous contemporaries who are happily still with us. I do not call such men Journalists; nor will I give the name to that large body of writers who use the newspapers intermittently to supplement an insufficient income—an income sometimes rendered insufficient by their more ambitious essays in other and higher departments of Literature. By a Journalist I mean the man who has regularly enlisted, who has taken the shilling of King Press, and must look henceforth to that potent master for law and livelihood. Let me add that this definition is made for my present purpose. I do not wish to impose it generally.

If, then, by the hack-work of Literature is meant Journalism as I am now understanding it, I answer unhesitatingly that it is worse for a man's soul than the hack-work of other professions, if, as I suppose he does, my classical correspondent means by soul the intelligence, the intellectual part of a man. The highest achievements of Literature are the highest

achievements of the human mind; and anything which tends to cramp and coarsen a mind capable of the highest achievements will necessarily be more mischievous than that which has the same effect on minds of lesser quality. The mischief to the individual is no doubt the same. The injury done to a shoemaker prevented by circumstances from making the best shoes would be, so far as he was concerned, as great as the injury to a Shakespeare whose circumstances compelled him to go on producing nothing better than a "Rape of Lucrece" or a "Comedy of Errors"; but the injury done to the world would in the latter case be incomparably greater. The work, then, which hinders, delays, and finally destroys a man's power of achieving the best in Literature, will be more mischievous than that which has the same effect on members of other professions. So far, then, I answer the Classical Tutor, but in fact no answer to such a question can go far. In all professions the hack-work is the inevitable step to advancement. The hack-work of the Bar will not prevent a man from rising to be Lord Chancellor: the hack-work of Commerce will not prevent a man from rising to be Governor of the Bank of England or Lord Mayor, or to whichever takes rank as the highest step in that great and honourable profession with which it has been my lifelong regret that my knowledge is so slight and (alas! that I must add) so unsatisfactory. In Literature alone the hack-work is, if not the obstacle, most surely not the step to advancement.

Many causes, indeed, combine to make these comparative questions so futile. How much, for instance, depends on the texture of the mind,—or soul, if the Tutor prefers that word. Many souls are degraded, if not crushed, by what will only strengthen and inspire others. Some souls, we know, are of extraordinarily delicate texture. A distinguished painter has lately let us into the secret of his.

Like the protagonist of the Oxford Reformation, he has taken his seat dejectedly upon the (shall I say, intellectual?) throne;

“And all his store of sad experience he
Lays bare of wretched days.”

Perhaps in this case the delicacy is a little sentimental; for the things which vex his soul (and no man has the right to laugh because he remains unvexed) are not alleged to interfere with his productiveness, but with its possible benefit to others—a striking instance of the unselfishness of the artistic nature. It is, I think, doubtful if these ethereal organisations will ever in any circumstances produce the greatest things. Some element of toughness, some power of fronting the shocks of Fate, or at least, like Wordsworth, of putting them by, will always be found in men of the first rank. It is the old tale, which has been since the world began and will be till it ends, the tale of the sanity of true genius. Shakespeare held horses at the stage-door and wrote “Macbeth.” And to come a little lower in the scale,—and indeed Shakespeare is for obvious reasons not a very pertinent illustration,—two famous names will occur to every one, the names of Johnson and Goldsmith. These were men whose souls no drudgery could degrade nor poverty repress, and in good faith they knew enough of both. To such a question then as the Classical Tutor has put to me, the only practical answer must be, “Show me the soul.”

So much again depends on the age at which your drudge is caught. In the morning of life when the heart is always gay and the foot always light, the back can bear any burdens. The poverty and squalor of his boyhood, the journalistic drudgery of his early manhood, could not freeze the genial current of Charles Dickens’s soul,—though there again, to be sure, was a man of a million. It was not till some years past the term of middle life that Carlyle set himself down

doggedly to carve out a living by his pen,—though he was never (as his admirers seem a little apt to forget) absolutely dependent for subsistence on that trenchant weapon. But let us suppose that, instead of being free to choose his own materials and fashion them after his own fancy, he had accepted Captain Sterling’s offer and taken service with “The Times,” what manner of Carlyle should we have had then? Should we have had, think you, any “French Revolution,” any “Cromwell,” any “Frederick the Great”? Would not the bondage of the Press have proved to such a man more cramping even than the bondage of his own wayward nature? Nay, one is tempted to wonder what manner of “Times” we should have had; for the proverbial bull in a china-shop sinks into nothingness before the idea of Carlyle in a newspaper-office!

I am quite willing therefore to allow (as indeed I have allowed all along) that there are numbers of most excellent and able men whom this “hack-work of Literature” will harm neither in body nor in soul; who will find in it the most congenial outlet for their energies, the readiest satisfaction of their literary ambitions, and the surest means of earning a regular livelihood; and who will practise it to the end of their time with the greatest credit to themselves and their employers with no thought of intellectual degradation or wasted talents. And of such it is possible that you are qualified to be: it is possible that you are destined to win the richest prizes that the profession of Journalism has to offer, and to be able to borrow the proud boast of the most famous living master of the craft, that you have enjoyed the regard of a prince and the wages of an ambassador. Should this be so (and you and your tutors between you must know the chances of such possibility better than I can), I would no more think of opposing your choice of such a profession, so far as your own interests are concerned, than I would think of warning a man against beer,

who found himself able to drink it, because my poor peptics cannot away with it.

Let me pause here, my dear George, on a purely personal issue. You will oblige me by keeping that last paragraph to yourself, and, if he be a friend of yours, to the Classical Tutor. If this, like my previous letters, is to be published, I have no wish to appear in the ridiculous light of patronising a profession which needs patronage so little as the great and famous profession of Journalism. For my adverse comments its followers will care, and rightly care, nothing; but anything which bears the appearance of patronage from such an one as me they will naturally resent, and the resentment of one of the rulers of the world is no light thing. Never have I forgotten, and never shall I forget, a lesson learned in my youth. In that fevered period of my existence I was for a short time the editor of a magazine now (need I say it?) as forgotten as last year's snow. Among my contributors was a man, my junior in years but as far above me now in fame, position, and wealth as his talents deserved to carry him. He was then engaged on a novel which I had hoped would have made all our fortunes, and perhaps would have done so had not the magazine come to an end first. To me at any rate it seemed a very smart thing, and about the sixth chapter or so I ventured, when sending the author his monthly dole, to express myself to that effect. By return of post I received this answer: "Sir—Circumstances compel me to receive your cheque, but be pleased to give me none of your —— patronage." It was a rude lesson, but efficient. So I beg you not to let me appear as offering any more of these condemned tributes of my admiration (and without the golden salve!) to men who are, perhaps, as little likely to brook them as my scornful young novelist, and can still more certainly afford to dispense with them.

But for the few words yet left

to say, I have no such fear. My harshest critics (if I have any critics) will call me a dyspeptic old fool: the good-natured ones will only laugh: it can be worth no one's while to be offended. So on this point I am unreservedly in your hands. Yet a little while ago I should have hesitated before delivering myself of these sentiments,—did hesitate, indeed, for I had begun to write to you, when something I read in the papers made me pause. You may remember that when all that foolishness was afoot about Trafalgar Square, a certain person was charged with hindering the police in their duties, who turned out to be not an unemployed pickpocket, or a slighted patriot, or, in fact, a champion in any sort of the holy cause of Misrule, but a reporter for one of the daily papers and, I need hardly add, one of the most remarkable men in our country. This gentleman, like the police, was in the Square on business, and finding the fit discharge of his duty incompatible with theirs, announced his course of action, like Mr. Snodgrass, in words that had the true Rule Britannia ring about them, but were perhaps hardly prudent in the circumstances,—yet who can stay the old war-horse from snorting at the sound of battle! The policeman, not recognising, as of course he should have recognised under any garb, the majesty of the Press, and not wishing to be knocked down, took the gentleman up, and brought him before the magistrate as though he had been an ordinary subject of the Queen refusing to obey her laws. Here was a situation! But the paper this brave gentleman served was equal to the occasion. Its loudest-lunged lions were stirred up to roar against the insolent magistrate who had dared even to listen to such a charge, and their roarings filled all Downing Street with dismay. I need not go on. Let it be enough to say that Law and Government vied with each other in their atonement to this great slandered hero, and that, with the mercy which

belongs only to the strong, he consented not to push his triumph too far. That was indeed a proud moment for the Freedom of the Press, not only of England but of the World! "Fair Freedom!" can we not imagine Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, that poor Prisoner of Chillon, exclaiming,

"Fair Freedom! we may hold thee dear,
When thus thy mightiest foes their fear
In humblest guise have shown!"

Small wonder that I reconsidered myself, and felt that this was not the hour, nor I the man, to breathe a syllable against a Power which had thus abased to the dust the myrmidons of Government and Law. And yet, how history will repeat itself! "Out of town," the author of that apostrophe to Freedom wrote in his diary, "out of town six days. On my return, find my poor little pagod, Napoleon, pushed off his pedestal!" A few short weeks and we find "the Victor overthrown" indeed, when he is told from the Bench in open court that his opinion is of no value, and is reminded by the Attorney-General (smartly, too, said the reports!) that he is not the judge! And nothing happened—that judge is still on the Bench: that Attorney-General is still in office! So I perhaps may take heart of grace and venture.

Hitherto we have discussed this question from what may be called a purely selfish side. Will you be helped or hindered by adopting the profession of Journalism? That is the line our inquiries have taken, and very naturally. Let us now before we part regard it for a moment with a wider view, a view which it becomes me at least, whom you have called to this position of responsibility, not wholly to ignore. It is a part of my duty to you not to forget my duty to that great society of which you and I and all of us are partners. In guarding the banks and clearing the course of his own little stream each man should do so with an eye to help, not to hinder, that "common wave of thought and joy" which is, so the

poet tells us, in some happy time to regenerate the world. In plain prose, then, how does this great business of Journalism help or hinder the world's affairs? To speak frankly, I think that it hinders more than it helps. It helps the Individual: it hinders the State. We all read the other day, with some amusement, no doubt, but on the whole with acquiescence, the magnificent panegyric pronounced on itself by "The Times." "The Times" is "uninfluenced by party, uncontrolled by power, and attached solely to the public interest." "'The Times' never has been and never will be the organ of a party however triumphant, or the mouthpiece of a political leader however autocratic." "In Europe, in America, in India and the Colonies, 'The Times' is universally recognised as having a right to speak in the name of England." "That high privilege, involving duties even higher, we may confidently assert will never be abused." And so on, and so on. Perhaps the position of England's mouthpiece is not so universally conceded to "The Times" outside Printing House Square as it, very naturally and rightly, is within that busy but somewhat limited area. But from its proprietors' and shareholders' point of view, which is, of course, purely commercial, "The Times" has certainly every right to be pleased with itself, and every right to assume the "position of primacy in the Journalism of the world." We, however (who, unfortunately for ourselves, are neither proprietors nor shareholders of this great newspaper), are just now looking at the matter from another point of view. That this great power of the Press amply benefits those who wield it no one has ever gainsaid. Is the benefit to the public interest so unmixed and certain? Does the interest of the public ever clash with the interest of the individual, and if so, which, think you, goes to the wall?

I don't know whether you young men now read Carlyle; but in one of his essays, and perhaps the best of

them, in the essay on Diderot, are these words, at the end of a rhapsody on the condition of Literature in the eighteenth century: "Lastly, the unutterable confusion worse confounded of our present Periodical existence; when, among other phenomena, a young Fourth Estate (whom all the three elder may try if they can hold) is seen sprawling and staggering tumultuously through the world; as yet but a huge, raw-boned, lean calf; fast growing, however, to be a Pharaoh's lean cow,—of whom let the fat kine beware!" These words were written more than half a century ago, and the wheel has come full circle now. The lean calf has grown to no cow, but to a mastodon rather, a megatherium, or to whichever was mightiest of the beasts that roamed the primeval earth. It no longer sprawls or staggers, but thunders tumultuously. In his brilliant, though melancholy book on the West Indies, Mr. Froude lays the evil days on which we have fallen at the door of the talkers,—at the door, that is to say, of the House of Commons. It bears its part, no doubt, that gate of ivory; but, after all, where would be the false visions it lets loose on us dreaming mortals, but for the newspapers? "The British Constitution," says "The Times," "has gradually shifted its basis, and now rests mainly, as acute observers have pointed out, on 'Government by discussion.' Parliamentary debates are almost overshadowed by the controversies conducted in the newspapers, or in speeches which without the aid of the newspapers might as well not be delivered at all." Anything which tends to overshadow Parliamentary debates deserves our cordial acknowledgment. But after all there is some check on discussion in Parliament. There is a Speaker, there is a Chairman of Committees, there are rules of procedure: checks which even an Irishman cannot disregard with impunity beyond a certain point. Even a Minister in Opposition can be made to feel that some decency, some forbearance, some regard

for interests other than his own, is required from him. But on government by discussion in the newspapers there is absolutely no check beyond that which the conductors of each newspaper may choose to impose. Now it is the first business of the owner of a newspaper to make sure that his property flourishes: it is the first business of the editor of a newspaper to give his employer assurance of that fact. We are asked, therefore, to believe that it is for the best interests of the State that its chief engine of power (for such the Press claims now to be) should be guided by men whose first concern is to make the most they can out of the job. The demand on our credulity is preposterous.

You may say that I credit these wielders of power with very low ideas of morality. I do not. No doubt, they are sincerely glad when their interests can go hand in hand with the interests of the State: no doubt they are sincerely sorry when the former compel them to disregard "the paramount obligations of national duty"; and when mankind is lifted on that "common wave of thought and joy," into an ideal world of righteousness and peace, our newspapers will no doubt share the general elevation and become as precious and tender-hearted as the scrolls of pure Simonides. In that golden time all shall, in Byronic phrase, be "hiccup and happiness"; but as yet, alas! it is mostly hiccup without the happiness. For that time we still wait, and the Press also must wait; for the Press, despite its protestations, does not shape or control the national destiny. That it never really did, and now it does so less than ever. No single paper has, or will ever again have, the influence that "The Times" had when Lyndhurst (perhaps, as his way sometimes was, not quite seriously) could call its editor the most powerful man in England. It was then for all national purpose the Press of England; but the power it once held single-handed is now broken up among a host of

rivals. This proves no decadence of "The Times," which is indeed, I think, as good as ever it was: it is the inevitable effect of many causes, a part of that dragon-crop we owe to the heroes of Parliamentary Reform. And "The Times" has itself of course helped to create the competition from which it suffers. It is the case of the seed and the flower; and though the new flowers do not perhaps all smell quite so sweet as the old primal blossom, they are quite fragrant enough for the robust organizations which cultivate them. In a competitive age quality will always go down before quantity. If you are interested in the subject let me commend to you the Report of the Select Committee appointed in 1851 to inquire into the law regulating newspaper-stamps. In the evidence there given by the manager of "The Times" you will find some curious and instructive reading.

Things being so, it were wiser, perhaps, of the Press not to protest so much; for if it really were as formative as it professes to be, the result would certainly do it little credit. Goethe, when pressed about the brutality of Byron's poems, answered that they were not nearly so brutal as the newspapers; and despite the *tarantata* of "The Times" three-penny trumpet, I don't know that matters have much improved that way since Goethe's day. But, it may be said, are the papers to blame for this? They are "the abstract and brief chronicles of the time": if the time be brutal, what can they do? Precisely: they must chronicle, and not too briefly, all that goes forward, or their occupation will be gone. Even "The Times" cannot pick and choose. It must march with the age. It must, for example, present its readers with those charming pictures of our social life which the Divorce Court so liberally furnishes. Last autumn when the Commissioner of Police was doing his best to enable the citizens of (as they are pleased to call it) the most civilised capital in the world to attend to their work

with unpicked pockets and unbroken windows, he was asked by a reporter (I am afraid of "The Times") for the particulars of the arrangements made for this good purpose. When he very reasonably demurred on the grounds that to make his plans public was not the surest way of making them effective, he was answered that they (the reporters) had nothing to do with that. Their business, they said, was to look after the interests of their papers, and it was the interest of their papers to let their readers know everything that had been and was to be done. Again, it is notorious that the discreditable folly I speak of was largely nourished on the advertisements given to it by the newspapers. Such things and the rogues who foster them live by advertisement. It is true that all the reputable journals of the capital took a proper view of the situation, but they could not afford to treat it with the contempt it really deserved. The special reporters were set to work and as much importance given to these mischievous antics as to a European campaign. It is not in reason to blame the newspapers for fulfilling the conditions of their existence; but is it possible to regard as an unmixed boon to society an existence dependent on such conditions, and free at all times and in any circumstances to fulfil them? And this is a very fair illustration of the point of view from which the conductor of a newspaper regards what he is pleased to call the public interest, but what should more truthfully be called the interest of his public. Is there, think you, an editor of one daily paper published in Great Britain who would consent to suppress any piece of intelligence out of regard to the interests of the State until such time as it suited those interests for it to be made known? And if such an editor could be found, how long, think you, would his employer keep him in his office? The number of readers who would appreciate such an act of public spirit is so curiously small that it could be worth no newspaper's while to consider

it. Appreciate it in theory perhaps many would ; but they would go elsewhere with their pennies.

No, George, I cannot share the popular admiration for the noble army of Journalists, and I frankly own, as you and your Classical Tutor have pushed the question home, that I should be sorry to see you take service in its ranks. Its energy and enterprise are indeed indisputable, nor do I deny that it has often had, and not neglected, the opportunities of doing good. But in the present condition of its existence the evil that it must inevitably do outweighs, in my estimation, the good that it may chance to do. We have decided in our wisdom that no check shall be imposed on it, that it shall be free to utter not only the thing which is not (which were no great matter), but also the thing which is ; and in the tremendous competition from which, like all other human institutions in this competitive age, it now suffers, it cannot afford to pause, to think, to discriminate, in the way which alone could make such a power just and beneficent. It cannot but often disseminate, even where it does

not foster, much rash and foolish talking. It cannot but often offer crude and undigested sentiments for weighed thought; the guess of a moment for the experience of years. It cannot but often place opportunities in the hands of men incapable, even where not careless, of using them discreetly. The very extent of its sway must infallibly make it often the unknowing agent of unscrupulous persons abroad ; and the awe with which it appears to be regarded by all classes of the community can hardly tend to make it very scrupulous at home. The Freedom of the Press has, in a word, become the tyranny of the world. Whether the day will ever come when the world shall rise up against this tyranny and refuse any longer to be subject to the huge monster it has created, I know not ; but of this I am sure, that it will be a blessed day for the world when it does come. For cordially as I admit, and, as a sample of man's activity, much as I admire the might, majesty, and dominion of the Press, I believe it to be a dangerous might, a false majesty, and an unjust dominion.

EUROPE AND MAROCCO;¹ OR THE WESTERN QUESTION.

LESS than eight years ago, the Plenipotentiaries of twelve European Powers, and the Moorish Foreign Minister, were discussing the affairs of Morocco in Conference at Madrid. Their sittings extended over six weeks, and disclosed differences of opinion so wide that the Conference was more than once on the point of breaking up. The nominal subject of deliberation was "the right of Protection of Moorish subjects by the representatives of Foreign Powers in Morocco." The hard facts of the case, however, were very closely bound up with other and technically extraneous matters, namely, the political aims of the respective Powers in their dealings with the country. In these circumstances, a compromise which left all the real difficulties untouched was at last arrived at. Señor Canovas del Castillo, President of the Conference, when taking leave of his colleagues at the last sitting, remarked that "without doubt the manifold difficulties which had given rise to the Conference would not be immediately removed by the resolutions which had been adopted." No severer criticism could, perhaps, be expected from one who was devoutly thankful that any conclusions had been reached at all.

This is what occurred in July 1880, and now we are said to be on the eve of another Conference, of the same Powers, on the same subject and at the same place. There are some slight reasons for believing that the British public will deign to pay more attention than it paid on the former occasion

to a subject of capital importance to itself. In 1880 Englishmen were wholly engaged in registering a final solemn and irreversible verdict in favour of Mr. Gladstone's home and foreign policy, a verdict which they have since reversed with no less seriousness and sense of finality. But, since, 1880 a very obvious though much neglected truth has been most unpleasantly forced upon our notice as a nation. It is this: that we have much that is greatly coveted by those who have it not; that our claim to enjoy it, in right of a kind of eternal birth-right, or prerogative created for us by the daring of our ancestors, is no longer valid; and that we can only keep it by exercising the sleepless vigilance which won it.

It is the purpose of this paper to review briefly the early history of the Protection afforded to Moorish subjects by different European Powers—the manner in which the subject was treated at Madrid in 1880—and, finally, the present situation of affairs.

First then, as regards the system of Protection. The word, in its present special and technical meaning, signifies a kind of imperfect naturalization granted to the natural subject of a Mohammedan State by the Consul of a European Power. The system had the same origin in Morocco as in the various provinces of the Ottoman Empire. It was a necessary supplement of the special jurisdictions established in favour of Europeans trading or sojourning in the East, by the ancient body of treaties, conventions and usages which bear the name of the Capitulations. The earliest of them is said to have been concluded between Sultan Solymán the Magnificent and Francis the First of France. The Protection afforded by them to European subjects was briefly as follows: a foreign

¹ This, and not MOROCCO, is the true spelling of the name of the capital city which gives a name to the whole country. It is so spelt in many standard English works, and in our Admiralty charts. The Arabic word is *Marakush*, and the first *a* appears in the Spanish, Italian, German, and French renderings: Marruecos, Marocco, Le Maroc.

plaintiff or defendant in the Ottoman dominions was entitled to have his case tried by the Supreme Court of the Empire in the presence of his own Consul, who attended to see fair play. In process of time the native authorities were debarred from all jurisdiction over Europeans, and the defendant's Consul tried each case in his own court and by the law of his own country. Such encroachments on Mohammedan jurisdiction, fiercely resisted at first, and occasionally enforced by such measures as Admiral Blake's bombardment of Tunis in 1655, grew in number and importance as the Crescent waned and the Cross threw a larger shadow. Of course, only a weak or over-mastered state could have permitted the establishment of such an *imperium in imperio*. The subjects of Christian Europe, on the other hand, irresistibly drawn towards Eastern countries by the growing interests of trade, could hardly submit to the decrees of judges who were forbidden by their religion to regard the oath or the testimony of a Christian. At the beginning, no doubt, the Western influence of which the Capitulations were the symbol, sought only to secure the persons and properties of European subjects from the tyranny, ignorance or ill-will of the native authorities. But it was very soon found impossible to establish firm and regular commercial relations between Europeans and their native agents or servants, as long as the latter remained liable to be arrested, robbed, or imprisoned by the officials of their own sovereign, often for no better reason than that of having had dealings with the hated Nazarene. It may therefore be safely assumed that from very early times the native servants, agents and representatives of European trades received a more or less direct and efficient amount of Protection from the Consuls exercising jurisdiction over their employers. Such was the innocent and humble beginning of a system which has now formed in every Mohammedan country a dozen centres of European influence

and intrigue. During the last century and a half it has received an indefinite extension. The personal and national interests of the representatives of Europe in the East, and the facts of history, have worked together for similar ends.

The long naval struggle between England and France in the Mediterranean and Indian seas, the Egyptian and Syrian expeditions of Buonaparte, the alternate coercion by England, France, or Russia, of one Turkish Sultan after another, impressed the Oriental world with a tremendous respect for European opinion. All European Consuls grew into persons of high local importance. The ports and capitals where they resided became so many cockpits wherein they fought with their colleagues for influence over the native government, and to secure the lion's share of the native trade. Each of them strove to create a strong local element in harmony with his own views and ambitions. The custom of officially protecting natives soon received all the care and attention which so prolific a germ of influence deserved. Large numbers of natural subjects of the various states, Mohammedans, Jews or native Christians, were induced to become clients of this or that Legation or Consulate. They were readily secured by promises of commercial facilities, of immunity from taxation and from richly-deserved punishment for crimes committed. In no country did this system run to such riot as in Egypt. Before the establishment of the Mixed or International Tribunals, in 1875, most of the seventeen Consular Courts in that country claimed jurisdiction not only over large numbers of genuine but protected Egyptians, but over all who had litigation with them. Consuls, who saw in every new recruit an addition to their influence and means of using pressure, manufactured "Frenchmen" or "Italians" in rapid succession. The natural result of all this was to disgust the native rulers with everything European, to rouse the social

and religious prejudices of the mass of the unprotected people, and to give rise to savage outrages, for which the same foreign influence which had engendered them demanded exemplary punishment.

Egypt is the leading case on this point, and that is why we have dwelt upon it. In Morocco, an Eastern state under a Western sky, but hitherto far less known to and interfered with by Westerns than Egypt, the Protective system has developed for similar reasons and on similar lines.

European trade with Morocco, and more especially with its inland regions, has probably always been carried on through the agency of native *semsars*, or brokers. It is in connection with this class, accordingly, that we find the earliest germs of the Protective system. As far back as 1767, a Treaty made between Lewis the Fourteenth of France and the Sultan provided that the persons and dwellings of the agents and servants of French traders should be exempt from all taxation, and that they should be left absolutely free to perform their duties. Further, all differences between Moors and Frenchmen were withdrawn from the cognizance of the native Kadi, and submitted to the Sultan in person, or to his representative in each town. These provisions establish a considerable right of interference with the local jurisdiction, especially as they place no numerical limit to the French native agents. By a Convention made between France and Morocco in 1863, the incidents of Protection were regulated afresh. In the century that had elapsed the very idea of subjecting Europeans to a Moorish court had become obsolete, and it was tacitly assumed, though not expressly stated in the Convention, that the French Consular Court alone had jurisdiction over persons under French Protection. Such persons were now divided into two classes: the natives employed by the Consulate and the brokers (*censeaux*) of French traders. The numbers of the latter were, for the first time,

limited to two for each commercial house or branch. It was next provided that French Protection should not extend to labourers employed by Frenchmen in the country districts.

Spain, and other countries, made similar conventions in the same year. As a general rule each Power represented in Morocco, whether bound by special Conventions or not, claimed the same rights as had been secured by any other Power, and, with the exception of Italy, submitted in theory to the same restrictions. Italy, however, claimed and exercised a prescriptive right of indiscriminate Protection. On this grave fact we shall comment presently.

As regards Great Britain, her Convention of Commerce and Navigation with Morocco, made in December 1856, and signed simultaneously with her General Treaty with that country, provided as follows. British subjects were to have the free choice of their native brokers, factors or agents. Such agents were to be treated and regarded as other subjects of the Moorish dominions, and any interference of the Sultan's officers in the bargains or other business between British and Moorish subjects were to be severely punished by the Sultan.

Such were the general principles of European Protection in Morocco before the year 1880. We may allude, in passing, to the solitary recognition in the British Commercial Treaty of 1856 of Moorish authority over the native brokers of Englishmen. The later Conventions of 1863 contained no such recognition, and therefore England also ceased to be bound: identity of rights being, as we have said, claimed by every European Power. But the respect shown to England's flag in Morocco, and her standing desire of strengthening the Sultan's authority, have hitherto combined to prevent her from exercising this additional right.

In passing to the consideration of the practice, as distinguished from the principles of Protection, we must remember again that the main justifica-

tion of the system lies in the backwardness and misgovernment of Mohammedan countries. Of such countries Morocco is probably the most backward and misgoverned. Only two or three of the host of imperial governors and other functionaries receive any salary whatever. Indeed, all of them have secured their posts by bribes, in money or promises, to those who have the Sultan's ear. The understanding is that every Kaid, or provincial governor, is to make what he can out of his province. In a country without railways, telegraphs,¹ roads, bridges or wheeled carriages, he is practically uncontrolled by orders from headquarters. As long as he can direct a steady flow of money into the imperial treasury at Fez, few questions will be asked, and few complaints heard. Accordingly he recoups his own outlay and nurses his influence at court by one and the same course of exaction. He "milks" the legitimate taxes, he supplements them by illegal imposts, and he sells inferior offices on a system identical with that upon which he acquired his own. Ready money is accordingly a prime necessity of the official and the tax-payer alike. Here steps in the village-usurer, who is as thick on the ground in Morocco as in Lower Egypt. A bad harvest or a succession of unauthorized exactions throw the population of a whole province into the hands of his class. The rate of interest, the terms of each loan, are matters wholly within his own discretion. The punishment of defaulters is imprisonment, often for life, certainly until the debt is repaid tenfold. Thus the Moorish peasantry have three standing enemies—the governor, the tax-gatherer, and the usurer, and they often attempt to get rid of all three by insurrection. Then the imperial forces, composed of a few regulars and a swarm of rapacious auxiliaries, sweep like a flight of locusts over the country, which they are, as

truly as graphically, said to "eat up." Every green blade is destroyed, and the means of paying taxes vanish for years to come. Such raids are, however, not always successful. Many a powerful tribe in the southern province of Sus, in the mountains of the Riff on the Mediterranean coast, and in the regions of the Atlas range, has for years defeated every attempt to levy tax or tribute. A nucleus of anarchy is thus to be found in most parts of the Sultan's dominions. As matters stand, accordingly, the vindication and the defeat of the imperial authority are alike fatal to the peace and prosperity of the country.

Such is the relation in which the Moorish administration too generally stands to the Emperor's subjects. We have now to consider the share of responsibility for this state of affairs which belongs to Protection as practised by the representatives of Europe in the country. The chief Conventions on the subject, previous to 1880, have already been referred to. The Conference of the latter year was preceded by numerous meetings of the Consular body at Tangier, at which the practical working and the attendant abuses of Protection were exhaustively reviewed. Sid Mohammed Vargas, the Moorish Foreign Minister, laid before these meetings a series of proposals, with a mass of evidence, on the strength of which he declared that Protection was killing government in Morocco. In our comments on the system, as it was practised in 1880, and as it is, according to the best local authority, practised in 1888, we shall draw largely on that evidence. It was in the main not only uncontradicted but confirmed and amplified by many of the Consuls, notably by Sir John Drummond Hay, the British Minister. The testimony of the newborn Press of Tangier tells in the same direction. The facts are and were true, though widely varying inferences may be drawn from them.

With the exception of Italy, the European Consulates professedly confined their Protection to their own

¹ In February, 1887, the Eastern Telegraph Company completed the laying of the first cable between Gibraltar and Tangier.

clients and the brokers of merchants within their jurisdiction. Such was the idea, but the execution went far beyond it. The Treaties and Conventions were ignored, except when they told against the Moorish authorities. Protection became a marketable commodity. The composition of the "European" Consular body fully accounted for the fact. Many of the genuine Europeans had had no diplomatic, Consular, or judicial training. Others used their whole official influence to secure privileges contrary to Treaty. In other cases Jewish or Arab usurers bought, first Protection, and then a Consular agency, or interpretership. As Consular agents they summoned their own debtors into courts where they sat as judges, though knowing no European law or language. Their interpreterships were often acquired by a mere cash payment, and in despite of their ignorance of any language but Arabic, and of their inability to write even that. Again, among the protected native brokers were men who had no connection with trade, and who were protected by other natives who were neither merchants nor the agents of merchants, but who had been allowed to buy Protection for themselves and to sell Protection to others. Most of these posts were "unpaid," but gave the certain hope of a fortune to be made by receipt of bribes, by usury, by misuse of official powers. The holders, moreover, escaped military service, the payment of their debts and taxes, and the punishment of their crimes. In May, 1887, a Tangier paper¹ stated that a Consular clerkship was often worth sixteen hundred pounds a year, an interpretership two hundred to eight hundred, and that an "unpaid" Consular agency was dirt cheap at a thousand pounds. So scientifically was the system of Protection worked that, in some cases, the retention or surrender of a client was a matter of bargain between the Moorish and Consular authorities. In others, the

Consul would temporarily withdraw his Protection from a native who had incurred punishment by the laws of his adopted country. When the affair had blown over, or been settled by money, the culprit returned to his position and privileges. And Protection had yet another resource—that of naturalization made easy. Moorish subjects crossed the frontier to Algeria, or the seas to France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Brazil, or the United States, and returned after a while as full-blown Frenchmen, Italians, Spaniards, Portuguese, Brazilians, or Yankees. In New York special Jewish agencies were formed for their accommodation.

Such were the practices which gradually became part and parcel of the Protective system—a system which Sid Mohammed Vargas denounced as the deadliest disease of his country. His indictment included nearly every European Legation or Consulate: Great Britain alone was specially, and gratefully, excepted.

"In meetings of the foreign representatives at Tangier," wrote Sir John Drummond Hay,² two months before the Madrid Conference of 1880, "I was the first to acknowledge that the form of government in Morocco is one of the worst in the world; but I maintain that irregular Protection, as at present afforded, in direct contravention of treaty engagement, is not a remedy for misgovernment. *It is a remarkable fact that irregular Protection has been chiefly extended by those diplomatic and consular officers who have little or no trade with Morocco, nor even subjects of their governments residing in this country.* It is a question to be asked—How has this come to pass? Great Britain has the largest trade with Morocco, yet there are no Moorish subjects protected who are not in the service of Her Majesty's government, or of British diplomatic or consular offices, in accordance with treaty stipulations."

In the systems of Protection, as practised by France and Italy respectively, there were special features which demand separate treatment. We will take the French case first. Under her Convention of 1863 France

² Sir J. Drummond Hay to the Marquis of Salisbury, Tangier, March 16, 1880. *Blue-book on Morocco*, No. 1 (1880), p. 75.

¹ "Le Réveil du Maroc," 25th May, 1887.

claimed, as we have seen, the right of protecting two brokers for each of her mercantile establishments, but pledged herself never to protect country labourers. The pledge was systematically violated, and the claim was worked in a manner which produced a ferment in every Moorish province. France laid down, as a principle, that the peculiar nature of her trade with Morocco, notably her wool-trade, required the presence of her brokers not only in the ports and towns, but throughout the country districts. Every such broker was exempted from military service, taxation, and the jurisdiction of the Moorish courts. Thus a network of French influence spread over those inland districts in which lay whatever resources of strength still remained to the native Government. The ports, and many of the towns, had long been regarded by the Moors as hopelessly given over to European influence. The country population of the interior were however still the representatives of pure Mohammedan feeling, and provided the chief part of the imperial revenue and the bulk of the imperial levies of men. The creation in their midst of a protected class, a class identified with Christian Europe, a class that showed its consciousness of a privileged position by every kind of commercial fraud, violence, and injustice towards their "unprotected" fellow countrymen, dealt a heavy blow at the authority of Moorish law and government. Nearly every rich inhabitant, Moor or Jew, applied and paid for a French agency—escaping thereby from all his national liabilities and duties. Whenever the Governor of the province was ordered to levy men or taxes, he found that every man possessed of either money or influence was a French agent. The unprotected remainder consisted of those who had little or nothing to give in money, and who could not provide a recruit. The moral effect on these unfortunates was to make them rebels against all authority. Robbed and ill-treated by their

own Government, they saw the richest and most prosperous of their neighbours in safety under the flag of an infidel Power. Nay more, they saw the same persons making large profits, by dint of usurious advances, out of burdens which they had not touched with one of their fingers. Such situations could not fail to produce riots, outrages on Jews and others, robbery and disorder of all kinds. As regards the Jews, it could not be pretended that their community, as a whole, benefited by the system. It was a luxury confined to some thousand rich men—protected as agents or otherwise. Meanwhile some two hundred thousand unprotected Jews constantly suffered vicariously from the fury excited by the behaviour of their selected brethren.¹

This case, laid before the Consuls at Tangier in 1880 by the Moorish Foreign Minister, was fully confirmed by Sir John Drummond Hay. The French representative, however, denied that the Protection of brokers had anything to do with the undoubted anarchy which was prevalent in the country. The withdrawal of that Protection was a matter which he refused even to discuss. France had enjoyed under the Treaty of 1767 an unlimited right of Protection, which she had, too generously for her own interests, restricted in 1863. England had, he acknowledged, equal rights with France, and therefore also the strict right of protecting brokers of her own. But he appealed to Sir John Hay to dispense with that right in the future, as he had done in the past, without detriment to British trade and to the advantage and strengthening of Moorish authority. France stood in a less favourable position, and could not withdraw Protection from her brokers without ruin to her trade. "*L'honorable Représentant de la Grande Bretagne*" said he, "*paraît voir surtout l'intérêt de l'Administration Marocaine. Pour moi, je me laisse plutôt guider par*

¹ Blue-book on Morocco, No. 1 (1880) pp. 63—75.

l'intérêt du commerce de la France."¹ These views have very lately been reiterated by a writer in "*Le Temps*"² who declares that the Protection of her brokers can alone enable France to attack British commercial preponderance in Morocco. "*Les Anglais*," he says, "*jouaient absolument leur jeu lorsque, en 1880, ils prenaient l'initiative de la suppression des protégés.*"

The case of Italian Protection may be more shortly stated. Italy claims a historical or customary right of protecting any Moorish subject she may think fit to protect. Of such fitness the authorities at Rome are sole judges, and no restrictions submitted to by other European Powers can affect Italy in any way. The Italian Minister who assumed this language at the Consular meetings at Tangier had the longest of all the European Protection-lists. It contained for the town of Tangier alone about one hundred and fifty Jews and others. Sir John Drummond Hay calculated, in an official report on the subject,³ that if the thirteen Powers represented in Morocco were to assert equal rights with Italy, the total number of protected persons would amount to two thousand. The natives employed by the Consulates and their servants would amount to another two thousand. Thus there would be four thousand protected persons in a town of twelve thousand souls; "and," added Sir John, "there would only remain to the Basha and the Kadi the government of the poorest class of inhabitants."

Of course, two diametrically opposite views may be taken of the Protective system as operating upon a misgoverned country like Morocco. It may be considered as a mitigation of evils past all cure, or it may be held largely responsible for the existence and spread of those evils. The latter view is that of the most enlightened Moors, and has received the support of British policy in their country for several

generations. It assumes, for the present at all events, the right of Morocco to political independence as a Mohammedan State. It recognises further the fact that many European States have designs of their own on that independence, which are furthered by every fresh proof that the native Government is unable to preserve law and order among its own subjects or to protect Europeans in the legitimate pursuit of trade. The supporters of this view look to the strengthening of the Sultan's authority over his subjects for the better government of the latter, reserving to the irresistible influence of Europe the function of keeping that authority within the channels of justice. Great things, again, are hoped from the material development of a country abounding in natural resources and peopled by a most brave and industrious race. The regulation of rivers, harbour-works, irrigation, road-making, mining, afforestation, agriculture, viticulture,⁴ and manufactures—all these are interests which Europe may unselfishly foster in Morocco. They will tend to the enrichment of the native administration and to the relief of its taxpayers, the bulk of whom now practise only the rudest existing mode of tillage. The tremendous pressure of neighbouring Europe will avail to check any fanatical policy which would reject or retard improvements necessitating the presence of a larger European element.

Again, a population which is growing rich by the development of its own wealthy soil will, itself, grow impatient of a fanaticism which would perpetuate the isolation and poverty of the country. At the same time there must be no unnecessary interference with Mohammedan religion, law or usage, and no wanton parade of European contempt for offices and

⁴ D'Anville ("*Ancient Geography*," ii. p. 649) says that Cape Spartel, the north-west point of Morocco, "*bore among the Greeks the name of Ampelusia, as being abundant in vines.*"

¹ Blue-book on Morocco, No. 1 (1880), p. 31.

² December 30th, 1887.

³ Blue-book on Morocco, No. 1 (1880), p. 78.

institutions which enjoy local reverence and authority. Hence, such European Powers as wish Morocco well must keep a watch not only over the behaviour of the native Government, but over any European influence which may be seeking its own ends by making that Government an impossibility.

A policy such as this may perhaps be taxed with optimism, or denounced as a policy of make-shift. But it may claim to be conceived in the interests of European tranquillity, when applied to the case of a half-peopled country containing mines of natural wealth, holding a commanding position on the Mediterranean, and coveted by half-a-dozen European Powers.

The opposite view may be gathered from the language held on behalf of France and Italy respectively in 1880. As amplified by a little obvious reading between the lines, and illustrated by the practice of France at least, it is this. Every measure which introduces civilisation into an Orientally-governed country is wholly good in itself. The new manners conflict with the old, and disorders occur, of course, but that is only the struggle of light with darkness. The Moorish Government is Oriental, and is therefore incurably bad, and therefore again, every person withdrawn from its authority and identified with French or Italian interests is as a brand plucked from the burning. The Sultan's tribunals merely caricature our own ideas of justice, and should be at once superseded by mixed tribunals on the Egyptian plan, which, as in Egypt, will keep the heel of Europe on the country's neck. The integrity of Morocco is to be respected, no doubt—not on account of any Moorish right to independence, but because it is still a matter of doubt whether Europe will allow any single Power to annex Morocco. Meanwhile in each case we will extend our private influence as widely as possible, so as to secure a front place in the scramble for the country which is inevitably coming.

Such were the conflicting feelings with which the representatives of Europe met at Madrid in May, 1880. The ground had been prepared by the lengthy though abortive discussions of the Consular body at Tangier, to which we have already referred. Indeed, as regards local knowledge, the Consuls were far superior to the Plenipotentiaries, most of whom merely repeated the earlier arguments on their side which had been supplied to them in the shape of detailed reports. Hence we shall deal but shortly with the Conference itself, especially as our space is limited and most of the matter has been anticipated. The English Plenipotentiary, Mr. Sackville West, acted on Lord Salisbury's instructions to support Sir John Drummond Hay's policy,

“And to bear in mind that it is the desire of her Majesty's Government that the Government of Morocco should be freed from all undue interference on the part of foreign representatives, and that the pernicious system of granting foreign protection to the subjects of the Sultan, a system highly prejudicial to the financial prosperity of the State, should be curtailed as far as possible.”¹

These instructions were communicated to the Cabinet of Madrid which gave to the policy embodied in them their support throughout the Conference.

Sid Mohammed Vargas, who was the Sultan's Plenipotentiary, re-stated the case which he had laid before the Consuls at Tangier. He declared that the Sultan's efforts to promote good government at home and trade with Europe were paralysed by the effects of irregular Protection, which divided his subjects into two hostile camps. Rather than allow such a system to continue, the Sultan would use his prerogative right to forbid the export trade. He demanded the strict observance of the Treaties, the restriction of Protection to persons in the service of the Consulates, and the acknowledgment of the jurisdiction of the Shraa, or Moorish Courts, over the motley multitude of protected brokers which comprised half

¹ Blue-book on Morocco, No. 1 (1880), p. 67.

the rich men in the country. Moreover he insisted that no more brokers should be appointed in the country districts.

Admiral Jaurès, the French representative, replied at once that Morocco was denouncing the French Treaty of 1863. He could not even discuss its provisions, which secured the bare minimum required by the interests of French trade.

"Our three points," he said, "are the fixed number of our brokers, our free choice of them in every part of the country, and their exclusive submission to our Consular jurisdiction. To sacrifice these points would be to sacrifice French trade. We wish well to the Sultan's authority, but disbelieve that our protected brokers have impaired it in any way. The threat to forbid exportation is idle: European trade cannot be kept out of Africa."¹

The Italian representative in his turn maintained, on behalf of United Italy, all rights of Protection ever acquired by any Italian State. He refused, in any case, to make any limitation of such rights retrospective. The present long list of persons under Italian Protection, regular or irregular, would remain intact. The anarchical and barbarous condition of Morocco rendered any concession impossible.

Such language, in the one case as in the other, was plain enough. Señor Canovas del Castillo pointed out that the Italian demand, if maintained in full, would break up the Conference. Adjournment followed adjournment, in order to permit of communications with the French and Italian Cabinets. The final result was that the Treaties of 1863 were taken as the basis of a new Convention. The main features of that document were as follows. The protected brokers were confirmed in all the privileges claimed for them by France, save that of exemption from the taxes on agriculture and beasts of burden. In return for this concession the Moorish Government confirmed the previous treaty-right of Europeans to hold real property. The Italian claim to exercise indiscriminate

Protection was also dealt with and the position of all the names on the Italian list was confirmed. For the future, the Convention forbade, in solemn language, all irregular and "officious," as distinguished from official, Protection. It then, with no small sense of humour, provided that *nevertheless* each Power might exercise the customary right (*droit consuetudinaire*) of Protection in twelve cases, by way of reward for special services rendered to itself by a Moor. Thus the thirteen Powers secured one hundred and fifty-six irregular clients at a blow. This last provision, and that which confirmed the status of the native brokers, secured, in advance, the general inutility of the Convention. Sid Mohammed Vargas gave notice at once that the Sultan would reopen the question of the brokers by diplomatic means.

Nearly eight years have passed, and much has happened inside as well as outside Morocco. The Convention of 1880 is barely known to the Moorish authorities, at least in the interior of the country. This fact matters the less because its provisions have been regularly violated by the old transgressors. Jews protected by protected Jews are thicker than ever. The native brokers have paid no taxes. Finally the governor of a portion of El Gharb, the sea-province of Morocco, reports that an entire tribe within his jurisdiction has received French Protection.

The Moors on their part have retaliated, and are unwearied in ill-doing. Every obstacle has been thrown in the way of Europeans wishing to acquire land. The Convention of 1880 provided that the permission of the Moorish Government should always be obtained. That permission has nearly always been refused. In this respect Consular officers, merchants, hotel-keepers, and private individuals have fared alike. Merchants holding houses under tenancies at will have been suddenly ejected with their, often perishable, goods. Native masons

¹ Blue-book on Morocco, No. 1 (1880), pp. 118—121.

who have repaired houses for Europeans have been flogged and imprisoned. Jews and Mohammedans who were suspected of usury, or of dealing with Christians, have been beaten and even murdered. Fanaticism has increased. The Sultan himself took alarm at the completion of the telegraphic cable between Gibraltar and Tangier. The Moorish shore-end has been repeatedly cut.

Here then are clear issues for the Conference of 1888. Is the French or the English view of Moorish rights to prevail? Is Morocco to be punished as being obstinately blind to the light of an impeccable civilization, or are the misdeeds of ambitious and treaty-breaking European Powers to be taken into account? Is the right of Morocco to independence under the guarantee of Europe, or the right of a dozen European rivals to make her a commercial and political battle-ground, to prevail?

Political events will probably be found to have affected the grouping of the Powers as it existed in 1880. It is now unlikely that Italy will support any policy which commends itself to France. Great Britain and, probably, Spain will support the cause of Moorish independence as before. As regards France, it is her attitude that creates a special difficulty in this as in other European questions. In 1880 she successfully insisted on her pound of Moorish flesh. In 1882 she annexed the neighbouring Barbary State of Tunis and defied the enmity of Italy. In 1884 her Minister at Tangier, M. Ordega, planned the deposition of the Sultan in favour of the leading French candidate, the Sherif of Wazan. During several months of that year matters looked bad enough. In May General Thomassin reconnoitred the passes between Oran and Morocco. In June our old friend, Admiral Jaurès, brought a squadron to Tangier. But the energy of Sir John Drummond Hay and the embarrassments of the French Cabinet,

which had the Tongking expedition on its hands, combined to defeat a very hopeful attempt to imitate the great *coup* at Tunis. Nevertheless the activity of France has been unremitting. Between July 1886 and August 1887 she has built a railway, one hundred and two *kilomètres* in length, to the eastern frontier of Morocco. From Oran she can carry her troops within striking distance of the rich and important Moorish oases of Figuig and Taflet. The line passes through a hopelessly barren country. Why then, if she means peace, has she made it?

England has, in dealing with Morocco, the initial advantage of being the only popular Christian Power. Her stake in the country, military and commercial, is the same in nature as it was in Nelson's time, but is far greater in value. To secure the free navigation of the Straits, to provide Gibraltar with unfailing supplies from the Moorish coast, to keep Tangier out of hostile hands—these are her main interests now as they were formerly. Two steps should be taken at once to preserve those interests. These are, to restore the fighting powers of Gibraltar by removing part of the civilian population, and to re-arm the fortress itself with the very best of modern guns.

HAROLD A. PERRY.

NOTE.—We learn, at the eleventh hour, that the Conference of Madrid is to be postponed. And why? Because France declines to attend "without receiving previous information of every point to be discussed." The points that *must* be discussed, if Morocco is to live, are the common knowledge of Europe. It is, therefore, clear that France maintains her position of 1880. She will sanction nothing that could really further the national interests of Morocco or the independence of the Sultan. Since 1880, she has practically tested the political value of her own special system of Protection, and has found it good for herself, if not for the Moors. And so the Conference must wait. Whether the threatening explosion of the conflicting elements in Morocco will also wait, is a question admitting of serious doubt.

H. A. P.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1888.

THE LAWS OF PROPERTY.¹

"Ah, me! happy was that servant of the Muses [it is written in a lovely Greek fragment] who lived when the Muses' meadows were yet unmown, when there were fresh flowers of poesy to pluck, fresh thoughts to feed upon, fresh songs to sing. But now all things have been gathered in, and there is no aftergrowth of art, of thought, of fancy."

So said Chœrilus of Samos, a Greek much honoured by Lysander, at the close of the Peloponnesian war. And if there was ground for this complaint more than two thousand years ago, how much more ground is there for it in what Ben Jonson calls "this barren and infected age," and on the part of one commonplace to begin with, and without any time, by thought or reading, to improve upon the commonplace of nature. It has, I do assure you, cost more time and thought than you would believe (more, I admit, than the result justifies) to find some subject not wholly inappropriate to this occasion, on which I might offer something which has not been said twenty times before and twenty times better. I have found no such subject; but I have thrown together some thoughts which are familiar to me on matters which are of some practical importance, the truth of which, if acknowledged in words,

is apt, as often happens, to be forgotten in practice.

I begin, then, with a precept for which I will quote the authority of Marcus Aurelius, and which I will state in his words to avoid the charge of its being commonplace and trite.

"Define every object," says he, "so as to see it distinctly through and through, stripped of every adjunct that may darken the nature thereof; and settle with thyself the proper name of such object, and the names of those things that enter into its composition, and into which it may be resolved. For nothing is so conducive to magnanimity as to be able to examine methodically every object and every occurrence in life by the standard of truth, and to view it so as to discern its use in such a world as this; what relation it bears to the universe, and what to man considered as a citizen of that great community wherein other commonwealths are but as families."

Now, sensible as this is, and as all reasonable men would admit it to be in the abstract, every one the least accustomed to argue in public or in private must be aware how constantly it is neglected in practice. It is rare to find a man who understands clearly the point for which he is contending; it is rarer still to find one who keeps to it if he does. I have been sometimes tempted to go away in despair from a debate in Parliament, after listening to speeches full of great and splendid power; power used not to discuss the question at issue, or the provisions of the measure under examination, but to divert attention from both, to annoy an opponent, or to

¹ An Address delivered before the Glasgow Juridical Society.

advance or discredit a party. And the practical influence of such speeches is often, strange to say, very great indeed. I well remember Parliamentary society being occupied for at least three days with admiration of what was called a most powerful speech, delivered in a debate on a very important and very complicated educational measure, though the speech never alluded to the principle or details of the measure, but was wholly taken up with a clever and very violent attack upon the Roman Catholics and their religion. Controversy would be for the most part superfluous or hopeless if adversaries began by clearly understanding each other's meaning, and ascertaining whether the difference between them were or were not a difference of principle. But it remains as true as it was in the days of Bishop Butler that "few persons exercise their judgment upon what comes before them in the way of determining whether it be conclusive and holds;" and, again, that "arguments are often wanted for some accidental purpose, but proof as such is what most persons never want." To clear the mind, to see things as they really are, to deal with an opponent's statement as he makes it, and either admit it or deny it, these are the first necessities of fruitful controversy, and without them controversy degenerates into endless and unprofitable wrangle. Yet generally the first step is to mistake the proposition impugned, and the commonest argument is consciously or unconsciously to misrepresent it. Controversy is not perhaps the best intellectual atmosphere for a man to dwell in; yet honest controversy has a bracing effect upon a healthy mind, and the effect is lost if we dispute for triumph rather than for truth, and although we do not clear our own mind, succeed perhaps in darkening another.

And surely if clear views and lucid statements are important in any sort of intellectual pursuit, they are of especial importance in things connected

with law, "of whom no less can be acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world," the science of the rules of life, of order, of conduct, ignorance of which is grave misfortune, fallacies in which are often followed by cruel evils to those who fall into them, more cruel still to those who are the subjects of them. Yet there is no more common confusion than that which is so habitually made between the principles which underlie all law, which are indeed its vital elements, and the application of those principles to states of circumstances which rise and pass away, changing with the generations of men, and, as man himself, fleeting like the falling leaves and never continuing in one stay. Yet a present application or illustration of a principle is constantly mistaken for the principle itself, and those who demur to the application of the principle, or go about to reform it, are assailed as though they denied the principle itself or desired its destruction.

To take, for example, an instance, which in Scotland, at least, one can discuss with perfect freedom, what is called the principle of an Established Church. Reflection tells us there can be no such principle. The Church of Christ existed for centuries before there was any establishment; it exists now in many countries where there is none; and if every establishment in the world were to be abolished tomorrow, there is no Christian but believes that the Church of our Lord and Saviour would survive. An establishment may be wise or unwise; it may be useful or harmful, possible to be maintained or no, according to varying circumstances and varying conditions of government or society. These are matters of most legitimate controversy, as to which men have differed, do differ, and will differ for years to come. *Non nostrum est tantas componere lites*; but I do say that it is a controversy as to what the logicians call contingent, not necessary matter,

not a controversy upon first principles, not one in which either side has the smallest right to assume any moral superiority over the other. Something is gained to charity, something even to religion, when this is freely admitted; and I own I do not see how, in good sense and clear reason, it can be denied.

Take another instance, which in these happy Islands, happy at least in this which I am about to discuss, we can discuss with freedom and without a shadow of suspicion. We live under a monarchy limited and constitutional, the Sovereign being practically, though not technically, subject to law and reigning by Act of Parliament. In Russia they live under an absolute monarchy, in which the Sovereign is not subject to law, and reigns with a supremacy derived, if it can be said to be derived at all, from his ancestors and predecessors. In France and in America they live under Republics, differing widely in forms, but agreeing in this, that the people is the visible and ostensible source of all authority. There was, not so very long ago, considerable danger in discussing, even in the abstract and in the most temperate language, the advantages of a republican form of government. I have said elsewhere, and I deliberately adhere to the opinion, that such is not now the law. We may admire the widespread and substantial comfort, the manly independence, of the Great Republic, and the absence of that vulgar and pushing sycophancy which the influence of even the best of Courts creates, and we may say we admire these things, with no fear of prosecution before our eyes. Others have an equal right to delight in the refinement of manners, the dignified life, the stately homes full of treasures of art and historical associations, which are, if not created by, at least the delightful accompaniments of monarchy and its attendant aristocracy. There is nothing moral in the preference of monarchy or of republic: it is a question of intellectual and political preference.

And yet the time has hardly passed, if indeed it has passed, away, when an Englishman who avowed his preference for living under a form of government which would subject him to the sway of Pericles, or Cicero, or Dante, or Washington, rather than under one which, except through armed resistance, compelled him to live under the tyranny and falsehood of Charles I., or to suffer the Court of George IV., would have been thought not only mistaken, which he might be, but also a person of doubtful morals and evil conversation, for sharing the opinions of many men amongst the best and wisest of the race. Why? I can give no better reason than that men confounded the principle of government with its forms and details, infinitely variable and always accidental; and shutting their eyes to plain facts and clear distinctions, said of any man who was not of their opinion, with Mr. Blindman in "*The Pilgrim's Progress*," "I see plainly that this man is a heretic." It is perhaps an example of the very evil which I am endeavouring to describe and to condemn, that I, who hold my position by the favour of the Queen, should think it better emphatically to disclaim, in saying this, the expression of any opinion except contentment with the form of Government under which we live, and loyalty to the illustrious Sovereign who, for fifty years, has embodied and expressed it.

On another matter, the inheritable quality in legislative functions, I have spoken so freely elsewhere, that here I pass it by with the single observation that in the case of Bishops it always was, and in the case of Lords of Appeal it has now become, a separable quality from a seat in the Upper Chamber of this country; yet I am old enough to remember when a man who doubted the wisdom of an hereditary legislature was thought to want not only sense, but virtue, and was looked on not merely as foolish, but as wicked.

There are many other examples

which I might refer to in proof of the position I am endeavouring to maintain, that men confound forms with the substance of which they are the outward manifestations; and deal with those who differ from them in point of form as if they were denying the existence of that of which various forms are but the various clothings. In the present day there is perhaps nothing as to which this confusion is greater and more mischievous than as to property itself, the idea, the principle of property; and as to the laws of property, the rules by which the practical enjoyment of property is regulated in these Islands. The distinction is surely obvious, so obvious that one would think no one could dispute it. Perhaps, indeed, in words no one does dispute it; but although it undoubtedly exists, it is as undoubtedly and utterly forgotten, and forgotten not only by men who cannot grasp a clear thought and who purposely pass it by, but by men of reflection and cultivation who seem to lose in their dealings with this question, the judgment and temper which education ought to create or to improve. Let me explain what I mean. The right of property, that is, the right to possess peaceably what you have yourself acquired, underlies all society; some sort of right is taken for granted in all communities, even the most savage; without some such right no society could exist, and perhaps Sir John Lubbock has proved that by some animals at least, if not by all, this right is recognised.

Now, what is that right? You will find it very well put by Sir William Blackstone in his second Book. You will find it still better put, if I may presume to say so, in the "Treatise on the Law of Forfeiture," which remains the sole evidence to these times of the powers and accomplishments of the brilliant but unhappy Charles Yorke.

"The end of property," says he, "is subsistence, by which end Nature has bounded our pretensions to it. Hence, in a state of nature we cannot assume more than we use,

nor hold it longer than we live and are capable of using it. The manner of acquiring property in a state of nature is by occupancy, an act of the body, not of the mind, which last would give a title to property too precarious and disputable. In transferring property the consent expressed gives a right to the alienee against the alienor, and occupancy confirms that right against every one else. But after death there can be no such expression. All other modes of transmission or acquiring property are acts of Positive and Civil Law which prevents the property of the dead from reverting, as it would do in a state of nature, to the common stock; and no such modes are manners of acquiring property necessary for the subsistence of mankind, or to support the purposes of nature. *Filius est nomen Naturæ, hæres Juris.*"

I have summarized Charles Yorke, using, as far as possible, his own words; but you may find the same thing elaborately described by Blackstone in the beginning of his second Book, and by the writers whom Blackstone himself quotes from and adopts. You will find it also very clearly shown in these and other writers of authority on grounds of reason, and by the distinct evidence of history, that all the complicated and conflicting systems by which in various civilized countries the powers of the possessors of property have been in various ways now narrowed, now enlarged, are systems of positive law, in England (I do not presume to speak of Scotland) generally of statute law; and that the right of property, as Mr. Austin has shown, has never existed even in its most absolute form without some restriction. The right of inheritance, a purely artificial right, has been in England at different times and in different districts very variously dealt with. Primogeniture, which has been with some persons almost a religion, (if I spoke my mind I should say a superstition) is probably, as the ancient customs of Berkshire, of Devonshire, of Kent, and the widely spread custom of Borough English seem to show, not the earliest, not even in well-ascertained historical times, the most general rule of descent in England. The history of English entail, its origin, its object, its aim,

and the mode in which its exercise was limited and its aim defeated by the English Courts, all this is familiar to every English lawyer. The power of devise, though it is said to have existed before the Norman conquest, was rigidly limited in its application to land (and property in those days was practically land) till the reign of Henry VIII., and did not become really unrestricted before the time of Charles II.

So again the power of aliening in mortmain was limited from the very earliest times in the very infancy of Parliaments, the first statute being passed in the 9th Henry III. To me it seems, I must say, clear that this was notice to mankind that the English State claimed to prescribe the conditions on which its citizens should deal with property; according to one set of conditions when the property was to go to corporations; according to others if the land was to descend to heirs; according to others if it was to be the subject of settlement or devise. It seems also to be reasonably clear that the power which prescribes rules can alter them, that plain absurdities would follow if this were not so, and that the consent of nations and the practice of ages has long since established this simple truth. But the consequences which follow from it are not always apprehended or recognized by those whom they concern. You will hear men talk as if a rule, once laid down, were laid down for ever; as if the rules of enjoyment became part of the thing enjoyed; as if any one who presumed to question the wisdom of the rule questioned the existence of that which is the subject of the rule; and that he who dares to propose an alteration should propose, it, as in the old Greek Republic, with a halter round his neck.

This seems absurd enough; but I put it to any one of common fairness of mind and the most ordinary knowledge of history whether it is not now too much the fact, and whether it was not in times not quite gone by, awfully

and disgracefully the fact. In Blackstone's time there were one hundred and sixty felonies punishable with death, and as but few of these had reference to the defence of life or person, the vast majority of these statutable crimes were made crimes in defence of property, and the statutes which created them were statutes to protect the enjoyment of property. In the time of Sir Samuel Romilly, the contemporary, remember, of Lord Byron, of Wordsworth, of Mr. Canning, of Lord Palmerston, of Sir Robert Peel, it was capital to steal in a dwelling-house to the value of 40s.; capital to steal in a shop to the value of 5s.; capital to counterfeit the stamps used in the sale of perfumery; capital to counterfeit those used in a certificate for hair-powder; capital to cut down a hop-vine growing in a hop-plantation; capital, I believe (but I cannot verify this statement, so take it as doubtful), to cut down a cherry tree in Kent. In a song by George Cruikshank, published in 1850, rejoicing over the passing away of the good old times, he states (I give it on his authority alone):

"Then manure, they said, was bad for the game,
And rendered the flavour stronger;
So they made it death to manure the land,
Thank God *that* lasts no longer."

We may thank God for it, but we should remember that all these horrors were abolished by slow degrees, and in the face of the most determined resistance by men whom I cannot call great, but who were certainly men of great ability and high character, who based their resistance always on the ground that to abolish these horrible laws was to attack property, and that to attack property successfully was to subvert society itself. Read the life of Sir Samuel Romilly; read what he tried to do, but what he never could do; remember who resisted him, and successfully resisted him, and on what grounds; and then let any man say whether the language I have used is in any degree too strong.

But it may be said, why trouble us with these examples of a state of feeling long since passed away, as dead as special pleading, as old-world as the curfew or the sale of a ward's marriage. For this reason:—the feeling is not dead; the confusion of thought which is supposed to justify the feeling is as prevalent as ever, though the particular examples of it may exist no longer. It has been shown from reason and upon authority that the great and beneficent institution of property rests upon the general advantage, and this position has been developed and illustrated with great power by Mr. Austin in his third Lecture. The particular rules by which the enjoyment of property is regulated, differing in every country in the world, must rest at last upon one and the same foundation, the general advantage. I have been surprised to see it denied by writers who, I crave leave to think, have not seriously considered what they say, that in this respect the laws of property resemble all other laws. The defence of any law must ultimately rest on this, that it enures to the general advantage. Despotism, if they condescend to a defence of their despotism, base it on this ground; in free countries I cannot conceive of any law standing on any other. The object of the restrictions placed in England for many centuries upon powers of settlement and devise is invariably stated to have been to prevent mischievous accumulation of property in few hands; and the opposite tendency of the military character of the feudal system was justified by considerations which, assuming that system to be for the general advantage, were not without their weight. The rule against perpetuities, however, largely limited in operation by the ingenuity of lawyers, was avowedly based on the same general ground of public good.

It seems an elementary proposition that a free people can deal as it thinks fit with its common stock, and can prescribe to its citizens

rules for its enjoyment, alienation, and transmission. Yet in practice this seems to be anything but admitted. There are estates in these Islands of more than a million acres. These Islands are not very large. It is plainly conceivable that estates might grow to fifteen million acres or to more. Further, it is quite reasonably possible that the growth of a vast emporium of commerce might be checked, or even a whole trade lost to the country by the simple will of one, or it may be more than one, great landowner. Sweden is a country, speaking comparatively, small and poor; but I have read in a book of authority that in Sweden at the time of the Reformation three-fifths of the land were in mortmain, and what was actually the fact in Sweden might come to be the fact in Great Britain. These things might be for the general advantage, and if they could be shown to be so, by all means they should be maintained. But if not, does any man possessing anything which he is pleased to call his mind, deny that a state of law under which such mischiefs could exist, under which a country itself would exist, not for its people but for a mere handful of them, ought to be instantly and absolutely set aside? Certainly there are men who, if they do not assert, imply the negative. A very large coal-owner some years ago interfered with a high hand in one of the coal-strikes. He sent for the workmen. He declined to argue, but he said, stamping with his foot upon the ground, "All the coal within so many square miles is *mine*, and if you do not instantly come to terms not a hundredweight of it shall be brought to the surface, and it shall all remain unworked." This utterance of his was much criticised at the time. By some it was held up as a subject for panegyric and a model for imitation; the manly utterance of one who would stand no nonsense, determined to assert his rights of property and to tolerate no interference with them. By others it was denounced as inso-

lent and brutal; and it was suggested that if a few more men said such things, and a few men acted on them, it would very probably result in the coal-owners having not much right of property left to interfere with. To me it seemed then, and seems now, an instance of that density of perception and inability to see distinctions between things inherently distinct of which I have said so much. I should myself deny that the mineral treasures under the soil of a country belong to a handful of surface proprietors in the sense in which this gentleman appeared to think they did. That fifty or a hundred gentlemen, or a thousand, would have a right, by agreeing to shut the coal-mines, to stop the manufactures of Great Britain and to paralyze her commerce seems to me, I must frankly say, unspeakably absurd.

It is not even the old idea about such things. Coal-mining is comparatively recent; but the custom of bounding as to tin in Cornwall, the customs of the High Peak in Derbyshire as to lead, the legal rule everywhere as to gold and silver, are enough to show that in these matters the general advantage was in former days openly and avowedly regarded, and that when rights of private property interfered with it they were summarily set at naught. To extend to coal and copper the old law applicable to tin and lead may be wise or foolish, but is surely no more an assault on property itself than was the old law which prescribed that, in certain places and in certain circumstances, the owner of the surface should not prevent the winning of mineral treasure by others entirely unconnected with him, or with the surface land. It is not to the point to say that these laws were found to be inconvenient, and have in some places and to some extent been abrogated. It may be so. Inconvenience, that is that they were not in practice found to be for the general advantage, is a very good reason for abrogating them. That they existed and had to be modified on grounds of expediency

is a proof of the point for which I am contending, namely, that these old laws show that the distinction I think so important was early and largely recognized; and that while property itself was acknowledged, the laws of its enjoyment were regulated according to what was thought to be the general advantage. I am told, but I do not know of my own knowledge, that the laws in Prussia against the landowner and in favour of the discoverer and winner of mineral treasures are still more stringent than those of Cornwall or Derbyshire, yet I suppose that no one will contend that in Prussia the laws of property are disregarded, or that the principle of property is unsafe.

Take again, for a moment, the case of perpetuities, to which I have more than once alluded, as exemplified in gifts *inter vivos*, or in what, by a common but strange abuse of language, are called "munificent bequests," after a man has had all the enjoyment possible to him, to religious or charitable objects. Persons either not capable of attributing definite meaning to their language, or at least not accustomed to do so, talk of any interference with such dispositions as immoral, and brand it as sacrilege. The wisest clergyman who ever lived, as Mr. Arnold calls Bishop Butler, pointed out nearly a hundred and fifty years ago that all property is and must be regulated by the laws of the community; that we may with a good conscience retain any property whatever, whether coming from the Church or no, to which the laws of the State give title; that no man can give what he did not receive; and that, as no man can himself have a perpetuity, so he cannot give it to any one else. No answer has ever been attempted to Bishop Butler; none seems possible; yet men go on, like the Priest and Levite, pass it by on the other side, and repeat the parrot cry of immorality and sacrilege without ever taking the trouble to clear their minds, perhaps being congenitally

unable to do so, or to ascertain whether there is any argument which will "hold" upon which to justify the charge. These are they who

"might move
The wise man to that scorn which wisdom
holds
Unlawful ever,"

and from whom I part with this one word. There may be abundant and very good reasons for maintaining the inviolability of all gifts or bequests in perpetuity; there may be abundant and very good reasons for maintaining the contrary; but to call names does not advance an argument, abuse is not reasoning, and moderate and reasonable men are apt to distrust the soundness of a cause which needs such arts and employs such weapons.

Furthermore, it is often said that you may no doubt alter the laws of property on a proper case being shown for the alteration. Sensible men see that what Bishop Butler calls "plain absurdities" follow from any other doctrine. It would indeed be difficult, in the face of railway bills, gas bills, water bills, tramway bills, dock bills, harbour bills (the catalogue is endless) passed by the hundred every year through both Houses of Parliament, to deny that private property may be rightly interfered with for the public good, even when the public is represented chiefly, if not entirely, by a small band of speculators.

But then it is said you have no right to do it, except on proper compensation. I ask respectfully, however, what is the exact meaning of these words, "right" and "proper"? Is the absolute right, right, I say, not power, for that no man questions, is the absolute *right* of the State intended to be denied to deal with the common stock with or without compensation? And by proper compensation is it meant that the compensation is to be proper in the opinion of the person compensated, or the person compensating, or of whom? Or is it intended to say only that any change in the tenure of property or of

the laws of property made by law should be made with as little suffering to individuals as may be, and with as much consideration as possible for the present holders and present expectants of property, whether real or personal? If the latter proposition is intended, no man in his senses will differ from it. Men to whose personal loss the law is altered are, as matter of common fairness, to be considered in every way, and nothing should be done to their detriment which it is possible to avoid. Every one will agree in this. But if the *right* is questioned, and if the sufficiency of the compensation is to be determined by the person compensated, let this be considered. A foreign army lands, or a foreign fleet threatens our coasts. The general in command of the district, in the name of the Sovereign, that is, of the State, orders the destruction of a house which, if left standing, might be an important military position for the invading army; or it may be, as a military precaution, a large tract of cultivated country, gardens, orchards, or the like, has to be laid entirely waste. Have the owners a claim, a legal right, to compensation? It has been decided for centuries, in accordance with good sense, most certainly not. *Salus populi suprema lex.* Take another case which has actually happened. Parliament supplies the funds for a great public and national harbour, created by a huge breakwater, which the officers of the Sovereign construct. The effect of this great national work is to turn the tide of the sea full on to the lands of a beach-bounded proprietor some miles off, who could only save his land from utter destruction by the erection of a long and massive sea wall. Has he a claim, a legal right, to compensation? Again I answer most certainly not. *Salus populi suprema lex.* Many other cases might be put to which the answer would be the same, but these are enough for my purpose. And now as to the sufficiency of the compensation. The property is taken, and often in the opinion

of him who loses it no compensation is sufficient. Suppose the possessor of an ancient and beautiful house, endeared to him by a thousand tender and noble memories, is told that he must part with it for the public good. The public good comes to him perhaps represented by an engineer, a contractor, an attorney, a Parliamentary agent and a Parliamentary counsel. He is very likely well off in point of money, and does not at all want the compensation; but he is a man of feeling, or, if you will, of imagination, and he does want his house. He does not believe in the public caring two straws for the railway between Eatonswill and Mudborough. He thinks it hard that the engineer and the rest of them should pull down his old hall, and root up his beautiful pleasure-grounds. But he is told that the public good requires it, that a jury will give him compensation, and that he has no cause for complaint; and told sometimes by the very people who, when it is proposed to apply the same process for the same reasons to other rights or laws of property, are frantic in their assertion of the sacredness of these laws, and vehemently maintain that to touch one of them is to assail the existence of property and dissolve society. Once more, let us see things as they are, recognize distinctions, admit consequences, clear our minds, and if we must differ, as probably we must, let us differ without calling names or imputing motives.

These are individual instances; but all history, and, in a high degree, the history of these Islands is full of examples, in which the principle has been unhesitatingly applied to whole classes in the name of the public good. To corporations it has been constantly extended, artificial persons so far as the corporation itself goes, we know, yet made up of individuals who have had to submit to deprivation of property and consequent loss of position without a shadow of compensation. Monasteries, Colleges, Convents, Corporation Boroughs, and other Corporations have

all at different times of our history, and in different circumstances, been thought either partly or entirely inconsistent with the general welfare; and accordingly their property has been taken from them sometimes wholly, sometimes in part, sometimes by compulsory sale, sometimes by simple removal. Great proprietors in many cases now stand in the place of these corporations without any injury to the principle of property, though as a consequence of great changes in the laws regulating its enjoyment. And if in times to come, by the same means, and for the same reasons, other classes of the nation were to stand in the place of these great proprietors, it would no more follow then than it has followed now that the principle of property would be assailed, though the laws by which it is enjoyed might change. All laws of property must stand upon the foot of general advantage; a country belongs to the inhabitants; in what proportions and by what rules its inhabitants are to own it must be settled by the law; and the moment a fragment of the people set up rights inherent in themselves, and not founded on the public good, "plain absurdities" follow.

This, at least, seems to have been the view which, consciously or unconsciously, governed the English lawyers who invented, so greatly to the general advantage, the laws of copyhold. When the tenants had created the farms and built the homesteads on land which they held at the will of the lord, and out of which, by the theory of the law, they could be turned at his pleasure, though they had made one and built the other; and in respect of which, by the same theory, the lord might have made them pay a heavy rent for what was the fruit of their own hands; the English lawyers intervened with the healing doctrine of the custom of the manor, by which fixity of tenure was secured to the tenant, and the lord's exactions were curbed within fixed and reasonable limits. Compulsory enfranchisement has followed of

late years ; but the mitigating effect of manorial custom in harsher times can hardly be over-rated ; and the absence of such an influence in the sister Island, where there are no manors, has sharpened and intensified those hostile feelings between the lord and the tenant, which are apt to grow up even in the most favourable circumstances, and under the best system of land-laws in the world.

I cannot quit this subject without a word of respectful admiration for the manner in which the present Lord Chancellor, my honoured friend of many years, is dealing with the laws relating to real property in England, and making large changes in them. These changes may not be all which some of us would desire, but I hope, if it ever reaches him, he will not be displeased at the hearty tribute paid by a political opponent to the courage, the wisdom, the true patriotism with which he is undertaking the task, difficult to a man in his position and with his opinions, of smoothing and easing the transition, in these days inevitable, from feudalism to democracy.

It is interesting in this relation to note the very different views taken by the same persons of substantially the same things, according to the point of view from which they are regarded. We have heard a good deal lately, I do not say too much, of the enormous importance of maintaining the Eighth Commandment ; and there can be no doubt that the Eighth Commandment is an elementary law of morals, and should be regarded as one of the vital principles of political ethics. But till very lately the Eighth Commandment had no application, at least in England, to the money of a wife if it came to her after marriage. As Lord Lyndhurst once said, a man might steal his wife's money to keep a mistress, and somehow or other this was not forbidden by the Eighth Commandment. As matter of history, the great difficulty in getting this Commandment applied to the wife's prop-

erty was raised by those who are most emphatic as to its obligations in other matters. After many struggles the power of stealing was forbidden up to 200*l*. At this point the matter remained for some years. Then an attempt was made to extend the prohibition to all the wife's property ; but the measure was swept away with scorn by a great nobleman who, on questions of this sort, held the House of Lords in the hollow of his hand. A few years passed, and the same great nobleman carried the same Bill as his own, without a word of acknowledgement on his part, or of remonstrance on that of the authors of it, who were too glad of the result to say a single syllable as to *his* breach of this great precept.

Again, there are points connected with the law of distress, and, I presume, of hypothec (though here I speak with the becoming diffidence of an ignorant English lawyer), the justice of which, at least to the ordinary and uninstructed mind, certainly seems to need explanation. To seize one man's goods who owes nothing to any one to pay the debt of another does at first sight seem a breach of the Eighth Commandment. But it is still the law in England as to agisted cattle and as to all goods except such as are protected by the Lodgers' Act of very recent times. And I remember very well a very honourable man, a friend of mine, who rented a handsome set of rooms in London, and who was also landlord of a large farm near London. He had duly paid his rent, but some valuable property of his was seized by the superior landlord of the house, to whom he owed nothing, and this he thought oppressive and unjust ; but he seized without a pang the cattle of a man who owed him nothing which had been agisted on land occupied by his tenant, who owed him rent, and this he maintained to be a just and proper exercise of the rights of property. I have not invented this example. My friend was a very intelligent man, and I give the facts as an

instance of how the point of view may distort the vision, and how hard it is for even the best of us to keep the head cool and the mind unclouded. How the owner of the agisted cattle looked upon my friend's seizure I may guess perhaps, but I do not know.

Again, a great nobleman or a millionaire, who owns half the land in a county, hungers after the possession of the other half; and the indulgence in *this* land-hunger is a dignified and honourable taste, inspired by high feeling worthy of a man of rank and wealth, and by all means to be encouraged. A poor peasant hungers after the possession of a few acres which he occupies, but *his* land-hunger for that which is to him, as Lord Chancellor Blackburne said, a necessity of life, for the soil which he has reclaimed, and for the hut which he has built, this is a breach of the spirit and letter of the Decalogue, something between petty larceny and highway robbery, to be condemned of all well-educated and rightly-affected men, forbidden by the rules of political economy, and its indulgence to be discouraged, and, as far as may be, made impossible by law. Yet surely both hungers are alike defensible, alike permissible; nay, perhaps the hunger of the peasant is the better of the two, so far as the desire for subsistence is better than the love of power.

We may assume that, as a rule, no changes in the laws of property or the conditions of its enjoyment are likely to be made, or ought to be made, except either with the consent of persons affected by the change, or with compensation if his assent is not given. What should be the terms of compensation, and whether any but the actual owners of property should receive it, are details, not principle, and it would be unprofitable to discuss them. The rule, no doubt, will always be what I have stated. But a very slight acquaintance with English history is enough to tell us that this rule has been by no means universally ob-

served; and the long series of Parliamentary Resumptions of Crown grants from the time of Henry III. to the time of William III. proves this statement beyond question. Some of these Acts were no doubt procured by the kings themselves; but some certainly were passed by no means to please the reigning Sovereign; and when the lands and other revenues allotted for the service of the King and of the State have been parted with, Parliaments, at least in England, have seldom failed to relieve and to restore affairs by Acts of Resumption. The whole history and the details of this question are to be found in a small volume published about the end of the reign of William III., under the title of "A Discourse upon Grants and Resumptions." I quote from the second edition published at London in the year 1700. The author of it, as I am informed by the librarian of the Middle Temple, was Dr. Charles Davenant, son of Sir William Davenant, the author of the much praised but little read poem of "Gondibert," who asserted himself to be the son of Shakespeare. Dr. Davenant was Inspector of Plays, and his work was highly praised by Sir John Sinclair, and by that Duke of Grafton, whom we know through Junius. Whether he deserved, in all his writings, the praise they gave him, I cannot pretend to say; but this work of his seems to me to be full of information collected from sources not generally or readily accessible, and it is put together with an unusual amount of ability and literary skill. The instances there collected seem to me to show with great fulness of authority, that property is not inherently in this class or in that, in this man or in that, that laws of property are, like all other laws, made by the State for the State, and are the expression of what is from time to time the judgment of that cultivated intelligence which, in a free country, controls and leads the opinion of the State upon the various subjects of its laws.

It is very true that all change, or almost all change, of the laws of property affects either existing rights, or rights which reversioners might naturally regard as certainly coming to themselves. This is a reason why, as I have already said, every such change should be made with care and tenderness, without unnecessary disturbance, with compensation satisfactory, if it may be, even to the persons unfavourably affected by the change, and doing no violence to the great principle, that right must not be compassed by wrong, nor evil done that good may come of it. But it is not wrong to change the law on good reason and fair terms; it is not evil to vindicate the supremacy of the State over that which is being employed for its destruction.

I have spoken in the abstract, and have discussed principles, and not details, because I have been struck with the mischief done by the unquestioned assertion of so-called principles, which I think false and absurd, and which, if admitted, would bind us down with adamant chains which we could never break, because it would be immoral even to attempt to remove them. It would be well indeed that all owners of property in land or money, from the largest to the smallest, should recognize distinctly that their title to the enjoyment of it must rest upon the same foundation; Law, whether positive or prescriptive; Law which is practical and intelligible; not upon anything sacred, or mystical and transcendental, and that the mode and measure of their enjoyment of the common stock of the State, if it injures the State, can no more be defended, and will no more endure, than can any other public mischief or nuisance, be it criminal or be it civil. All this will be found insisted upon by the great writer, Mr. Austin, to whom I have more than once referred, and expressed by him with an ability which I wish for in vain, and an authority to which I can make no pretension.

It is no doubt often said that to

change the laws of property involves, as a rule, an interference with free contract; and that to interfere with freedom of contract is a mischievous violation of one of the elementary doctrines of political economy. I am certainly not so foolish as to attack freedom of contract, or to deny that, as a general rule, it is the soundest foundation for business relations between man and man. Nor do I question that, speaking generally, to interfere with it is mischievous and demoralizing, unjust to those against whom we interfere, and injurious to the manliness and self-reliance of those in whose apparent interest the interference is made. But freedom of contract implies that both parties to it are really, and not nominally, free. There can be no free contract between a slave and his owner; none with a little child; none where one party to a so-called contract can impose, and the other party to it must accept its terms, however burdensome, however inherently unjust. Under the truck-system (I speak, I am sorry to say, from the evidence given before the last Truck Commission, and from the yearly reports of the inspectors of factories) it is possible to deliver over men and women into a degrading, hopeless, life-long slavery, from which there is practically no escape, and against which there is practically no redress, by so arranging the payment of wages that a debt is created which can never be paid off, and the service is so hampered that it cannot be relinquished except at a sacrifice, always very serious, sometimes absolutely ruinous. The forms of free contract, however, are observed, and political economists of the doctrinaire order wax hot, and almost rise into eloquence in denouncing all attempts to relieve the modern slave, lest the sacrosanct principle of freedom of contract should be even in appearance violated.

But what is free will in a contract—not in theological or metaphysical language, but in plain sense and according to common understanding?

Not surely where a man is in the old Homeric phrase *ἐκὼν ἀέκοντί γε θυμῷ*, a state of mind as ancient as Homer, and as modern as Lord Tennyson. Aristotle, at the beginning of the third book of the Nicomachean Ethics, has collected a number of instances in which, though the will is nominally free, the action cannot in any sense be called voluntary; and Aristotle might have taught our politico-economical friends with a wisdom and intelligence which more than two thousand years have not availed to lessen, that a contract nominally free may be a cruel instrument of tyranny and oppression to be denounced by moralists and summarily set aside by fair and just laws? Where was the freedom of the almsgiver to the soldier in "Gil Blas," who "had mounted the barrel of a confounded long carbine on two cross sticks, and seemed to be taking aim at" him of whom he begged, and who "received the charity of those quiet subjects who had not the courage to refuse it"? Where the freedom of Isaac of York, in "Ivanhoe," who lent his money to Prince John? "But, father," said Rebecca, "you seemed to give the gold to Prince John willingly." "Willingly! the blotch of Egypt upon him! willingly saidst thou? ay, as willingly as when in the Gulf of Lyons, I flung over my merchandize to lighten the ship while she laboured in the tempest; robbed the seething billows in my choice silks; perfumed their briny foam with myrrh and aloes, enriched their caverns with gold and silver work. And was that not an hour of unutterable misery though my own hands made the sacrifice?" Examples and quotations might be multiplied without end; these are enough to show that there is no freedom of contract where the parties are not really free, and to make us say with Mr. Austin, when we are pressed not to interfere with contracts which are free only in name, lest we should infringe this sacred principle, that "we hope we are not to have our throats crammed with rubbish of this

sort." Let those who idolise freedom of contract after this fashion and to this extent remember what they generally forget, that they must, in consistency, denounce every statute which allows of and regulates bankruptcy, from James VI. of Scotland to Mr. Chamberlain.

I should exhaust your patience if I were to extend to other subjects the treatment I have endeavoured to apply to a few of those matters which we meet with every day, on which it is most important to have clear ideas, but as to which we have constantly to listen to, not intelligent argument, not reasonable and discriminating criticism, but (if I may slightly vary a phrase which promises to become famous) "the dreary drip of doctrinaire declamation." What I have said aspires to no originality, pretends to no depth. It is commonplace enough, but I hope that it is true. Indeed, the things I have insisted on appear to me so trite that, to judge by what I hear around me, it is often forgotten that they are true. "That a thing is true," says Cardinal Newman, "is no reason that it should be said, but that it should be done; that it should be acted upon, that it should be made our own inwardly. Let us aim," he goes on, "at meaning what we say, and saying what we mean; let us aim at knowing when we understand a thing, and when we do not." "Iterations," says another great man (Lord Bacon), "are commonly loss of time: but there is no such gain of time as to iterate often the *state of the question*, for it chaseth away many a frivolous speech as it cometh forth."

I have tried to put a few things as they really are, to state them as they are in themselves, unobscured by passion, undistorted by prejudice. I wish I may have in the smallest degree mitigated controversy by clearing the view of its subjects; or even made a man here and there think better of an opponent by a more accurate understanding of what it is which he opposes. In these days of fierce

dispute it is something to ascertain the limits within which we are to contend, something to be assured that the contest is on matters which leave the great foundations on which society is built as secure as ever and entirely unassailed. It may serve in some humble fashion to assuage anger, mitigate dislike, enlarge and deepen charity. There is enough of evil in the world, enough of hatred amongst men, enough of absolutely essential difference. Let all who mean the same thing, though they may not use the same words, strive to clear their minds, and as a consequence make less of their differences and more of their sympathies.

“Est hominum sors ista ; magis felicibus ut mors

Sit cita, cum miseros vita diurna necat,”

is the pathetic complaint of Avienus ;

but we may do something to mitigate the melancholy of life if we can allay animosity, soften asperity, lead men to realize the true proportions of controversy, and dispute when they must dispute, with fairness, courtesy, and good temper. To contribute to this end in the humblest measure has been my object to-night, and I now thank you heartily for your patience, which, like other virtues, has been its own sole reward ; and end by adopting the noble words of the great speech of Æschines, no doubt unconsciously imitated in the last verses of the second book of Maccabees—“Here I will make an end ; and if well, it is that which I desired ; but if slenderly and meanly, it is that which I could attain unto.”

COLERIDGE.

NOTE.—It is perhaps sufficiently obvious ; but I wish it to be remembered by any reader of this paper that everything cannot be said at once ; and that the assertion of one proposition does not involve the denial of another which is different from it, unless the latter be also inconsistent with and contradictory to the former.

THE REVERBERATOR.¹

V.

GASTON PROBERT made his plan, imparting it to no one but his friend Waterlow, whose help indeed he needed to carry it out. These confidences cost him something, for the clever young painter found his predicament amusing and made no scruple of showing it. Probert was too much in love, however to be discountenanced by sarcasm. This fact is the more noteworthy as he knew that Waterlow scoffed at him for a purpose—had a theory that that kind of treatment would be salutary. The French taste was in Waterlow's "manner," but it had not yet coloured his view of the relations of a young man of spirit with parents and pastors. He was Gallic to the tip of his finest brush, but the humour of his early American education could not fail to obtrude itself in discussion with a friend in whose life the principle of authority played so large a part. He accused Probert of being afraid of his sisters, which was a crude way (and he knew it), of alluding to the rigidity of the conception of the family among people who had adopted, and had even to Waterlow's sense, as the phrase is, improved upon, the usages of France. That did injustice (and this the artist also knew), to the delicate nature of the bond which united the different members of the house of Probert, who were each for all and all for each. Family feeling among them was not a tyranny, but a religion, and in regard to Mesdames de Brécourt, de Cliché and de Douves what Gaston was most afraid of was seeming to them not to love them. None the less Charles Waterlow, who thought he had charming

parts, held that the best way had not been taken to make a man of him, and the spirit in which the painter sometimes endeavoured to repair this mishap was altogether benevolent, though the form was frequently rough. Waterlow combined in an odd manner many of the forms of the Parisian studio with the moral and social ideals of Brooklyn, Long Island, where his first seeds had been implanted.

Gaston Probert desired nothing better than to be a man; what bothered him (and it is perhaps a proof that his instinct was gravely at fault), was a certain vagueness as to the constituents of this personage. He should be made more nearly, as it seemed to him, a brute were he to sacrifice in such an effort the decencies and pieties—holy things all of them—in which he had been reared. It was very well for Waterlow to say that to be a genuine man it was necessary to be a little of a brute; his friend was willing, in theory, to assent even to that. The difficulty was in application, in practice—as to which the painter declared that all that would be simple enough if it only didn't take so much account of the marchioness, the countess and—what was the other one?—the duchess. These young amenities were exchanged between the pair (while Gaston explained, almost as eagerly as if he were scoring a point, that the other one was only a *baronne*), during that brief journey to Spain of which mention has already been made, during the later weeks of the summer, after their return (the young men spent a fortnight together, on the coast of Brittany), and above all during the autumn, when they were settled in Paris for the winter, when Mr. Dosson had reappeared, according to the engagement with his daughters, when the

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sittings for the portrait had multiplied (the painter was unscrupulous as to the number he demanded), and the work itself, born under a happy star, took on more and more the aspect of a masterpiece. It was at Grenada that Gaston really broke out; there, one balmy night, he communicated to his companion that he would marry Francina Dosson or would never marry any one. The declaration was the more striking as it came after an interval: many days had elapsed since their separation from the young lady and many new and beautiful objects had engaged their attention. It appeared that poor Probert had been thinking of her all the while, and he let his friend know that it was that dinner at St. Germain that had finished him. What she had been there Waterlow himself had seen: he would not controvert the proposition that she had been irresistible.

In November, in Paris (it was months and weeks before the artist began to please himself), the enamoured youth came very often to the Avenue de Villiers, toward the end of a sitting; and until it was finished, not to disturb the lovely model, he cultivated conversation with the elder sister: Gaston Probert was capable of that. Delia was always there of course, but Mr. Dosson had not once turned up, and the newspaper man happily appeared to have taken himself off. The new aspirant learned in fact from Miss Dosson that a crisis in the affairs of his journal had recalled him to the seat of that publication. When the young ladies had gone (and when he didn't go with them—he accompanied them not rarely), the visitor was almost lyrical in his appreciation of his friend's work; he had no jealousy of the insight which enabled him to reconstitute the girl on canvas with that perfection. He knew that Waterlow painted her too well to be in love with her, and that if he himself could have attacked her in that fashion he wouldn't have wanted to marry her. She bloomed there, on the easel, as brightly as in life, and

the artist had caught the sweet essence of her beauty. It was exactly the way in which her lover would have chosen that she should be represented, and yet it had required a perfectly independent hand. Gaston Probert mused on this mystery and somehow felt proud of the picture, though it was as little his property, as yet, as the young lady herself was.

When, in December, he told Waterlow of his plan of campaign the latter said, "I will do anything in the world you like—anything you think will help you—but it passes me, my dear fellow, why in the world you don't go to them and say, 'I've seen a girl who is as good as cake and as pretty as fire, she exactly suits me, I've taken time to think of it and I know what I want: therefore I propose to make her my wife. If you happen to like her, so much the better; if you don't, be so good as to keep it to yourselves.' That is much the most excellent way. Why, gracious heaven, all these mysteries and machinations?"

"Oh, you don't understand, you don't understand!" sighed Gaston Probert, with many wrinkles on his brow. "One can't break with one's traditions in an hour, especially when there is so much in them that one likes. I sha'n't love her more if they like her, but I shall love *them* more, and I care about that. You talk as a man who has nothing to consider. I have everything to consider—and I am glad I have. My pleasure in marrying her will be double if my father and my sisters accept her, and I shall greatly enjoy working out the business of bringing them round."

There were moments when Charles Waterlow resented the very terminology of his friend: he hated to hear a man talk about the woman he loved being "accepted." If one accepted her one's self or, rather, were accepted by her, that ended the matter, and the effort to bring round those who gave her the cold shoulder was scarcely consistent with self-respect. Probert explained that of course he knew his

relatives would only have to know Francina to like her, to delight in her; but that to know her they would first have to make her acquaintance. This was the delicate point, for social commerce with such people as Mr. Dosson and Delia was not in the least in their usual line, and it was impossible to disconnect the poor girl from her appendages. Therefore the whole question must be approached by an oblique movement: it would never do to march straight up to it. The wedge should have a narrow end, and Gaston was ready to declare that he had found it. His sister Susan was another name for it: he would break her in first, and she would help him to break in the others. She was his favourite relation, his intimate friend, and the most modern, the most Parisian and inflammable member of the family. She was not reasonable but she was perceptive; she had imagination and humour and was capable of generosity and enthusiasm and even of infatuation. She had had her own infatuations and ought to allow for those of others. She wouldn't like the Dossons, superficially, any better than his father or than Margaret or Jane (he called these ladies by their English names, but for themselves, their husbands, their friends and each other they were Suzanne, Marguerite and Jeanne); but there was a considerable chance that he might induce her to take his point of view. She was as fond of beauty and of the arts as he was: this was one of their bonds of union. She appreciated highly Charles Waterlow's talent, and there had been a good deal of talk about his painting her portrait: it is true her husband viewed the project with so much colder an eye that it had not been carried out.

According to Gaston's plan she was to come to the Avenue de Villiers to see what the artist had done for Miss Francie; her brother was to have stimulated her curiosity by his rhapsodies, in advance, rhapsodies bearing wholly upon the work itself, the example of Waterlow's powers, and

not upon the young lady, whom he was not to let her know at first that he had so much as seen. Just at the last, just before her visit, he was to tell her that he had met the girl (at the studio), and that she was as remarkable in her way as the picture. Seeing the picture and hearing this, Mme. de Brécourt, as a disinterested lover of charming impressions, would express a desire also to enjoy a sight of so rare a creature; upon which Waterlow was to say that that would be easy if she would come in some day when Miss Francie was sitting. He would give her two or three dates and Gaston would see that she didn't let the opportunity pass. She would return alone (this time he wouldn't go with her), and she would be as much struck as he hoped. Everything depended on that, but it couldn't fail. The girl would have to captivate her, but the girl could be trusted, especially if she didn't know who the demonstrative French lady was, with her fine plain face, her hair so flaxen as to be nearly white, her vividly red lips and protuberant, light-coloured eyes. Waterlow was to do no introducing and to reveal the visitor's identity only after she had gone. This was a charge he grumbled at; he called the whole business an odious comedy, but his friend knew that if he undertook it he would acquit himself honourably. After Mme. de Brécourt had been captivated (the question of whether Francie would be so received, in advance, no consideration), her brother would throw off the mask and convince her that she must now work with him. Another meeting would be arranged for her with the girl (in which each would appear in her proper character), and in short the plot would thicken.

Gaston Probert's forecast of his difficulties revealed a considerable faculty for analysis, but that was not rare enough in the French composition of things to make his companion stare. He brought Suzanne de Brécourt, she was enchanted with the portrait of the little American, and the rest of the

drama began to follow in its order. Mme. de Brécourt raved to Waterlow's face (she had no opinions behind people's backs), about his mastery of his craft ; she could say flattering things to a man with an assurance altogether her own. She was the reverse of egotistic and never spoke of herself ; her success in life sprang from a much cleverer selection of her pronouns. Waterlow, who liked her and wanted to paint her ugliness (it was so charming, as he would make it), had two opinions about her—one of which was that she knew a hundred times less than she thought (and even than her brother thought), of what she talked about ; and the other that she was after all not such a humbug as she seemed. She passed in her family for a shameless Radical and Bohemian ; she picked up expressions out of newspapers, but her hands and feet were celebrated, and her behaviour was not. That of her sisters, as well, had never been effectively exposed.

"But she must be charming, your young lady," she said to Gaston, while she turned her head this way and that as she stood before Francie's image. "She looks like a piece of sculpture—or something cast in silver—of the time of Francis the First ; something of Jean Goujon or Germain Pilon." The young men exchanged a glance, for this happened to be a capital comparison, and Gaston replied, in a detached way, that she was well worth seeing.

He went in to have a cup of tea with his sister on the day he knew she would have paid her second visit to the studio, and the first words she greeted him with were—"But she is admirable, your little girl—admirable, admirable !" There was a lady calling in the Place Beauvau at the moment—old Mme. d'Outreville, and she naturally asked who was the object of such enthusiasm. Gaston suffered Susan to answer this question ; he wanted to hear what she would say. She described the girl almost as well as he would have done, from the point

of view of the plastic, with a hundred technical and critical terms, and the old lady listened in silence, solemnly, rather coldly, as if she thought such talk a good deal of a *galimatias* : she belonged to the old-fashioned school, and held that a young lady was sufficiently catalogued when it was said that she had a dazzling complexion or the finest eyes in the world.

"*Qu'est-ce que c'est que cette merveille ?*" she inquired ; to which Mme. de Brécourt replied that it was a little American whom her brother had dug up. "And what do you propose to do with her, may one ask ?" Mme. d'Outreville demanded, looking at Gaston Probert with an eye which seemed to read his secret, so that for half a minute he was on the point of breaking out : "I propose to marry her—there !" But he contained himself, only mentioning for the present that he aspired to ascertain to what uses she was adapted ; meanwhile, he added, he expected to look at her a good deal, in the measure in which she would allow him. "Ah, that may take you far !" the old lady exclaimed, as she got up to go ; and Gaston glanced at his sister, to see if this idea struck her too. But she appeared almost provokingly exempt from alarm : if she had been suspicious it would have been easier to make his confession. When he came back from accompanying Mme. d'Outreville to her carriage he asked her if the girl at the studio had known who she was and if she had been frightened. Mme. de Brécourt stared ; she evidently thought that that kind of sensibility implied an initiation which a little American, accidentally encountered, couldn't possibly have. "Why should she be frightened ? She wouldn't be even if she had known who I was : much less therefore when I was nothing for her."

"Oh, you were not nothing for her !" Gaston declared ; and when his sister rejoined that he was too amiable he brought out his revelation. He had seen the young lady more often than he had told her ; he had particularly

wished that *she* should see her. Now he wanted his father and Jane and Margaret to do the same, and above all he wanted them to like her, even as she, Susan, liked her. He was delighted that she had been captivated—he had been captivated himself. Mme. de Brécourt protested that she had reserved her independence of judgment, and he rejoined that if she had thought Miss Dosson repulsive she might have expressed it in another way. When she inquired what he was talking about and what he wanted them all to do with her, he said: "I want you to treat her kindly, tenderly, for such as you see her I am thinking of making her my wife."

"Mercy on us—you haven't asked her?" cried Mme. de Brécourt.

"No, but I have asked her sister what she would say, and she tells me there would be no difficulty."

"Her sister?—the little woman with the big head?"

"Her head is rather out of drawing, but it isn't a part of the affair. She is very inoffensive, and she would be devoted to me."

"For heaven's sake then keep quiet. She is as common as a visiting-card."

"Not when you know her. Besides, that has nothing to do with Francie. You couldn't find words enough a moment ago to say that Francie is exquisite, and now you will be so good as to stick to that. Come, be intelligent!"

"Do you call her by her little name, like that?" Mme. de Brécourt asked, giving him another cup of tea.

"Only to you. She is perfectly simple. It is impossible to imagine anything better. And think of the delight of having that charming object before one's eyes—always, always! It makes a different thing of the future."

"My poor child," said Mme. de Brécourt, "you can't pick up a wife like that—the first little American that comes along. You know I hoped you wouldn't marry at all—

what a pity I think it—for a man. At any rate, if you expect us to like Miss—what's her name?—Miss Francie, all I can say is we won't. We can't!"

"I shall marry her then without your approbation."

"Very good. But if she deprives you of that (you have always had it, you are used to it, it's a part of your life), you will hate her at the end of a month."

"I don't care. I shall have had my month."

"And she—poor thing?"

"Poor thing, exactly! You will begin to pity her, and that will make you cultivate her, and that will make you find how adorable she is. Then you'll like her, then you'll love her, then you'll see how discriminating I have been, and we shall all be happy together again."

"But how can you possibly know, with such people, what you have got hold of?"

"By having the sense of delicate things. You pretend to have it, and yet in such a case as this you try to be stupid. Give that up; you might as well first as last, for the girl's an irresistible fact, and it will be better to accept her than to let her accept you."

Gaston's sister asked him if Miss Dosson had a fortune, and he said he knew nothing about that. Her father apparently was rich, but he didn't mean to ask for a penny with her. American fortunes moreover were the last things to count upon: they had seen too many examples of that. "Papa will never listen to that," Mme. de Brécourt replied.

"Listen to what?"

"To your not finding out—to your not asking for settlements—*comme cela se fait*."

"Excuse me, papa will find out for himself; and he will know perfectly whether to ask or whether to leave it alone. That's the sort of thing he does know. And he also knows perfectly that I am very difficult to place."

"To place?"

"To find a wife for. I'm neither fish nor flesh. I have no country, no career, no future; I offer nothing; I bring nothing. What position under the sun do I confer? There's a fatuity in our talking as if we could make grand terms. You and the others, are well enough: *qui prend mari prend pays*, and you have names which (at least so your husbands say) are tremendously illustrious. But papa and I—I ask you!"

"As a family *nous sommes très-bien*," said Mme. de Brécourt. "You know what we are—it doesn't need any explanation. We are as good as anything there is, and have always been thought so. You might do anything you like."

"Well, I shall never like to marry a Frenchwoman."

"Thank you, my dear!" Mme. de Brécourt exclaimed.

"No sister of mine is really French," returned the young man.

"No brother of mine is really mad. Marry whomever you like," Susan went on; "only let her be the best of her kind. Let her be a lady. Trust me, I've studied life. That's the only thing that's safe."

"Francie is the equal of the first lady in the land."

"With that sister—with that hat? Never—never!"

"What's the matter with her hat?"

"The sister's told a story. It was a document—it described them, it classed them. And such a dialect as they speak!"

"My dear, her English is quite as good as yours. You don't even know how bad yours is," said Gaston Probert.

"Well, I don't say 'Parus,' and I never asked an Englishman to marry me. You know what our feelings are," his companion pursued; "our convictions, our susceptibilities. We may be wrong—we may be hollow—we may be pretentious; we may not be able to say on what it all rests;

but there we are, and the fact is insurmountable. It is simply impossible for us to live with vulgar people. It's a defect no doubt, it's an immense inconvenience, and in the days we live in it's sadly against one's interest. But we are made like that and we must understand ourselves. It's of the very essence of our nature, and of yours exactly as much as of mine or of that of the others. Don't make a mistake about it, or you'll prepare for yourself a bitter future. I know what becomes of us. We suffer, we go through tortures, we die!"

The accent of passionate prophecy was in Mme. de Brécourt's voice, but her brother made her no immediate answer, only indulging restlessly in several turns about the room. At last he remarked, taking up his hat, "I shall come to an understanding with her to-morrow, and the next day, about this hour, I shall bring her to see you. Meanwhile please say nothing to any one."

Mme. de Brécourt looked at him a moment. He had his hand on the knob of the door. "What do you mean by her father's appearing rich? That's such a vague term. What do you suppose his means to be?"

"Ah, that's a question *she* would never ask!" cried the young man, passing out.

VI.

THE next morning he found himself sitting on one of the red satin sofas beside Mr. Dosson, in this gentleman's private room at the Hôtel de l'Univers et de Cheltenham. Delia and Francie had established their father in the old quarters; they expected to spend the winter in Paris, but they had not taken independent apartments, for they had an idea that when you lived that way it was grand but lonely—you didn't meet people on the staircase. The temperature was now such as to deprive the good gentleman of his usual resource of sitting in the court, and he had not yet dis-

covered an effective substitute for this recreation. Without Mr. Flack, at the cafés, he felt too much like a non-consumer. But he was patient and ruminant; Gaston Probert grew to like him and tried to invent amusements for him, took him to see the great markets, the sewers and the Bank of France, and put him in the way of acquiring a beautiful pair of horses (it is perhaps not superfluous to say that this was a perfectly straight proceeding on the youngman's part), which Mr. Dosson, little as he resembled a sporting character, found it a welcome pastime on fine afternoons to drive, with a highly scientific hand, from a smart *Américaine*, in the Bois de Boulogne. There was a reading-room at the banker's, where he spent hours engaged in a manner best known to himself, and he shared the great interest, the constant topic of his daughters—the portrait that was going forward in the Avenue de Villiers. This was the subject round which the thoughts of these young ladies clustered and their activity revolved: it gave a large scope to their faculty for endless repetition, for monotonous insistence, for vague and aimless discussion. On leaving Mme. de Brécourt Francie's lover had written to Delia that he desired half an hour's private conversation with her father on the morrow at half-past eleven; his impatience forbade him to wait for a more canonical hour. He asked her to be so good as to arrange that Mr. Dosson should be there to receive him and to keep Francie out of the way. Delia acquitted herself to the letter.

"Well, sir, what have you got to show?" asked Francie's father, leaning far back on the sofa and moving nothing but his head, and that very little, towards his interlocutor. Probert was placed sidewise, a hand on each knee, almost facing him, on the edge of the seat.

"To show, sir—what do you mean?"

"What do you do for a living? How do you subsist?"

"Oh, comfortably enough. Of course

it would be criminal in you not to satisfy yourself on that point. My income is derived from three sources. First, some property left me by my dear mother. Second, a legacy from my poor brother, who had inherited a small fortune from an old relation of ours who took a great fancy to him (he went to America to see her), and which he divided among the four of us in the will he made at the time of the war."

"The war! what war?" asked Mr. Dosson.

"Why the Franco-German——"

"Oh, *that* old war!" And Mr. Dosson almost laughed. "Well?" he softly continued.

"Then my father is so good as to make me a little allowance; and some day I shall have more—from him."

Mr. Dosson was silent a moment; then he observed, "Why, you seem to have fixed it so you live mostly on other folks."

"I shall never attempt to live on you, sir!" This was spoken with some vivacity by our young man; he felt the next moment that he had said something that might provoke a retort. But his companion only rejoined, mildly, impersonally:

"Well, I guess there won't be any trouble about that. And what does my daughter say?"

"I haven't spoken to her yet."

"Haven't spoken to her?"

"I thought it more orthodox to break ground with you first."

"Well, when I was after Mrs. Dosson I guess I spoke to her quick enough," Francie's father said, humorously. There was an element of reproach in this, and Gaston Probert was mystified, for the inquiry about his means, a moment before, had been in the nature of a challenge. "How'll you feel if she won't have you, after you have exposed yourself this way to me?" the old gentleman went on.

"Well, I have a sort of confidence. It may be vain, but God grant not! I think she likes me personally, but what I am afraid of is that she may consider that she knows too little

about me. She has never seen my people—she doesn't know what may be before her."

"Do you mean your family—the folks at home?" said Mr. Dosson. "Don't you believe that. Delia has moused around—*she* has found out. Delia's thorough!"

"Well, we are very simple, kindly, respectable people, as you will see in a day or two for yourself. My father and sisters will do themselves the honour to wait upon you," the young man declared with a temerity the sense of which made his voice tremble.

"We shall be very happy to see them, sir," Mr. Dosson returned, cheerfully. "Well now, let's see," he added, musing sociably. "Don't you expect to embrace any regular occupation?"

Probert looked at him, smiling. "Have *you* anything of that sort, sir?"

"Well, you have me there!" Mr. Dosson admitted, with a pleasant sigh. "It doesn't seem as if I required anything, I'm looked after so well. The fact is the girls support me."

"I shall not expect Miss Francie to support me," said Gaston Probert.

"You're prepared to enable her to live in the style to which she's accustomed?" And Mr. Dosson turned his eye upon him.

"Well, I don't think she will miss anything. That is, if she does she will find other things instead."

"I presume she'll miss Delia, and even me, a little."

"Oh, it's easy to prevent that," said Gaston Probert.

"Well, of course we shall be on hand. Continue to reside in Paris?" Mr. Dosson went on.

"I will live anywhere in the world she likes. Of course my people are here—that's a great tie. I am not without hope that it may—with time—become a reason for your daughter."

"Oh, any reason'll do where Paris is concerned. Take some lunch?" Mr. Dosson added, looking at his watch.

They rose to their feet, but before they had gone many steps (the meals of this amiable family were now served in an adjoining room), the young man

stopped his companion. "I can't tell you how kind I think it—the way you treat me, and how I am touched by your confidence. You take me just as I am, with no recommendation beyond my own word."

"Well, Mr. Probert, if we didn't like you we wouldn't smile on you. Recommendations, in that case, wouldn't be any good. And since we do like you there ain't any call for them either. I trust my daughters; if I didn't I'd have stayed at home. And if I trust them, and they trust you, it's the same as if I trusted you, ain't it?"

"I guess it is!" said Gaston, smiling.

His companion laid his hand on the door, but he paused a moment. "Now are you very sure?"

"I thought I was, but you make me nervous."

"Because there was a gentleman herelast year—I'd have put my money on *him*."

"A gentleman—last year?"

"Mr. Flack. You met him surely. A very fine man. I thought she favoured him."

"*Seigneur Dieu!*" Gaston Probert murmured, under his breath.

Mr. Dosson had opened the door, he made his companion pass into the little dining-room where the table was spread for the noon-day breakfast. "Where are the chickens?" he inquired disappointedly. Gaston thought at first that he missed a dish from the board, but he recognized the next moment the old man's usual designation of his daughters. These young ladies presently came in, but Francie didn't look at Mr. Probert. The suggestion just dropped by her father had given him a shock (the idea of the girl's "favouring" the newspaper-man was inconceivable), but the charming way she avoided his eye convinced him that he had nothing to fear from Mr. Flack.

That night (it had been an exciting day), Delia remarked to her sister that of course she could draw back: upon which Francie repeated the expression

interrogatively, not understanding it. "You can send him a note, saying you won't," Delia explained.

"Won't marry him?"

"Gracious, no! Won't go to see his sister. You can tell him it's her place to come to see you first."

"Oh, I don't care," said Francie, wearily.

Delia looked at her a moment very gravely. "Is that the way you answered him when he asked you?"

"I'm sure I don't know. He could tell you best."

"If you were to speak to me that way I should have said, 'Oh, well, if you don't want it any more than that!'"

"Well, I wish it was you," said Francie.

"That Mr. Probert was me?"

"No; that you were the one he liked."

"Francie Dosson, are you thinking of Mr. Flack?" her sister broke out, suddenly.

"No, not much."

"Well then, what's the matter?"

"You have ideas and opinions; you know whose place it is, and what's due, and what isn't. You could meet them all."

"Why, how can you say, when that's just what I'm trying to find out!"

"It doesn't matter any way; it will never come off," said Francie.

"What do you mean by that?"

"He'll give me up in a few weeks. I shall do something."

"If you say that again I shall think you do it on purpose!" Delia declared. "Are you thinking of George Flack?" she repeated, in a moment.

"Oh, do leave him alone!" Francie replied, in one of her rare impatiences.

"Then why are you so queer?"

"Oh, I'm tired!" said Francie, turning away. And this was the simple truth; she was tired of the consideration her sister saw fit to devote to the question of Mr. Probert's not having, since their return to Paris, brought his belongings to see them. She was overdone with Delia's theories

on this subject, which varied from day to day, from the assertion that he was keeping his intercourse with his American friends hidden from them because they were uncompromising, in their grandeur, to the doctrine that that grandeur would descend some day upon the *Hôtel de l'Univers et de Cheltenham* and carry Francie away in a blaze of glory. Sometimes Delia put forth the view that they ought to make certain of Gaston's omissions the ground of a challenge; at other times she opined that they ought to take no notice of them. Francie, in this connection, had no theories, no impulses of her own: and now she was all at once happy and freshly glad and in love and sceptical and frightened and indifferent. Her lover had talked to her but little about his kinsfolk, and she had noticed this circumstance the more because of a remark dropped by Charles Waterlow to the effect that he and his father were great friends: the word seemed to her odd in that application. She knew Gaston saw that gentleman, and the exalted ladies Mr. Probert's daughters, very often, and she therefore took for granted that they knew he saw her. But the most he had done was to say they would come and see her like a shot if once they should believe they could trust her. She had wished to know what he meant by their trusting her, and he had explained that it would appear to them too good to be true—that she should be kind to him: something exactly of that sort was what they dreamed of for him. But they had dreamed before and been disappointed, and now they were on their guard. From the moment they should feel they were on solid ground they would join hands and dance round her. Francie's answer to this fanciful statement was that she didn't know what the young man was talking about, and he indulged in no attempt on that occasion to render his meaning more clear: the consequence of which was that he felt he made a poor appearance. His uneasiness had not passed away, for many

things in truth were dark to him. He couldn't see his father fraternising with Mr. Dosson, he couldn't see Margaret and Jane recognizing an alliance in which Delia was one of the allies. He had answered for them because that was the only thing to do; and this only just failed to be criminally reckless. What saved it was the hope he founded upon Mme. de Brécourt and the sense of how well he could answer to the others for Francie. He considered that Susan had, in her first judgment of this young lady, committed herself; she had really comprehended her, and her subsequent protest, when she found what was in his heart, had been a retraction which he would make her in turn retract. The girl had been revealed to her, and she would come round. A simple interview with Francie would suffice for this result: he promised himself that at the end of half an hour she should be an enthusiastic convert. At the end of an hour she would believe that she herself had invented the match—had discovered the damsel. He would pack her off to the others as the author of the project; she would take it all upon herself, would represent her brother even as a little tepid. *She* would show nothing of that sort, but boast of her wisdom and energy; and she would enjoy the comedy so that she would forget she had opposed him even for a moment. Gaston Probert was a very honourable young man, but his programme involved a good many fibs.

VII.

It may as well be said at once that it was eventually carried out, and that in the course of a fortnight old Mr. Probert and his daughters alighted successively at the Hôtel de l'Univers et de Cheltenham. Francie's visit with her intended to Mme. de Brécourt bore exactly the fruit the young man had foreseen, and was followed the very next day by a call from this lady. She took Francie out with her in her carriage and kept her the whole

afternoon, driving her over half Paris, chattering with her, kissing her, delighting in her, telling her they were already sisters, paying her compliments which made the girl envy her art of beautiful expression. After she had carried her home the countess rushed off to her father's, reflecting with pleasure that at that hour she should probably find her sister Marguerite there. Mme. de Cliché was with the old man in fact (she had three days in the week for coming to the Cours la Reine); she sat near him in the firelight, telling him presumably her troubles: for Maxime de Cliché was not quite the pearl that they originally had supposed. Mme. de Brécourt knew what Marguerite did whenever she took that little ottoman and drew it close to her father's chair: she gave way to her favourite vice, that of dolefulness, which lengthened her long face more; it was unbecoming, if she only knew it. The family was intensely united, as we know; but that didn't prevent Mme. de Brécourt's having a certain sympathy for Maxime: he too was one of themselves, and she asked herself what *she* would have done if she had been a well-constituted man with a wife whose cheeks were like decks in a high sea. It was the twilight hour in the winter days, before the lamps, that especially brought her out; then she began her plaintive, complicated stories, to which her father listened with such angelic patience. Mme. de Brécourt liked his particular room in the old house in the Cours la Reine; it reminded her of her mother's life and her young days and her dead brother and the feelings connected with her first going into the world. Alphonse and she had had an apartment, by her father's kindness, under that familiar roof, so that she continued to pop in and out, full of her fresh impressions of society, just as she had done when she was a girl. She broke into her sister's confidences now; she announced her *trouvaille* and did battle for it bravely.

Five days later (there had been lively work in the meantime; Gaston

turned so pale at moments that she feared it would all result in a mortal illness for him, and Marguerite shed gallons of tears), Mr. Probert went to see the Dossons with his son. Mme. de Brécourt paid them another visit, a kind of official affair as she deemed it, accompanied by her husband; and the Baron de Douves and his wife, written to by Gaston, by his father and by Margaret and Susan, came up from the country, full of tension and responsibility. M. de Douves was the person who took the family, all round, most seriously, and most deprecated anything in the nature of crude and precipitate action. He was a very small black gentleman, with thick eyebrows and high heels (in the country, in the mud, he wore *sabots* with straw in them), who was suspected by his friends of believing that he looked like Louis XIV. It is perhaps a proof that something of the quality of this monarch was really recognized in him that no one had ever ventured to clear up this point by a question. "*La famille c'est moi*" appeared to be his tacit formula, and he carried his umbrella (he had very bad ones), with a kind of sceptral air. Mme. de Brécourt went so far as to believe that his wife, in confirmation of this, took herself in a manner for Mme. de Maintenon: she had lapsed into a provincial existence as she might have harked back to the seventeenth century; the world she lived in seemed about as far away. She was the largest, heaviest member of the family, and in the Vendée she was thought majestic, in spite of old clothes, of which she was fond and which added to her look of having come down from a remote past or reverted to it. She was at bottom an excellent woman, but she wrote *roy* and *foy* like her husband, and the action of her mind was wholly restricted to questions of relationship and alliance. She had an extraordinary patience of research and tenacity of grasp of a clue, and viewed people solely in the light projected upon them by others; that is, not as good or wicked, ugly or handsome, wise or foolish, but as grandsons,

nephews, uncles and aunts, brothers and sisters-in-law, cousins and second cousins. There was a certain expectation that she would leave memoirs. In Mme. de Brécourt's eyes this pair were very shabby, they didn't *payer de mine*, and they fairly smelt of their province; "but for the reality of the thing," she often said to herself, "they are worth all of us. We are diluted and they are pure, and any one with an eye would see it." "The thing" was the legitimist principle, the ancient faith and even, a little, the grand air.

The Marquis de Cliché did his duty with his wife, who mopped the decks, as Susan said, for the occasion, and was entertained in the red satin drawing-room by Mr. Dosson, Delia and Francie. Mr. Dosson wanted to go out when he heard of the approach of Gaston's relations, and the young man had to instruct him that this wouldn't do. The apartment in question had had a various experience, but it had probably never witnessed stranger doings than these laudable social efforts. Gaston was taught to feel that his family made a great sacrifice for him, but in a very few days he said to himself that he was safe now they knew the worst. They made the sacrifice, they definitely agreed to it, but they judged it well that he should measure the full extent of it. "Gaston must never, never, never be allowed to forget what we have done for him:" Mme. de Brécourt told him that Marguerite de Cliché had expressed herself in that sense at one of the family conclaves from which he had been absent. These high commissions sat, for several days, with great frequency, and the young man could feel that if there was help for him in discussion his case was promising. He flattered himself that he showed infinite patience and tact, and his expenditure of the latter quality in particular was in itself his only reward, for it was impossible he should tell Francie what arts he had to practise for her. He liked to think, however, that he practised them successfully; for

he held that it was by such arts the civilized man is distinguished from the savage. What they cost him was made up simply in this—that his private irritation produced a kind of cheerful glow in regard to Mr. Dosson and Delia, whom he couldn't defend nor lucidly explain nor make people like, but whom he had ended, after so many days of familiar intercourse, by liking extremely himself. The way to get on with them—it was an immense simplification—was just to love them; one could do that even if one couldn't talk with them. He succeeded in making Mme. de Brécourt seize this nuance: she embraced the idea with her quick inflammability. "Yes," she said, "we must insist on their positive, not on their negative merits: their infinite generosity, their native delicacy. Their native delicacy, above all; we must work that!" And the brother and sister excited each other magnanimously to this undertaking. Sometimes, it must be added, they exchanged a glance which expressed a sudden slightly alarmed sense of the responsibility they had put on.

On the day Mr. Probert called at the Hôtel de l'Univers et de Cheltenham with his son, the pair walked away together, back to the Cours la Reine, without any immediate conversation. All that was said was some words of Mr. Probert's, with Gaston's rejoinder, as they crossed the Place de la Concorde.

"We should have to have them to dinner."

The young man noted his father's conditional, as if his acceptance of the Dossons were not yet complete; but he guessed, all the same, that the sight of them had not made a difference for the worse: they had let the old gentleman down more easily than was to have been feared. The call had not been noisy—a confusion of sounds: which was very happy, for Mr. Probert was particular in this—he could bear French noise but he couldn't bear American. As for English, he pretended that it didn't exist. Mr. Dosson had scarcely spoken to him

and yet had remained perfectly placid, which was exactly what Gaston would have chosen. Francie's lover knew, moreover (though he was a little disappointed that no charmed exclamation should have been dropped as they quitted the hotel), that her spell had worked: it was impossible the old man shouldn't have liked her.

"Ah, do ask them, and let it be very soon," he replied. "They'll like it so much."

"And whom can they meet—who can meet *them*?"

"Only the family—all of us: *au complet*. Other people we can have later."

"All of us, *au complet*—that makes eight. And the three of them," said Mr. Probert. Then he added, "Poor creatures!" This exclamation gave Gaston much pleasure; he passed his hand into his father's arm. It promised well; it denoted a sentiment of tenderness for the dear little Dossons, confronted with a row of fierce French critics, judged by standards that they had never even heard of. The meeting of the two parents had not made the problem of their commerce any more clear; but young Probert was reminded freshly by his father's ejaculation of that characteristic kindness which was really what he had built upon. The old gentleman, heaven knew, had prejudices, but if they were numerous, and some of them very curious, they were not rigid. He had also such nice inconsistent feelings, such irrepressible indulgences, and they would ease everything off. He was in short an old darling, and with an old darling, in the long run, one was always safe. When they reached the house in the Cours la Reine Mr. Probert said: "I think you told me you are dining out."

"Yes, with our friends."

"Our friends?" *Comme vous y allez!* Come in and see me, then, on your return; but not later than half-past ten."

From this the young man saw that he had swallowed the dose; if he had made up his mind that it wouldn't do

he would have announced the circumstance without more delay. This reflection was most agreeable, for Gaston was perfectly aware of how little he himself would have enjoyed a struggle. He would have carried it through, but he couldn't bear to think of it, and the sense that he was spared it made him feel at peace with all the world. The dinner at the hotel became a little banquet in honour of this state of things, especially as Francie and Delia raved, as they said, about his papa.

"Well, I expected something nice, but he goes far beyond," Delia remarked. "That's my idea of a gentleman."

"Ah, for that —!" said Gaston.

"He's so sweet. I'm not a bit afraid of him," Francie declared.

"Why should you be?"

"Well, I am of you," the girl went on.

"Much you show it!" her lover exclaimed.

"Yes, I am," she insisted, "at the bottom of all."

"Well, that's what a lady should be — of her husband."

"Well, I don't know; I'm more afraid than that. You'll see."

"I wish you were afraid of talking nonsense," said Gaston Probert.

Mr. Dosson made no observation whatever about their honourable visitor; he listened in genial, unprejudiced silence. It is a sign of his prospective son-in-law's perfect comprehension of him that Gaston knew this silence not to be in any degree restrictive: it didn't mean that he had not been pleased. Mr. Dosson had simply nothing to say; he had not, like Gaston, a sensitive plate in his brain, and the important events of his life had never been personal impressions. His mind had had absolutely no history of that sort, and Mr. Probert's appearance had not produced a revolution. If the young man had asked him how he liked his father he would have said, at the most, "Oh, I guess he's all right!" But what was more candid

even than this, in Gaston's view (and it was quite touchingly so), was the attitude of the good gentleman and his daughters toward the others, Mesdames de Douves, de Brécourt and de Cliché and their husbands, who had now all filed before them. They believed that the ladies and the gentlemen alike had covered them with endearments, were candidly, gushingly glad to make their acquaintance. They had not in the least seen what was manner, the minimum of decent profession, and what the subtle resignation of old races who have known a long historical discipline and have conventional forms for their feelings — forms resembling singularly little the feelings themselves. Francie took people at their word when they told her that the whole *manière d'être* of her family inspired them with an irresistible sympathy: that was a speech of which Mme. de Cliché had been capable, speaking as if for all the Proberts and for the old noblesse of France. It wouldn't have occurred to the girl that such things need have been said as a mere garniture. Her lover, whose life had been surrounded with garniture, and who therefore might have been expected not to notice it, had a fresh sense of it now: he reflected that manner might be a very misleading symbol, might cover pitfalls and bottomless gulfs, when it had attained that perfection and corresponded so little to fact. What he had wanted was that his people should be very civil at the hotel; but with such a high standard of compliment where, after all, was sincerity? And without sincerity how could people get on together when it came to their settling down to common life? Then the Dossons might have surprises, and the surprises would be painful in proportion as their present innocence was great. As to the high standard itself there was no manner of doubt: it was magnificent in its way.

HENRY JAMES.

DOCTOR FAUSTUS AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

THE great transitional periods of history have a fascination peculiarly their own. The special characteristics of the civilization which is expiring seem in them to flower into a rank luxuriance unknown to their days of health and vigour: they exhibit a change like the unnatural appearance of energy which in some diseases is the herald of death. The manners, customs and beliefs of the dying epoch assert themselves in an exaggerated and altered form, and, as it were, with a certain self-consciousness which seems to betoken a sense of insecurity and a struggle against approaching dissolution, yet, strange to say, often assimilating the while some of those very tendencies which are destined to supersede them.

Thus, the period with which this paper is concerned, marking the line between the mediæval and the modern worlds, exhibits the spirit and many of the institutions of the Middle Ages in an exaggerated and distorted form. Never before has the magnificence of the Prince, the Noble, the Ecclesiastic, been so great: never before has the poverty and degradation of the Serf been so real. Of all the feudal oppressions none have approached the despotisms of such sovereigns as Henry the Eighth, Francis the First, or Charles the Fifth. Never had mediæval baron exceeded in lawlessness the knights of the Palatinate. Never had the Church been so wealthy or so powerful outwardly as in the decade immediately preceding the rupture: never throughout the whole period of the Middle Ages had men's minds generally been so keenly occupied with theological questions: never before did Astrology, Alchemy, and the Occult Sciences in general, exert such a fascination over so many intellects, or the Black Art excite such

apprehension. Like all ages of transition, the sixteenth century was an age of material and intellectual unrest; and this twofold characteristic of the period was embodied in one of its most notable social products—the travelling scholar. The invention of printing had given wide currency to ideas which in an earlier century would have been confined to the monastery; and the doctrines and aspirations here referred to are immediately traceable to the New Learning which had arisen in the preceding century.

The emigration from Constantinople had opened up to the Western World the literature of the last period of transition, that of the fall of Classical Antiquity—the works of the Neo-Platonists, of the Pseudo-Orpheus, of Hermes Trismegistus; and, last but not least, the mysteries of the Jewish Kabbala had been expounded by Reuchlin and others. Letters had now ceased to be the exclusive appanage of the clerical class and were beginning to be pursued as a calling special to itself, with the travelling scholar as its more or less humble representative. He went about from town to town, and from village to village, in the combined character of teacher, astrologer, divinator, and doctor, offering his services in return for such entertainment and reward as the means or liberality of his hosts admitted. Like the minstrel of an earlier age, he was generally welcomed and treated with an amount of respect wherever he went. But the goal of a travelling scholar's ambition was always some sort of appointment, however humble, at one of the established seats of learning. The mythical embodiment of this type is Doctor Faustus.

In the following pages it is proposed to consider briefly, first the

question as to the historical existence of Faustus, together with such traces of the myth as are discoverable previous to its receiving literary form in the Frankfort Faust-Book of 1587; and next to attempt a sketch of two undoubtedly historical personages who flourished at the same time and may be taken as living representatives of the type to which Faustus belonged. If we admit an historical Faustus at all, the legend has the peculiar interest of being the last instance in history of the complete incrustation of a real personality in myth. The mediæval spirit had always been inclined to assign unusual gifts or learning to an infernal origin: the notion of an actual compact with the Devil, moreover, was not by any means new. It had been embodied in one form or another in sundry early Christian legends and was generally familiar to popular mediæval thought. It nevertheless fastened itself with pre-eminent force on the German mind of the sixteenth century, and as a natural consequence speedily assumed the shape of a myth.

The more learned itinerant scholar of the sixteenth century had been preceded, in the days before the invention of printing and the revival of letters, by the itinerant fortune-teller, who is a noticeable figure in mediæval society from the thirteenth century onwards. It would seem that a personage of this description was notorious in the fifteenth century, who called himself, or was called, Faustus, or the Fortunate One. Of this individual we know nothing, and the only evidence we have of his existence, is the inference from the statement of the Abbot Johann von Trittenheim in 1507, respecting a certain *magister* Georgius Sabellicus, then living, who described himself as Faustus the Younger. This letter of Trittenheim's is the most important piece of contemporary evidence as to the existence of an historical Faustus we possess. The name, indeed, appears therein for the first time. The Abbot writes from Würzburg, August 20th, 1507, to the court-Astrologer of the

Electoral Palatine, Johann Virdung von Hasfurt, the same who cast the horoscope of Melanchthon.

"The man," says he, "of whom you speak, this George Sabellicus, who impudently calls himself the Prince of Necromancers, is a vagabond and impostor, who only merits the whip to the end that in future he may cease to profess principles so odious and so contrary to the Holy Church. What indeed are the titles that he claims but the mark of a foolish and vain mind, in which pride takes the place of Philosophy! Behold how he styles himself: *Magister Georgius Sabellicus Faustus Minor, Prince of Necromancers, Astrologer, second Magian, Chiromancist, Agromancist, Pyromancist and second Hydromancist*. Behold the mad audacity of this man who dares to proclaim himself the Prince of Necromancers, and who, ignorant of all letters, should rather style himself fool than master! But his perversity is known to me. On my return journey last year from Brandenburg, I encountered this man at the town of Gelnhausen, and at the hostelry there I heard speak of the brilliant promises he had the audacity to make. But when he knew of my arrival, he left the hostelry and never dared present himself before me. The pretences of his folly which he has had transmitted to you, he also sent to me by messenger. In the town priests reported to me that he had vaunted in the presence of a great number of people, of the possession of so great a science and memory, that if all the works of Plato and Aristotle were lost he, like another Esdras, could resuscitate them with more elegance than before. Later, when I was at Spire, he came to Würzburg, and actuated by the same vanity, is reported to have said before many people, that the miracles of Christ were not so marvellous but that he could do the same things as often as he pleased. During last Lent he came also to Kreuznach, and, as boastful as ever, he promised all manner of marvels, alleging that he was the first of all the Alchemists, and that he could accomplish every object of men's desires. Just at this time he obtained the post of professor which was vacant, through the interposition of Franz von Sickingen, the bailiff of your Prince, and a man much given to mysticism. But soon it was discovered that his system of education consisted of debauches with the students, and he only escaped punishment by a prompt flight: such is the reliable testimony I have to offer you concerning this man, whose arrival you await with so much impatience. When he presents himself before you, you will discover, not a philosopher, but a rogue and a charlatan. Adieu, remember me."

The evidence afforded by this letter is of the first importance; but there are one or two points in it which, as far as they go, must be allowed to discount the value of its testimony as to the

character of its hero. It is evident that Trittenheim had not personally come in contact with George Sabellicus. All that he knew concerning him was from report; and it is quite possible that the worthy Abbot himself, who, although he repudiated the Black Magic as befitted his position, was nevertheless much addicted to the pursuit of Alchemy, may not have been above allowing himself to be moved by professional jealousy. That Sabellicus was a man of some learning is indicated by the reference to Plato and Aristotle, also by the Academic post given him by that most enthusiastic patron of letters, and "last flower of German chivalry," Franz von Sickingen.

The next mention we find of the name Faust, is in the "*Acta Philosophica*" of Heidelberg University in the year 1509 where Johannes Faustus is mentioned as having obtained the degree of bachelor on January 15th, in that year. In 1513 Conrad Muth of Gotha, the humanist and friend of Reuchlin, writes in a letter to a brother ecclesiastic: "About eight days ago there came to Erfurt a Chiromancist of the name of Georgius Faustus Hemitheus Heidelbergeuses. He is simply a braggart and a fool . . . the unlearned, however, are dumb-founded by him. It is against him that the theologians should direct their attacks, rather than seek to destroy a philosopher like Reuchlin. I heard him prate at the hostelry, but did not chastise his presumption, for what matters to me the folly of a stranger?" Is this Faust of Muth identical with the one mentioned in the "*Acta*" of Heidelberg University, and is either of them the same with the George Sabellicus Faust of Trittenheim? These are questions very difficult to answer. The allusion to Heidelberg in the style and title of the Erfurt Faust of 1513, would seem to point to his identification with the student of 1509, were it not for the difference of Christian names. The one is Johannes, the other Georgius. This discrepancy, however, might be

explained. Against the identification of the Heidelberg Faust of 1509 with Trittenheim's Sabellicus, may be urged, in addition to the discrepancy between the Christian names, the much more important fact that the latter had, as it appears, some years previously occupied a position as teacher. Finally as against the identification of this latter with the Erfurt Faust of 1513, is to be alleged notwithstanding the identity of Christian name in this case, the omission of any mention of the name Sabellicus, and also the allusion to Heidelberg of which Trittenheim in his report says nothing whatever. The opinion expressed by Conrad Muth, of the desirability of Faustus being exposed by the theologians, is not very consistent with his own conduct in allowing him to impose on the good burghers of Erfurt unrebuked, merely on the ground that he was a stranger.

In the next notice of Faust, we find him described as a guest of Entenfuss, Abbot of Maulbronn, in 1516. A list of the Abbots of Maulbronn observes of Entenfuss, that he gave hospitality to his fellow-countryman, Faust. The worthy ecclesiastic, as might be expected, was an enthusiastic alchemist and had built a laboratory in one of the cloisters of the monastery which retained till recently the local appellation of Faust's kitchen. One of the towers of the building was also called Faust's tower, from a tradition of its having contained the apartments he occupied during his stay there. This would seem to close the strictly contemporary evidence respecting Doctor Faustus.

A legend of a later date represents Faust as at Leipzig in 1525, and as having in that year performed his celebrated exploit of riding out of Auerbach's cellar on the wine-tun. Two frescoes, dating probably from the seventeenth century, illustrative of this incident may be seen at this day on the walls of the establishment in question. The proprietor of the famous Gasthaus, who took the name of Auerbach from his birthplace in

Bavaria, was an ardent follower of the new doctrines in religion, as well as of the New Learning. It was with him that Luther dined in 1519, when he came to Leipzig to dispute with Eck. It is curious as regards this feat of equitation, that its traditional date, 1525, accords with that given in some versions of the legend as the year of Faust's death: it is also a year with which other incidents in the career of the legendary Faust are connected.

The legend which makes Faust a friend of Melanchthon rests on the supposed testimony of the latter's disciple Mennel, or Manlius, in his "Collectanea." But the passage has been misinterpreted as a quotation from Melanchthon himself, whereas Manlius is speaking in his own person. According to him, Faust was born at the little town of Kundling or Knitlingen in Wurtemberg, and studied at the university of Cracow in Poland, at that time a renowned seat of occult learning.

The passage in question contains the original explicit narrative of Faust's last day, and of his seizure and destruction at midnight in a village inn by demons. Manlius also makes Faust visit Wittenberg and Nuremberg, besides connecting him with the court of Charles the Fifth and the battle of Pavia, all of which points are incorporated in the later Faust-book.

Widman, the author of the second independent literary redaction of the Faust-legend, inserts a chapter headed "The opinion of Dr. Luther on Dr. Faust," the information contained in which he professes to have derived from a private document. The edition of Luther's "Tischreden" published in 1568 at Frankfort, however, contains a report of a conversation between Luther and his friends on the same subject. In this, among many instances of Faust's magical skill, Luther is made to relate how the Italian magician, Luk Gauric, Bishop of Civitate, had told him that once his own familiar spirit appeared to him, and tried to force him to leave Italy for Germany, alleging that Dr. Faust

possessed a more powerful spirit than himself, who could teach him many things: to which the Bishop diplomatically replied, that it was not seemly for one devil to run after another. But the genuineness of these conversations must always remain very doubtful.

We have now given all the evidence of any importance bearing upon the legend in its course of formation, and while it was mainly an oral tradition. The basis of the literary Faust-sage is the Faust-book of 1587, first sold at the Frankfort fair of that year, the title of which runs: "History of Dr. Johann Faust, the renowned magician and adept in the Black Arts; how he pledged himself to the devil at an appointed time, what strange adventures he passed through meanwhile, ordered and carried out by himself, till in the end he received his well-merited reward. For the most part derived from his own writings that he left behind, and printed as an awful example, frightful illustration and earnest warning to all vain, curious and Godless men." The work is dedicated by the writer and printer, Johann Spies, to his "most gracious dear lords and friends, Caspar Kolln, secretary to the Kurfürst of Mainz, and Hieronymus Haff, rent-master in the county of Königstein." In this little book all the widely dispersed legends, oral and written, respecting Dr. Faustus were brought together into literary shape. Its success was unbounded, and imitations sprang up in all directions. A year or two later appeared an English version, "The History of the damnable Life and deserved Death of Dr. John Faustus": a continuation appeared in 1594, entitled "The second report of Dr. John Faustus containing his appearances, and the deeds of Wagner, etc."; and before the end of the century histories of Faust were circulating throughout well-nigh every country of Western Europe. The only one of these embodying any new material is that of Widman, published at Hamburg in 1599, of which mention has already been made, and which is

declared to be based mainly on original sources. In addition to the prose versions numerous ballads also appeared ; and every strolling company of players was expected to have on its repertory some piece dealing with the career of the great magician. Marlowe seems to have founded his famous drama on the original Frankfort-book, the story of which, at least, was in all probability brought over to this country in the year of its publication by an English company of players who had been in the service of the Duke of Saxony. Henceforward the myth of Faust was established in the world's literature and art, and only awaited the final form it was to assume at the end of the eighteenth century from the hand of the master, who in making it the vehicle of his greatest conceptions raised it to an undying place in the higher thought of mankind.

It will be sufficiently clear from the above summary of evidence, that there are many links wanting to establish a definite historical personality. We cannot feel quite certain that in the Faustus referred to by Trittenheim, by the Archives of Heidelberg University, by Conrad Muth, by the traditions of the Maulbronn monastery, by Manlius, and others, we have before us one person or more than one. The most probable conclusion seems to be that we have to do with a type rather than a single individual. One of the established laws of the Myth was probably in operation here,—that, namely, whereby a single individual, either by accident or by some slight temporary prominence, becomes the centre round which cluster the characteristics and the traditions really covering a whole class. Every story of necromancy or of marvellous adventure, originating in great part in current beliefs, but in the first instance related of various persons, henceforth attached themselves to Doctor Faustus. He passed out of the domain of history into that of myth. As illustrating this point we propose now to consider the cases of two well-defined historical personages who also lived during the first

half of the sixteenth century, and the anecdotes told of whom bear a striking resemblance to those connected with the legend of Faustus.

The most prominent name among the necromantic scholars of the age in which Faustus is said to have lived is that of Theophrastus Paracelsus. The real name of this personage was Phillippus Aureolus Theophrastus Bombast von Hohenheim, or, as some accounts allege, Höhener, of which Paracelsus is the Latin translation. He is said to have been born in 1493 at Einsiedeln in Switzerland, where his father (who was probably of a Swabian family), driven from his native land by poverty, had settled down a short time previously. Probably induced by his characteristic love of effect Paracelsus, not content with the names he already possessed, added to them the name of his birth-place in a Latinised form, Eremita. His earliest training was from his father, and naturally in the direction of his father's faculty of Medicine. Young Theophrastus seems to have shown the taste for the Occult Sciences which was characteristic of his age, and as he grew up states that he received initiation therein from sundry ecclesiastics. "From childhood," he says, "I have pursued this matter and have learned of good instructors, the most deeply read in the *adepta philosophia*, and wonderfully cunning in these arts. Firstly Wilhelmus von Hohenheim my father, who has never forsaken me, and besides him too great a number to name ; men who have busied themselves with all manner of writings, old and new, such as are of much authority : among others Bishop Scheyt von Settgach, Bishop Erhartt and his ancestors of Lavantall, Bishop Nicholas von Yppon, Bishop Matthaues Schacht, suffragan of Freisingen, and many abbots, as the Abbot of Spannheim, etc." This enumeration must presumably not be taken to refer exclusively to those with whom he had personal intercourse : indeed it is possible that he only personally came into contact with the last mentioned, our

old friend, Johann von Trittenheim. It has been said that he worked in the alchemistic laboratory of the Abbot either at Spannheim or at Würzburg, whither the latter removed in 1506. He subsequently turned his attention more exclusively to Medicine, visiting various schools in Germany, Italy and France, but the result of his studies was the conclusion that Medicine was "an uncertain art not properly to be employed." Thenceforward his dominating thought was the reconstruction of the science of Medicine on an alchemistic and theosophical basis, and its rescue from the domination of Aristotle, Galen, and Avicenna. About this time he commenced a series of almost incredible wanderings, in the course of which he is said to have visited Spain, Portugal, England, Prussia, Poland, Hungary, Wallachia and Russia. At Moscow he was captured by the Tartars and brought to Constantinople by the son of the Khan. All this, if true, must have taken place before his twenty-fifth year, for about this time we find him again in Germany. He has little to relate respecting his journeys, save that he underwent many hardships, and was employed in a medical capacity in sundry campaigns. Mining operations seem always to have attracted his attention: he occupied himself for a long time in the mines of Sigismund Fugger, at Schwatz in the Tyrol, with researches having for their end the discovery of the great alchemistic secrets, the transmutation of metals, the philosopher's stone, and the elixir of life. On his return from eastern Europe to Germany, he once more entered upon the life of a travelling scholar. The foundation of his fame in Medicine is traceable, it would appear, to a cure he effected on a bookseller of Basel, by name Johann Probanus, who was suffering from a disease of the ankle which the faculty had pronounced curable only by amputation. Under the treatment of Paracelsus the worthy bookseller was enabled in a few weeks to carry his wares to the annual fair at Frankfort, the same fair at which,

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some sixty years later, one of his successors in the trade offered for sale the original Faust-book, which in its narrative of the life of the arch-necromancer not improbably embodied many elements from that of Paracelsus. Soon after this success, in 1526, Paracelsus acquired the post of physician to the town of Basel, and medical professor at the University. His first act on entering the chair was to consign to the flames the works of Avicenna, whose treatise on Medicine was then the standard authority. This demonstration was intended to point the moral of the Latin programme of his course for the session of 1527. In this document he proclaimed his intention to cast aside in its entirety all tradition and all the text-books of his predecessors, and alone to deliver the results of his own researches. Large numbers of students flocked from all sides to hear the renowned doctor who had pronounced himself supreme, and assured the world that his shoe-latchets possessed more medical learning than Galen and Avicenna together.

We may presume that after such an opening the further development of the course must have been awaited with breathless expectation by the assembled aspirants to the Æsculapian art; but the pompous, and in some cases unintelligible jargon of the lectures, the character of which has been immortalised ever since in the word "bombastic," soon effectually thinned his audience. As was natural, with a man who despised all the learning of books, and who held so high an opinion of his own qualifications, his relations with his academic colleagues had in a little while become extremely strained. The unpopularity and disgust which he inspired was increased by his intemperate habits. It is alleged that he rarely ascended the professorial chair sober. We cannot therefore wonder that he had not occupied the post a year before it had become practically untenable by him. His precipitate flight from Basel was immediately traceable to his resentment at a legal decision which was

palpably animated by spite against himself, or servility to his adversary, or perhaps both. A wealthy canon, Cornelius von Lichtenfels, who was suffering from an attack of indigestion, offered Paracelsus a hundred *gulden* if he would cure him: the cure was readily effected by a small dose of laudanum, which seems to have been the main constituent in a secret and wonder-working preparation which Paracelsus employed. The canon finding himself recovered refused the promised reward, and the dispute coming before the court, the case was decided against Paracelsus in favour of the customary fee. Upon this, Paracelsus broke out into such violent invectives against the judges that he was advised by his friends to fly from the prosecution with which he was threatened. He settled down at Colmar in Elsass, where he remained about two years before recommencing his wandering career. He began now to think about having his manuscripts published. The first book of his "*Grossen Wundarznei*" was probably printed at Ulm, but the work was completed at Augsburg. Henceforward the places of his temporary sojourn are only to be gathered from the prefaces and dedications of his various works. From these we infer that he was at Nuremberg in 1529, and that within the next ten years he visited successively Zurich, St. Gall, Pfäfers, Münchroth, Augsburg, Kromau, etc. In the year 1540, he was summoned by the archbishop to Salzburg, where he died on September 24th, 1541.

Paracelsus was eminently a type of the travelling scholar of the period, at least in his mode of life: whether his appearance and manners are to be taken as equally representative may be doubtful, though it is highly probable that even the average itinerant man of learning did not possess the dignity and polish of his more fortunate brother, the ecclesiastic or the academic dignitary. According to all accounts Paracelsus was exceptionally coarse in his appearance and habits. He is described as more like a labourer

than a scholar, and his drunkenness is universally admitted. During two years it is said he never undressed himself, but late at night, after hard drinking, would throw himself upon a couch, his great sword by his side, and after an hour or two of sleep would rise up suddenly, whirling the sword in the air, or plunging it violently into the wall or ceiling of the apartment. On the appearance of his terrified *famulus*¹ Paracelsus, his hand on the hilt of his sword, would stand and dictate by the hour together. Oporinus, the *famulus* from whose narrative this account is taken, relates that he went in hourly dread of his master even when absent, believing him to be in a sense omniscient. Another *famulus* he was in the habit of frightening in his midnight ravings with the threat of invoking a million devils, upon which the miserable creature would fall upon his knees and beg him not to do so, being firmly persuaded that his escape was due solely to the earnestness of his entreaties. Paracelsus kept a fire burning ceaselessly in his laboratory, where something was always distilling or preparing. His sword was believed to possess a demon inclosed in its hilt, and his name descended to later generations as representing the incarnation of Alchemy and Occult Medicine. He left a crowd of followers, who saw in him the prophet of those mystico-theurgic quasi-scientific tendencies which were so popular just before the dawn of Physical Science proper.

Yet in spite of his repudiation of tradition and authority, Paracelsus was quite as much dependent on them as his orthodox opponents of the schools, though the tradition was not altogether the same. He took his stand on a tradition "which had flown steadily on in a kind of under-current throughout the Middle Ages, and in the fifteenth century had through the

¹ The *famulus* was a poor student who performed menial offices for a professor, or man of learning, in return for board and instruction. He was a recognized institution of mediæval life at the German universities.

zeal of the Humanists suddenly come to the fore." This newer tradition was supplied by the revived Neo-Platonic philosophy, with the astrology and magic which were associated with it, especially in its later phases, and perhaps still more from the cognate doctrines of the Kabbala recently revealed by the researches of Reuchlin. The Neo-Platonic notion of a tripartite division of the world, Paracelsus possibly derived more immediately from the Medicean Florentine, Marsilius Ficinus, the Nestor of the Humanist movement. The three worlds, the intelligible, the celestial, and the terrestrial, stand in continuous and mysterious communication with one another. The heaven with its stars has its counterpart in the earth with its metals, plants and animals, of which the heavenly or astral world is the prototype. That which in the heavens appears as star or planet, exists as mineral, vegetable, or animal in the earth; and he who understands the signatures of things, that is, the signs denoting their connection, understands their true signification and their secret power. All these worlds are bound together by a reciprocal sympathy on which rests the possibility of magic. Man is compounded of the terrestrial elements, his astral soul is the repository of planetary influences, his rational soul is a part of the Divine or intelligible world-principle. As the astral soul regulates the body, so the rational soul dominates the whole man. The carrying out of these positions is to the last degree fantastic. Every element has its archæus or spiritual principle. Human nature, as the unity and pinnacle of the universe, comprises within itself the characteristics of the entire universe. To the world of elementary spirits belong the undines, or beings composed of the spiritual principle of water: the gnomes, kobolds or earth-spirits, beings whose dwelling-place is the interior of the earth: sylphs or lemuurs, the spirits of air, and salamanders, or the creatures native to the element of fire. These

entities, being possessed only of an inferior or elementary soul, can only be rendered immortal by their marriage with human kind. According to the doctrine of Galen the four elements have their counterpart in the four cardinal humours of the human body, the relative preponderance of these forming the ground of the distinctions of temperament and constitution, as well as the basis for the diagnosis of disease. Against this doctrine Paracelsus vehemently rails, opposing thereto his own theory of mercury, sulphur and salt as the three principles which he terms the counterpart of the Trinity: for with Paracelsus the recognized four elements did not constitute a hierarchy in themselves, but only one division, the terrestrial, in the triune hierarchy of the kosmos. In wood the element which passes off in smoke is mercury, that which burns is sulphur, while the ash is salt. It is idle to go deeper into these fantastic dreams. But that a man like Paracelsus should have been regarded by large numbers as something like a prophet, is significant of the intellectual atmosphere of the sixteenth century and indicates a soil ripe for the development of such a myth as that of Faustus. We now pass on to the consideration of another figure contemporary with the rise of that myth.

Heinrich Cornelius Agrippa von Nettesheim was born of a noble family at Cologne in the year 1487. He received his early education in the university of his native town, where he entered in the faculties of Law and Medicine. Like a true son of his century, he soon also became attracted to the Occult Sciences. When about twenty years of age he went to Paris, full of romantic dreams of the unknown possibilities hidden in the nature of things. In Paris, in conjunction with some other young men of divers nationalities but all inspired by the same hopes, he instituted a secret society having for its object the study and exploitation of the magical sciences for the ends of personal ambi-

tion. That they succeeded in obtaining credence for their pretensions is evinced by the fact that Agrippa received a commission from a noble of Catalonia to deliver by occult arts one of his castles which was besieged by insurrectionary peasants. Agrippa, by dint of cunning and address, but at great personal risk, succeeded in inducing the insurgents to disperse. Escaped without loss of credit from this dangerous adventure he seems for the time being to have had enough of the thaumaturgic profession, and accordingly we find him in 1509 endeavouring to obtain an academic position in the Theological faculty. The mystical doctrines he professed in this department were founded on Reuchlin, Mirandola, and the Kabalistic writers of the period. His lectures, which were well attended, did not succeed in their purpose, for the Franciscan provincial, Catilinet, denounced him before the Duchess of Burgundy, who was then holding court in Ghent, as a dangerous heretic; and not even an essay on the superiority of the female to the male sex, with which Agrippa sought to make favour with the lady, sufficed to efface the ecclesiastical stigma cast upon him as a follower of Reuchlin. Agrippa now came for a time to London, where he pursued more theological studies, but soon returned to Cologne, delivering lectures against the worship of relics and pictures, against processions, the observance of feast-days, and other Catholic practices. Encouraged by the Abbot Tritheim, who was evidently the centre of attraction for all students of occult lore in those days, Agrippa wrote his first great treatise, "*De Occulta Philosophia*," which claimed to place magic on a philosophical basis. The whole is founded on the current principles of Neo-Platonism, and on the characteristic division of the universe into a spiritual, astral, and elementary world. The system is essentially the same as that of Paracelsus, but is rather more coherent and worked out with greater literary skill. It treats of mysterious affinities, astrological, alchemical, and

mystical, the influences of angels, spirits, and demons, in the approved fashion of the time, and of the means by which they may be subjected to man's influence. This work was no sooner finished than we find Agrippa transformed into an officer in the Imperial Army. In this capacity he seems to have attained distinction, being created a knight on the battlefield; but he soon came back to his old pursuits, accompanying the Cardinal von Santa Croce as theologian to the Council of Pisa. After returning for a short time to his military career he once more started as teacher, delivering orations on *Hermes Trismegistus* in the uniform of the Imperial service. The success of these lectures was such as to obtain for him the double Doctorate in Law and Medicine, and, which was of still more importance to him, the hand of a noble maiden. But troubles soon followed. When Francis was driven across the Alps the house of Agrippa was plundered in the popular tumult, and it was only through the fidelity of one of his pupils that his manuscripts were saved. Reduced to great straits, after a temporary sojourn with the Marquis of Montferrat, he was invited simultaneously to become syndic and orator to the town of Metz, and to a post with the Papal legate at Avignon. He decided upon Metz, whither he repaired with his wife and child in 1518. A sceptical tendency as regards all human knowledge now came over the man whose reputation for magical practice and occult science had opened for him the gates of palaces. He became involved in disputes with the ecclesiastical authorities, in one of which he succeeded in rescuing a peasant girl, accused of witchcraft, from the Inquisition. Soon after this, being disgusted with his position, he returned once more to Cologne, where he encountered Ulrich von Hutten; but Hutten's plans for the separation of Germany from the Roman Church displeased him. His wife dying about this time, he again set out on his wanderings,

and in the following year we find him at Geneva, a native of which place he married. He next obtained the post of town-physician at Freiburg, but did not long remain there. In 1524 he received the appointment of physician and astrologer to the French court. He accordingly repaired to Lyons, when political events consequent on the battle of Pavia proving unfavourable to him, he began to negotiate with the Constable of Bourbon, the enemy of Francis; but the unsuccessful campaign at Rome in 1527 threw him again on the French court. About this time he composed his celebrated work on the vanity of all arts and sciences, in which the sceptical tendency already alluded to receives its fullest expression in a somewhat dreary declamation against all departments of learning, and indeed all human interests whatever. A call to Antwerp freed Agrippa from the serious financial and other difficulties which surrounded him. An Augustine monk, much addicted to magic, offered him an asylum there. Although owing to delays on the journey it was several months before he reached his destination, once arrived, it was not long before he obtained through the Duchess Margaret of the Netherlands the post of Imperial councillor, historiographer, and keeper of the Archives. In this capacity he has left an account of the entry of Charles the Fifth into Antwerp. His wife at this time died of the plague; and a third marriage, which he contracted shortly after, resulting in a separation, his house was broken up and his children placed in the hands of strangers. The publication of his work on the vanity of sciences, drew upon him a storm of indignation from all sides. The orthodox men of learning, no less than the Humanists, had no words severe enough for a writer who would involve all learning in a common condemnation as the offspring of the Evil One, and as fruitful in nothing but sophistry and illusion. Agrippa apparently did not realize the fact that it was impossible for him to remain a courtier after the wholesale attacks

contained in this work on the powers that were, both temporal and spiritual, though Erasmus had warned him of the rashness of his proceeding and had written urgently begging Agrippa not to involve him (Erasmus) in the conflicts with authority which were certain to ensue. The forecast of Erasmus was soon verified. Charles withdrew Agrippa's pension and drove him from the Netherlands, but not until after he had been immured for some time in the debtors' prison at Brussels. In his extremity, however, the freethinking Archbishop of Cologne, Herman von Wied, invited him to reside in his castle near Bonn. Under the shelter of this powerful protector he entered upon a sharp controversy with his opponents. At this time, too, under the patronage of the Archbishop, to whom it was dedicated, the manuscript treatise of Agrippa before mentioned, "*De Occulta Philosophia*," was for the first time printed. The inconsistency of Agrippa's proceeding in publishing this book after his denunciation of magic in the "*De Vanitate*," will be especially apparent when we consider a passage from the latter work which expressly repudiates the earlier treatise. "I being also a young man" says Agrippa (we quote from the English translation of 1569), "wrote of magical matters three books in a sufficient large volume, in which books, whatsoever was then done amiss through curious youth, now being more advised, I will that it be recanted with this retraction, for I have in times past consumed very much time and substance in these vanities. At length I got this profit thereby, that I know by what means I should discourage and dissuade others from this destruction." It is strange that after having thus written he consented to the publication of the work in question, for, it must be remembered, he never doubts of the reality of magic: the vanity that he finds in its pretensions consisting in the fact that these lure men on to their souls' destruction, instead of fulfilling the promises held out to them. Whether

on this particular matter the Archbishop Herman succeeded in modifying the opinions of Agrippa as expressed in his more recent treatise, or whether a desire of doing honour to his patron outweighed his concern for the spiritual welfare of his contemporaries, we are unable to say. Agrippa for some unknown reason left Bonn in 1535. He was desirous of visiting Lyons, and presumably of again paying his attentions to the French king; but he had no sooner crossed the frontier than he was arrested by order of Francis, on the ground of some disrespectful letters concerning the Queen-mother he had had printed. His friends before long procured his release, whereupon he repaired to Grenoble on the invitation of a friend of position in the town, in whose house he died, in 1536, after a short illness, in the forty-ninth year of his age.

Legend soon began to fasten itself on to the memory of Cornelius Agrippa. He, too, was reported as having sold himself to the Devil, and as having become possessed of miraculous powers. By means of his incantations it was said that during the war in Italy events occurring in Milan were simultaneously known in Paris. The stories which connect Faustus with the battle of Pavia and the court of Charles have in all probability their origin in the relations of Agrippa to that monarch. It was said that Agrippa discoursed daily between nine and ten o'clock in Freiburg and between ten and eleven near Mentz. This and other marvellous deeds recorded of him, he is reported to have effected through the agency of a small black dog, which remained always close beside him, lying on his writing-table and sleeping in his bed, and which was believed to be an incarnate demon that Agrippa had bound to his service by means of a collar whereon was engraved mysterious signs. Here again, there can be little doubt that we have the origin of the demon-poodle in the Faust-legend. After the death of its master the animal was said to have sprung into the river and never to have been seen again.

The character and career of Cornelius Agrippa, so wayward, so contradictory, and so romantic, is an interesting study in itself, but with it we are not here concerned. We have taken Agrippa as we have taken Paracelsus, as the embodiment of a tendency which reached the height of its development in the earlier part of the sixteenth century. At periods like this—at what may be termed the great divisions of history—the most opposite tendencies co-exist or are separated from each other only by an interval of a few years. In the previous century, the science and philosophy of the Middle Ages had been undermined by the New Learning. The false science which then came into vogue, though apparently opposed to that which preceded it, was really opposed not to this but to the science of modern times which succeeded it. The period of its zenith was also the period when its decline was already written on it. The same century, the first half of which produced Paracelsus, Agrippa, and Trittenheim, as men representative of its conceptions of Nature, produced in its second half Bacon, Galileo, and Kepler. Nay, while Paracelsus and Agrippa were still alive, and at that seat of occult learning, Cracow itself, at the very time, too, when Doctor Faustus was alleged to have been studying there, Copernicus was pursuing unknown and unaided the unpretentious researches which were destined to revolutionize in a modern sense at least one department of science. There is no century in which the antithesis of old and new is so sharply manifested as in the sixteenth.

With the legend of Faustus the Myth proper finally disappears as one of the factors of the evolution of human culture. Many legendary anecdotes have since arisen and been current concerning various personages; but there has been no great legendary cycle whose influence had made itself felt throughout the most advanced nations, which has embodied any special conception, or which has taken

complete possession of any personality since the humanism and awakening aspirations toward an understanding of Nature were seized upon by the various theological ideas of the time from their various points of view and embodied in the legend of the "Life and Death of the Arch-conjuror and Necromancer Dr. Faustus." Speaking broadly we may characterize this myth as portraying the antagonism between the Reformation and the New Learning. To the dogmatic reformers, to Luther, Calvin, or Zwingle, and their followers, the scholarship of such men as Erasmus or Reuchlin, with their utter indifference to the claims of the rival dogmatic systems (although for the most part nominally adhering to the older Church), was an impiety only to be accounted for on the ground of diabolical influence. Any special skill in art or in science, or any new discovery, being immediately attributed by the thought of the age to a supernatural source, it is not difficult to see that the materials for the myth were at hand for whichever side happened to avail itself of them.

In thus taking farewell of the ages of myth for that modern period in which Physical Science, commerce, and personal gain succeed to the old-world learning and fancy, it is hard to avoid asking one's self, how much has the world gained by the improvements which we are accustomed to hear so much praised? There are probably few who have considered the matter at all who in certain circumstances have not been inclined to answer in the negative. Who is there, for instance, who at close of evening comes upon a view of one of those quaint mediæval towns, which survive even to the present day in some parts of Southern Germany, where the break with the past has been less complete

than in this country, does not feel (as has been lately said) that he would give twenty years of his life to be transported back even to the period we have been considering, in which, although in many respects corrupt, the main fabric of the Middle Ages was still intact—so preferable does the rest and peace of the world, typified in those narrow gabled streets and tiled buildings, seem to the turmoil of that other world, typified in the brand-new shunting-yard and factory-chimney which will probably not be far off. This may be sentiment, but sentiment, here as elsewhere, has a meaning which cannot be ignored. This sentiment is after all only the ideal expression in one form of the utter and complete failure of modern civilization, so far as human happiness is concerned, even with those who are not materially crushed by it. Looking at it, apart from its broader issues and merely on its artistic and sentimental side, the hideousness of the machine-made world of to-day only requires a contrast like this to become apparent to the most casual observer. We feel irresistibly in such circumstances, that even the Middle Ages in their decay would compare favourably, with all their superstition and straightforward ferocity, with the matter-of-fact, hypocritical nineteenth century. In the period of which we take leave we cannot help feeling we are taking leave, to a great extent, of contact with reality, the naïve simplicity of human nature, and entering upon the beginning of the modern age of shams. There are no three centuries in history which have witnessed so great a change, not only in the surroundings of life but in human nature itself, as from the sixteenth to the nineteenth.

G. BELFORT BAR.

REFLECTIONS IN A PICTURE-GALLERY.

It has been held by some people a vain and impudent thing for any man to express an opinion on an art which he does not practise. But this restriction of speech seems to be limited to the sphere of the Fine Arts, and to be imposed mainly, if not solely, by their professors. In other and less ethereal spheres man is allowed to be a free agent: he is at perfect liberty to expound his views of all moral, social, and political matters without being asked to produce his passport. A civilian may dissolve the armies of a continent with a wave of his pen: young gentlemen fresh from the universities may remodel the principles of government, young ladies fresh from the school-room may remodel the theories of education: there are even people who will affirm Mr. Bradlaugh to be the first living authority on points of law. Only in the world of Art is free speech to be prohibited; and especially in the world of the painter's art is it a most idle and pernicious thing. On the other hand, while waiving his right to an opinion, it has been urged that the ignorant man, possibly by very reason of his ignorance, may find more unalloyed pleasure in a picture-gallery than your true connoisseur. The things which wound the delicate fabric of the latter cannot pierce the former's three-fold hide. Others, again, have gone beyond this modest plea, and, frankly owning their want of technical knowledge, have claimed to be as competent to judge when a picture fulfils or falls short of its intention as the painter himself can be. This claim cannot, of course, be allowed unreservedly. All pictorial art, it has been rightly said, contains two possible sources of pleasure—the idea and the form, or to give them their professional names, the de-

sign and the execution; and it will be obvious that many people, while unable to distinguish the beauties or defects of the latter, may be perfectly capable of appreciating the former. Of course there will be limitations even to this capacity. It has indeed been said that a picture which does not carry its story on its face, fails in one of the essential qualities of a picture. But to admit this would sweep away at a stroke all allegorical painting; and it is certain that there have been seen works in these days which none but the painters themselves could possibly be expected to explain: perhaps sometimes the puzzled spectator is disinclined to allow even this reservation. When, however, the picture aims at representing a familiar scene from history or fiction the spectator can take his stand on the same platform as the painter. Granting him the necessary qualifications to interpret the written page, he has the same means of judging how the author's idea should be translated into shape and colour. To put the matter simply: if a painter were to represent Hamlet in a flame-coloured cloak, Don Quixote fat, or Duke Hildebrod lean, any one who has read Shakespeare, or Cervantes, or Scott, could tell him he was wrong. This is of course a very prosaic illustration: in matters passing outward show, there will be more room to differ. So many men, so many minds; and we all know that Shakespeare suggests to some minds very queer notions indeed. We have ourselves seen Viola played by an actress whose dominant idea of the character was the exquisite jest of her doublet and hose, of which she gave at least one very peculiar illustration. When Malvolio was sent after her with the ring, she showed her appreciation of Olivia's mistake by kicking up

her leg and, with a rousing slap on her thigh, breaking into a roar of laughter.

"I left no ring with her: what means this lady?

Fortune forbid my outside have not charmed her!

She made good view of me; indeed, so much, That sure methought her eyes had lost her tongue,

For she did speak in starts distractedly.

She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion

Invites me in this churlish messenger.

None of my lord's ring! Why, he sent her none.

I am the man: if it be so, as 'tis,

Poor lady, she were better love a dream.

Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,

Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.

How easy is it for the proper-false

In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!

Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we!

For such as we are made of, such we be.

How will this fudge? my master loves her dearly;

And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;

And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.

What will become of this? As I am man,

My state is desperate for my master's love;

As I am woman—now alas the day!—

What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!

O time! thou must untangle this, not I;

It is too hard a knot for me to untie!"

It seems difficult to get quite so robust an interpretation out of these lines; yet we well remember that some of the professed critics were much impressed with it, with its originality, its piquancy, and (which seemed a doubtful quality) even with its propriety. To take liberties with Shakespeare has always been a recognised privilege of the theatrical profession, and we would not therefore lay too much stress upon this illustration; but it will be clear that even when the primal plan is open for general inspection it is unwise to assume that no difference of opinion can be possible. Either side must give the license it takes. Acting therefore on this assumption, and at the same time fully conscious of our rashness, we propose to take the occasion which chance has given us of being rash.

There is to be seen in the immediate neighbourhood of Bond Street a collection of pictures much better worth

attention than many of more sounding fame. It is indeed an extremely interesting exhibition, and for more reasons than one. In the first place it is claimed by its promoters to be the work of "the most distinguished artists of the day": in the second, it allows us to note with what eyes our best painters view the sister-art of poetry in its most exquisite manifestations: in the third, it furnishes a rather striking commentary on that controversy which has been lately raised (or revived, for it is indeed eternal) over the dignity of Art and the respect which it has a right to exact. As the list of exhibitors includes the President of the Royal Academy and fifteen members of that illustrious society, no one (who is not himself a painter) will dispute the justice of the promoters' claim: the title of the exhibition, "Shakespeare's Heroines," will make good our second proposition; and a glance at the catalogue will show in what fashion it plays its part of a commentary.

The gallery contains twenty-one portraits, pictures were perhaps the better word, and on the whole fairly justifies its title so far as names go. A few indeed we miss whom we should have thought to find in such a company. The sad queens Constance and Margaret, for example, the Roman mother Volumnia, enchanting Perdita, the wronged Hermione, distracted Viola; above all, Lady Macbeth! We had spared for these such lighter emanations as Mariana, Katharine the Shrew, that other Katharine of France, Jessica, Anne Page, Audrey, Cressida. But it is a various, and a goodly sisterhood. Desdemona, Ophelia, Rosalind, Beatrice, Juliet, Imogen, the two Portias (she of Belmont, and she who was wife to Brutus), Cleopatra, Olivia, Cordelia, Miranda, Isabella! Here in truth is ample room for the painter to play for once the poet's part, and turn to shapes the "tricks of strong imagination."

Coleridge, combating some piece of old criticism to the effect that Shakespeare wrote for men only and "the

gentle Fletcher" for women, denied that this was so. Of all writers for the stage, he said, Shakespeare alone "has drawn the female character with that mixture of the real and the ideal that belongs to it." It is not now worth while to point out that it is quite possible to allow this (and no one will of course dispute it) without allowing the critic to have been wrong: to write *for* men alone is a very different thing from writing *of* men alone. If Coleridge's quotation be correct, his comment is not to the purpose. But what is very much to our purpose is his comment on Shakespeare's method of presenting female characters. In Shakespeare, he says,

"All the elements of womanhood are holy, and there is the sweet yet dignified feeling of all that continuates society, a sense of ancestry and of sex, with a purity unassailable by sophistry, because it rests not in the analytic processes, but in that same equipoise of the faculties, during which the feelings are representative of all past experience,—not of the individual only, but of all those by whom she has been educated, and their predecessors even up to the first mother that lived. Shakespeare notices that the want of prominence, which Pope notices for sarcasm, was the blessed beauty of the woman's character, and knew that it arose not from any deficiency, but from the more exquisite harmony of all the parts of the moral being constituting one living total of head and heart. He has drawn it, indeed, in all its distinctive energies of faith, patience, constancy, fortitude,—shown in all of them as following the heart, which gives its results by a nice tact and happy intuition, without the intervention of the discursive faculty—sees all things in and by the light of the affections, and errs, if it ever err, in the exaggerations of love alone. In all the Shakesperian women there is essentially the same foundation and principle; the distinct individuality and variety are merely the result of the modification of circumstances, whether in Miranda the maiden, in Imogen the wife, or in Katharine the queen."

It needs perhaps a mind as much mixed with German paste as was Coleridge's own to detect in each of Shakespeare's women the elements of all womankind up to the mother of all. But the general truth and beauty of the passage are unmistakable. The same and not the same: that is the key-note to the understanding of

Shakespeare's women: the divine elements of holiness and purity made human by circumstances, sometimes sweetly human, sometimes more coarsely human. Every one of his women from Lady Macbeth to Doll Tearsheet has her own individuality, but all are compact of the same common nature. Each is cast in her own mould: but the materials are always the same.

These words of Coleridge's are good words to carry in one's mind round this gallery: they are good, that is to say, for the spectator, but less good perhaps for the painter. For as one does so the thought inevitably arises, how far has the painter succeeded in expressing, or even in suggesting, the complex qualities of this universal womanhood? Is it fair to try the painter by such a standard? How far is it reasonable to expect his art to reflect the myriad-minded art of Shakespeare?

Byron, after a visit to the Manfrini Palace at Venice, expressed the opinion that of all the arts painting is the most artificial and unnatural, "and that by which the nonsense of mankind is most imposed upon." A hundred arguments could be found to support this opinion for one to refute it; but Byron went on to explain himself, and to destroy himself, by these words: "I never yet saw the picture or the statue which came a league within my conception or expectation." Such an explanation merely amounts to this, that Byron's conception of a given subject differed from the painter's; and without knowing the particulars of the disagreement, the significance of the epithets "artificial" and "unnatural" is not clear. It is of course easy enough to understand in what sense a painting must be artificial as an expression of character; it can only express one particular mood or phase of that character, which may not be the dominant one or may even itself be an artificial one, assumed for disguise or for purposes of attack or defence. There is a good instance of such artificiality in this gallery, in the

portrait of Beatrice. The painter has wisely labelled his picture, "Dear Lady Disdain," for beyond all question the face expresses disdain; but it expresses nothing else. Where is "my Lady Tongue"? Now, it is Benedick who uses the phrase, "dear Lady Disdain," and Leonato has previously interpreted the meaning of the phrase to the Messenger, who has been somewhat surprised at the young lady's opinion of so good a soldier and honourable man. "You must not, sir," says Leonato, "mistake my niece. There is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick and her: they never meet but there's a skirmish of wit between them." The disdain the painter has put on this fair face has no touch of merriment or wit in it. In such a mood Benedick may have seen the lady he loved when she bid him, "Kill Claudio," and wished she were a man that she might "eat his heart in the market-place." But the disdain was for him who had slandered and scorned her kinswoman: even when she flashes out against Benedick,— "There is no love in you: nay, I pray you, let me go,"—and again, "You dare easier be friends with me than fight with mine enemy"—she is not disdainful to him. She knows he is no coward, and she knows he will be true to her against his friend, if she can show cause for him to be so. Disdain and Love cannot dwell together for a single moment; and in her heart Beatrice knows that she loves Benedick well. When we call up before us the figure of Beatrice, is it with the quality of such disdain as this that we associate it? Surely not: surely it is the witty, laughing, bantering "Lady Tongue" we think of, a very woman, indeed, easily stirred to anger by cruelty, meanness, and injustice, but not by nature a scornful or contemptuous woman. She is for us the laughing Lady Disdain of Benedick, not the literal Lady Disdain of the painter. With the exception perhaps of Rosalind there is no one of Shakespeare's women so full of charm

as this one. Yet what touch of charm is there in this face? Her very beauty repels one. It is not Shakespeare's Beatrice; it is only a fragment of her, a phase.

Let us turn to the Desdemona, one of the prettiest pictures in the gallery, and, being by the President of the Royal Academy, of course one of the best painted. We see her as Othello saw her listening to the story of his life.

"This to hear

Would Desdemona seriously incline:
But still the house-affairs would draw her
thence:

Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse

My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore, in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas
passing strange,
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:
She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd
That heaven had made her such a man."

No one could desire a more perfect presentment of the Desdemona imaged in these lines. The admiring, pitying, eager, shrinking girl, with the pretty frown of anxiety on her forehead (such as we have often admired it on Miss Terry's)—she is here to the life. But is this she whom we think of when we think of Shakespeare's Desdemona? If a painter were to give us such a Lucy Ashton as Scott describes her in outward seeming,—her beautiful girlish face, with its golden hair and white skin, gentle and serene as a Madonna—should we feel that this was truly the bride of Lammermoor? "Her life," we read of Lucy Ashton, "had hitherto flowed on in a uniform and gentle tenor, and happy for her had not its present smoothness of current resembled that of the stream as it glides downwards to the waterfall!" "Look to her," says Brabantio of Desdemona,

"Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see:
She has deceived her father, and may thee."

The shadow of fate hangs over both the gentle creatures from the first: the finger of doom has put the back-grounds in to both portraits. And

as the motto to the portrait of Lucy must always in our minds be the words of the old hag who watched the bridal-party ride from Ravenswood Church: "Sae young, sae braw, and sae bonny—and is her time sae short?" so the motto to the portrait of Desdemona must ever be: "Look on the tragic loading of this bed."

In both these portraits, then, we have found signal illustrations of the limits of the painter's art when dealing with the creations of such a poet as Shakespeare. The poet gives us the drama, the stories of their lives: the painter can only seize upon a single episode of each story and fix it on the canvas; and in proportion to the complexity of the story so will his episode fail adequately to portray the heroine. Thus we find that the painters who have chosen the simplest characters,—the women, in short, who are not heroines in the professional sense of the word, but only personages in the play,—have succeeded best. How well, for instance, has Mr. Leslie succeeded with Anne Page! This demure little maiden in gray is precisely such as Sir Hugh and Master Slender define her. "She is Anne Page, which is daughter to Master Thomas Page, which is pretty virginity": "She has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman": she has "seven hundred pounds and possibilities." How well, again, has Mr. Blair Leighton succeeded with Olivia! Fate has no harder blow in store for this handsome, stately creature than a trick love plays at her expense and amply rewards her for. "Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain and show you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one I was this present: is't not well done?" This is Mr. Leighton's motto; and every one will answer with Viola, "Excellently done."

We have been careful to choose our illustrations from those pictures which seem to us, so far as they go, to have best fulfilled their design. There are

indeed some which remind us more than anything else of the secrets of colour which Miss Cann imparted to young Ridley. They have the conventional properties of the stage-manager: here are Portia's cap and gown, and the doublet and hose for Rosalind, and Audrey's turnip; but they have nothing else. There is an Ophelia, who might more properly be labelled Marguerite Gautier; a Cressida, who looks like nothing so much as like a young lady who has been put into a Greek play for the sake of, what her friends call, her Hellenic type of countenance, and who looks very cold and uncomfortable in her *chiton*: a Cordelia, whose sad eyes will assuredly draw no angel-tears from those which look on her, as Shakespeare's Cordelia drew them in Mr. Locker's pretty lines: a Mariana, —but she does justify her existence in her dejection; and well may she look dejected, for the painter has wronged her more cruelly than ever did Lord Angelo. There are others, again, whose effect is entirely negative. Juliet, for example: a pretty picture, Mr. Calderon, but you must not call her Juliet. No southern blood ever mantled in that cold, calm face, as calm and cold, but not so variable, as the moon which is flooding the scene with such distorting light. Not even in her unwitting babyhood could this "pretty fool" have said "Ay" to the merry man's question. And Portia, Brutus' wife—purely a painter's picture, and so viewed perhaps the cleverest in the gallery: a pale, pensive figure looking down from a window at her husband plotting treason in the garden. The picture is all in shadow, save for the bald head and uplifted hand of one of the conspirators, which gleam somewhat aggressively in the moonlight; and possibly these shadows typify the painter's mind at the moment of working. But such examples are not to our present purpose: to the purpose they serve we shall come hereafter.

To return to our first illustrations.

It is clear that the ideal woman of Shakespeare, as Coleridge has described her, is beyond the painter's power. His art allows him only to suggest a phase of her various moods, an episode, as we have called it, in the drama of her life. Whether he has always chosen the crowning episode we will not attempt to decide. That he has not always chosen the episode which the general imagination is most likely to associate with his subject, we have already ventured to say; but we do not forget our own reservations. He may have chosen that which seems most significant to him; or he may have chosen that which on reflection his art seemed to him most capable of presenting adequately; or he may have chosen,—but the time for considering this alternative has not yet come. On the other hand, it is certain that painting does possess the quality of suggestion, though it must obviously possess it in its purest form less abundantly than does poetry or music. Who cannot recall faces which have looked at him from the canvas with a world of meaning in their eyes, eyes which sometimes lighten “the burthen of the mystery” and sometimes make it wearier, heavier, more unintelligible? Some men have, we know, a marvellous gift of reading out of a picture, as out of a poem, what the artist never put in it. Every book, says Goethe somewhere, has more in it than the author knows: perhaps no utterance of a wise man has been fertile of so much foolishness, and we must always make allowance for it. But when all allowance has been made, the fact remains that almost every one who is fond of pictures and loses no chance of making himself acquainted with good ones, can recall two or three at least which always exercise on him a strange, subtle, haunting influence, suggesting more things perhaps than his philosophy can grasp, and suggesting, it may be, different things at different times. And since it were unreasonable, and indeed impertinent to suppose that the most distinguished

painters of our day cannot make the most of which their art has shown itself capable, it may be that the hand works more freely when obeying the dictates of the head, than when busied in giving shape to the fancies of an alien imagination; that, like Orlando, the painter finds it “a bitter thing to look into happiness through another man's eyes.” Or must we suppose that it is with his as it is with the actor's art, that Shakespeare's ideals at their height are beyond material realisation: spiritually discerned they may be, but the real presence cannot be found for them? There are some of Shakespeare's characters which never could, we suppose, be completely represented on the stage, however finely they might be shown in certain moods and scenes. And these characters will not necessarily be those which most impress and overpower us with their personality. We are more likely, for example, to see a perfect Lady Macbeth than a perfect Rosalind. It is hardly possible to realise even in thought what Rosalind must have been. The conditions of life, of society, even of humanity, which could make such a character possible have irrevocably vanished. Tried by any standard, even of the imagination, that we are capable of framing the character inevitably takes some touch of coarseness; yet who, as he reads the play, does not feel that it is flat sacrilege to associate a thought of coarseness with this enchanting creature? Hence comes it that of all Shakespeare's women this one is made the most unsatisfactory in the theatre: either the actress, for all her grace and skill, makes her seem coarse to us, or she makes her seem nothing. And so it may be with painting. The subtlest and widest powers of conception working through the deftest hand may still be all too weak to give bodily shape and presence to the creations of that unmatched intellect.

“Others abide our question. Thou art free.
We ask and ask—thou smilest and art still,
Out-topping knowledge.”

There remains the as yet untouched alternative. The promoters of this exhibition are the proprietors of "The Graphic," as every one knows a most interesting and illustrated paper, and these pictures have been specially painted for reproduction in that journal. The proprietors have expressed themselves sensible of the high compliment paid to their paper by the infinite pains the painters have given to their work—which is perhaps not quite so high a compliment to men who, as is the fashion of good artists, give infinite pains to all their work. But it may be that these artists have found themselves a little hampered by the conditions of their work; they may have felt, as honest men in such circumstances of course would feel, themselves bound to consider the intentions of their employers rather than the intentions of Shakespeare. Now the intentions of their employers have clearly been to command a series of pretty faces, of the type likely to be generally popular with, to use their own words, "the enormous public which sees illustrated papers." Some years ago they exhibited a series of "Types of Beauty," which found, as we can well believe, universal favour. "These engravings," they tell us (in a preface to their catalogue), "have been in demand in every part of the world, and have been reproduced in Russia, Germany, France, Spain, Sweden, and the United States. Mr. H. H. Johnston, the African explorer, has related how, when he once fell into the power of a savage African potentate, he appeased the autocrat by daily presenting him with a 'Graphic' Type of Beauty, to adorn his tent; receiving in return one day a cow, another a goat, and so on." For our part we should be a little doubtful of risking so delicate an experiment with some of these heroines. We can hardly, for example, conceive the Mariana, the Cordelia, or the Miranda, as likely to stir in any savage heart a stream of tendency either towards righteousness or cows. But when the real aim of

this exhibition is once discerned, then it will be clear that the painters have not worked, and have been right in not working, "with their eyes on the object," but rather with their eyes on such objects as they have thought most likely to please the enormous public (including African chiefs) which sees illustrated papers. And this will of course account for many things which would be otherwise perplexing.

We have said that this exhibition furnishes an interesting commentary on a recent controversy concerning the dignity of Art and the respect which it has a right to exact. The dignity of Art is a sounding phrase, but, like many sounding phrases, not easy to define. Its significance is relative, dependent on the changing conditions of life. If we were to compare, for example, the frieze of Phidias, on which the long procession of Athenian citizens still marches to the temple of their goddess, with a frieze representing, let us say, the concourse of English citizens who attended their Queen on her day of jubilee to Westminster Abbey, there can be no doubt that the latter would fall sadly short in dignity of the former, even if we suppose a miracle and find a modern hand to match the Athenian's skill. Yet shall we call it beneath the dignity of Art to occupy itself with a great national ceremony because the conditions of time and place forbid the elements of beauty and grandeur which have made one such scene immortal? Again, the artisan does not rank so high among creative geniuses as the artist; yet the artisan who puts all his heart and hand into his work preserves the dignity of Art as truly as the poet, the painter, or the sculptor who will not be content but with his best. If the moral of Longfellow's pretty poem be true, and "that is best which lieth nearest" for the artist, it is inevitable that the external conditions of Art must change with the changes of the world. The principles stand for ever; but the mode of expression will change. If Art be true

to its own eternal laws, it need fear no contamination. Painting is not necessarily degraded by the choice of such subjects as Ramsgate Sands or the Derby Day; but it is degraded by those charlatans who by the extravagance of their antics persuade silly people to take them for the pioneers of a new era. The true dignity of Art, in short, seems to us to lie in self-respect. The man who respects himself will never degrade his art by putting it to mean or base or hurtful uses; and these are the only uses Art need blush to own.

But the phrase has also a sentimental significance which must be accounted for; and we use the epithet in no mocking sense, for the sentimental spirit is a just and wholesome spirit when properly regulated and turned on proper things. What man of right feeling, for example, would not be sorry to see one of Raphael's Madonnas on the walls of a drinking-saloon? We are not shocked at the sight of some staring advertisement of a new soap or an old play on a hoarding in the Strand; but on the wall of Magdalen Tower it would be an outrage. The loveliness of the Madonna would be pure and perfect still as when Raphael painted her for a Duke's palace: the beautiful tower would still spring into the air with all its lightness and unencumbered grace; but to every thinking mind there would be a sense of wrong, a feeling that precious things had been unworthily treated. On the other hand, though we would speak with all respect of those who entertain it, the sentiment which is hurt at the thought of food and drink being consumed under the same roof which shelters a picture-gallery does perhaps seem a little strained. Men cannot live by Art alone; and after a pious pilgrimage to one of its most famous shrines, it is possibly exacting too high a price for the soul's refreshment to forbid the body also to be renewed. But it has not been easy for those outside

the field of battle to precisely gauge the motives of the combatants, and it may be that we have missed the real cause of war. One thing at any rate is certain: it would be a monstrous thing to put a picture-gallery to uses which might endanger the safety of its contents. Here the case is narrowed to a purely practical issue, and, if protesting against any such contingency, the protesters must have every one's sympathies.

The question whether such an exhibition as this we have been considering offends the dignity of Art is a hard one to answer. Do the most distinguished painters of the day act unworthily of their high position when they turn their time and talents to increase the circulation of an illustrated paper? It is an indisputable truth that a man capable of great things should not waste himself on little things: he should not give up to party what was meant for mankind. But then we are at once met by the countering question, must not man live? Yes, indeed: professors and patrons of Art, all have a right to exist, and to support existence by all means which do not harm the existence of their fellows. Gone for ever is that antique world,

“Where service sweat for duty not for meed”;

and meed, they say, is hard to win by gentle means in these shouldering days. But then, again, we come on private grounds in which it were unbecoming to trespass. So the question of the dignity of Art must still remain unanswered, or for each man to answer by the light of his own personal convictions. Only would we venture thus far: if the poet be right in holding “the gray barbarian lower than the Christian child,” it would surely seem that the dignity of Art must be more wounded by stooping to play Sir Pandarus to a gray barbarian than by the company of those who sell buns to a hungry Christian child.

LESSING'S DRAMATIC NOTES.¹

LESSING's "Hamburg Dramaturgy" is the record of a curious literary and theatrical experiment. It consists of a series of dramatic notices, the weekly chronicle of performances at the Hamburg Theatre in 1767. A number of friends of the stage had taken a theatre in Hamburg and formed themselves into a management, with the intention of establishing and cherishing a national German Drama. They had the best intentions and did not spare expense; yet the attempt was short-lived, and perhaps too ideal in character to have become permanent. At any rate, after a brief year, one of its chief promoters was obliged to say with unconcealed disappointment: "The sweet dream of founding a national theatre here in Hamburg has already faded, and, as far as I have learnt to know the place, it might be the very last where such a dream could ever find realization."

One act of this well-meaning management gives us an idea of the advanced nature of its proceedings. It was content with nothing less than a critic of its own, a critic specially retained to follow the course of dramatic events at this particular theatre. And it was content with no ordinary writer, but went to the first critic of the time. It went to a man who could say of himself and not err on the side of self-commendation: "I believe I have studied the art of dramatic writing and studied it more than twenty who practise it. I have also practised it so far as to justify me in the expression of my opinions." It went to Lessing: and for result we possess a collection of dramatic notices that are

unique in that form of literature. For the "Dramatic Notes" of Lessing are essays that investigate with inexhaustible learning and knowledge of the subject the entire field of dramatic theory. If a new play was produced at the Hamburg Theatre, or even a classic master-piece revived, Lessing subjected both alike to an unsparing analysis and tried them by all the canons of criticism, ancient and modern, of which he was the acknowledged master.

From one or two remarks, let fall by the way, we can infer the spirit in which Lessing entered upon his task. According to his own account, these friends of the theatre had found him standing idle in the market-place and had set him to the work for which he was best fitted—to the criticism of the stage. His conception of the duty was not the ordinary one. He did not propose to amuse, but to instruct. The serious spirit of the ancients in treating dramatic theory was to guide him. He liked the idea of his task because "it reminded him of the *Didaskalia* of the Greeks, that is, of the short notices of the kind which even Aristotle thought it worth while to write on the plays of the Greek stage." Indeed, he would have called his journal the "*Hamburg Didaskalia*" had not the title sounded too foreign. Lessing, in fact, did not mean to play at dramatic criticism, and takes a malicious pleasure in the disappointment of those who were looking for a weekly budget of light, theatrical gossip.

"I pity my readers," he says, "who promised to themselves in this journal a theatrical newspaper as varied and manifold, as amusing and comical as a theatrical newspaper should be. Instead of containing the story of the plays performed, told in short, lively and touching romances; instead of detailed biographies of absurd, eccentric, foolish beings,

¹ "Selected works by G. E. Lessing." Translated from the German by E. C. Beasley, B.A., and Helen Zimmern, edited by Edward Bell. London: 1879.

such as those must be who concern themselves with writing comedies; instead of amusing, even slightly scandalous stories of actors and especially actresses; instead of all these pretty things which they expected, they get long, serious, dry criticisms of old well-known plays; ponderous examinations of what tragedy should or should not be, at times even expositions of Aristotle."

It is not difficult to trace one prevalent idea in these Notes, an idea that colours every criticism and gives a homogeneous character to the whole series. This idea may be expressed in a word,—hostility to the classic French Drama. The classic examples of the French stage, the plays of Corneille and Racine, professed to be correct in form and to have been composed strictly according to the rules of Aristotle and the ancients. Lessing's serious business is to show that this claim is unfounded, that the French master-pieces violate in spirit or letter most of the rules of the ancients, and that, if they owe their place to an imagined technical excellence, they must come down from their pedestals. It is this contention with the French stage that obliges him to indulge in "long, serious, dry criticisms of old well-known plays; ponderous examinations of what tragedy should or should not be, at times even expositions of Aristotle." On this account he brings out what he calls in another place, "the ponderous ordnance of Aristotelian argument." It did not occur to Lessing, as it has since occurred to Mr. Matthew Arnold, to deny the French altogether the capacity for a great national drama. Lessing was content to expose the weakness of their past efforts, but not prepared to deny them a future. Indeed, he says expressly in one place that the French are as capable of a great national drama as any other people.

Lessing's attack on the French master-pieces was not without a cause. It is because they were bad models that he attacked them, but more especially because he saw that their influence on German Drama was fatal to originality both in subject and

treatment. "We are still the sworn copyists," he exclaims, "of all that is foreign, especially are we still the obedient copyists of the never sufficiently admired French." The virtue and validity of the ancient rules of Drama, properly understood and applied; the flagrant misuse of these rules by the French; the capacity of his own countrymen for a strong, healthy national drama; these are the main positions Lessing undertakes to hold and defend in the "Dramatic Notes." He saw a native German Drama, menaced on the one side by a servile imitation of French plays, in which the rules were supposed to be observed but were not; on the other side, by a reaction against all rules, a reaction encouraged by the brilliant success of English dramatists, who had ignored the rules and all their kind. The rules, however, were very dear to Lessing, and he wished to restore their credit by rescuing them from French misuse and misconception. "No nation," he says, "has more misapprehended the rules of ancient drama than the French." And in another place he tells the sad tale how, almost as bad as using them wrongly, his own nation was beginning to disregard them altogether. "We were on the point," he says with pathos, "of wantonly throwing away the experience of all past times, and rather demanding from the poet that each one should discover the art anew." And his confidence in Aristotle is so complete as to lead him to say that the rules of Aristotle are all calculated to produce the greatest tragic effect, that the Poetics of Aristotle are as infallible as the Elements of Euclid, and that in respect of tragedy it is impossible it should depart a step from the plumb-line of Aristotle without departing so far from its own perfection. Such demands are not without their pathetic side in these latter days when the voice of the Stagirite has lost something of its ancient power. What dramatist works to-day in the belief

that the Poetics are as infallible as the Elements of Euclid, or that he may not venture to overstep the path that Aristotle has traced?

No name appears more frequently in the "Dramatic Notes" than Voltaire's, and never without censure, open or implied. Indeed Lessing took no pains to hide his hostility to Voltaire. He confessed that his own critical method was to approach his subject through some one from whom he could differ, that for this purpose he had taken the French writers, and among them M. de Voltaire especially. *Solet Aristoteles querere pugnam in suis libris*: this is his justification. And having found a worthy foe he does not spare his blows: he is never tired of heaping sarcasm upon Voltaire, and no eye was keener in discerning the weak places of an enemy. "What things M. de Voltaire does write!" he exclaims. "How gladly he turns on a little learning and how ill it generally becomes him!" Or again: "There are only three untruths in this passage, that is not much for M. de Voltaire." Or, "Voltaire with his historical censorship is quite unbearable. If only instead he would verify the dates in his general history of the world." "It is one of the weaknesses of M. de Voltaire to be a very profound historian. When, for example, he desires to name the lovers of Queen Elizabeth, he names Robert Dudley and the Earl of Leicester. He did not know that both are one person, and that we might as fitly make the poet Arouet and the Chamberlain de Voltaire into two distinct persons." This is but a small handful of the flowers of criticism showered upon the famous Frenchman. These sarcasms and personalities, however, arising out of Voltaire's historical divagations, are fruitful of much profound and suggestive comment on the use of history as material for drama. "Tragedy," says Lessing, "is not history in dialogue. Genius is only busied in events that are rooted in one another, that form a chain of

cause and effect. To reduce the latter to the former, to weigh the latter against the former, this is the part of genius when it works in the domains of history and converts the useless treasures of memory into nourishment for the soul."

Voltaire was not the only Frenchman who fared ill at Lessing's hands. Diderot came in for his share, and the performance of "*Le Père de Famille*" at the Hamburg theatre was made the occasion for a general attack on the author's dramatic system. His quarrel with Diderot turned mainly upon the question whether the characters of comedy ought to represent the idiosyncrasies of an individual or of a class. Diderot upheld the latter view, while Lessing agreed with Palissot that personal idiosyncrasy furnishes comedy with the best material. The discussion was, however, carried on with much greater amenity than that with Voltaire, and proves that, whatever points of difference there might be between them, Lessing really held Diderot's critical judgment in high esteem.

The autobiographical interest, the light thrown on Lessing's own character, the little touches of self-revelation give the "Dramatic Notes" no small part of their value. On more than one occasion Lessing found himself in the strange position of playing critic to one of his own pieces, when "*Miss Sara Sampson*," and afterwards "*The Treasure*," an adaptation from Plautus, were played at the Hamburg theatre. The situation is not unknown in our own days, and those who find themselves in it, might well take a leaf out of Lessing's book. Nothing can exceed the delicacy, the reticence, the propriety with which he refers to his own work; and nothing can be in more striking contrast to the self-praise and puffery with which some modern play-writers, if they are not much belied, recommend their own wares whenever they see a chance of doing so in the newspapers. In Lessing we discern the high critical

spirit which shrinks from obtaining a personal advantage at the price of artistic truth, which seeks at any cost a true judgment.

Of "Miss Sara Sampson," he writes to this effect,—after a brief but sufficient compliment to the acting, without any of that exaggeration of praise which is intended to redound as much to the author's as to the player's credit. It was generally considered a little too long, and had at most theatres been shortened. Such excisions could not be altogether satisfactory to the author; though on the other hand authors are unduly sensitive, and if a mere bit of padding is removed they cry out, 'You touch my life.' Of course, excision is a clumsy remedy, and if a dialogue has any sequence must largely impair it. But the remedy is in the author's hands. If he shrinks from a stranger's touch, let him curtail the play himself, if he thinks it worth while, and is not one of those unnatural parents, who put their children into the world and then abandon them for ever. Lessing, however, soon quits the personal question to discuss the larger subject of the comparative interest of domestic tragedy and tragedy in which the characters are persons of rank. He will allow nothing in favour of high station, and says that if we pity kings in a tragedy, we pity them as human beings, not as kings; and he quotes a fine passage from Marmontel in which a dramatic plot is sketched, where the interest in a gambler's career is shown to depend not at all on the social position but simply on the human attributes of the character. Lessing however cannot resist his gibe at the French, and says that whatever their Diderots and Marmontels may preach, domestic tragedy will never be popular with them, because they are too much enamoured of titles and other external favours, even the humblest desiring to consort with the best born, and considering the society of his equals as bad society. Then, in a vein of prediction, he declares that

a happy genius can exert great influence over his nation, and that perhaps a poet would arise among the French who should exhibit Nature in all her strength and truth. It is interesting to conjecture whether Lessing could have recognised such a poet in Victor Hugo. The notice concludes with an admission of the objections to "Miss Sara Sampson"; but the author consoles himself with the thought that there are such things as necessary faults; and, for once agreeing with Voltaire, quotes him to the modest effect that you cannot cure a hunchback without taking his life.

In "The Treasure" Lessing says that he has endeavoured to concentrate into one act all the comic scenes of the original, the "Trinummus" of Plautus. It is a piece, we are told, in which there are no female characters. The only possible woman Lessing conceived to be but "a chilly charmer," and better left out. As a rule, however, he thinks that this peculiarity ought to be avoided, and that both sexes should be introduced when possible, because "being accustomed to the nature of both, the total absence of the fairer leaves a sense of emptiness in our minds." Of the way in which it was played, we are told that the comic dialogue was given briskly, and that the actors knew their parts with that perfection which is absolutely requisite to low comedy. If, he says, questionable fancies, indiscretions, and puns are brought out slowly and haltingly, if the actors have to try and recollect petty jokes that were intended to do no more than raise a laugh, the ruin must be inevitable. Farces must be spoken sharply and quickly, so that the spectator has not time to examine whether they are witty or stupid.

Perhaps, however, Lessing's critical estimate of his own genius, and of his own claim to rank as a poet in the classical sense, is the most notable among the things he has told us about himself. To the high title of poet he lays no claim. His dramatic efforts,

he thinks, are too slight and few to support the claim. His early works were written at that time of life when men are too apt to mistake inclination and facility for genius: his late efforts owe all their merit simply and solely to criticism. He feels within himself no living spring breaking out rich and fresh and clear in its own native strength. He has to force everything out "by pressure and pipes," "to borrow foreign treasures," "to warm himself at foreign fires," "to strengthen his eyes by the glasses of art." Criticism is the crutch which helps him to walk in the procession of poets. It is criticism that enables him to produce better work than men of equal talent who neglect it. But a man does not move quickly on crutches, and criticism is not on the side of facility in composition. Lessing declares himself to be the worst man in the world to furnish a theatre with a quick succession of novelties. He has no intention, he says, of enriching German drama with thirteen plays in one year, in the manner of Goldoni. Like old Shandy, he is suspicious of first thoughts, and if he does not consider them temptations of the Evil One, considers at least that first thoughts are first thoughts, and best kept in the background. Modern dramatists might do worse than ponder these wholesome views of an elder brother in the craft, this wise defence of "the slower pen." It is true that they might not then be able to place their names at the head of such an imposing list of titles; but how much might their work gain in strength and solidity, what a far better chance it would have of being kept and treasured, instead of being blown loose upon the shores of oblivion. Lessing's works have not lost through the loving studious labour that was put into them at first. They are still with us, while the works of many a more facile, fruitful writer have gone to their own place.

As we have seen, the "Dramatic Notes" are mainly concerned with the

theory of drama, and the actor's art occupies a secondary place; but when Lessing does notice it his remarks are as pointed and penetrating as might be expected. In the last notice of the series he thinks it right to apologise for the scantiness of his reference to the acting, and declares with much reason that no art of acting really exists. There are actors, he says, but there is no mimetic art. If such ever existed, it is lost and must be discovered anew. "There is," he goes on, "enough superficial chatter on the subject in various languages, but special rules known to every one, pronounced with distinctness and precision, according to which the blame or the praise of an actor can be defined in a particular case, I scarcely know two or three." Various evils spring from this unsatisfactory state of the actor's art. It is impossible definitely to estimate an actor's skill, and the awards of a merely æsthetic criticism are never accepted by the actor himself. "He will never think himself praised enough, and will always believe himself blamed too much." Lessing notes, however, with his usual acuteness, that the true artist will only value the praise of that critic who is also not afraid to blame. The true artist, he thinks, will not even believe that we see and comprehend his perfections, however much noise we may make about them, until he perceives that we also have an eye and an ear for his shortcomings. He will smile to himself at our unreserved admirations, and only the praise of the critic who has the courage also to blame will touch him nearly. It is in this connection that Lessing repeats the melancholy canon, that the sensitiveness of artists rises in the exact ratio in which the certainty and precision of the principles regulating their art decline. He held, with Schlegel, that the care of working for their own gain and loss must not be left to the actors themselves; and his own comment on the system of the actor-manager is that the best actors have degraded a free art to the level

of a trade which permits its master to carry on the business as negligently and selfishly as he likes, if only necessity or luxury bring him customers. But he is equally the actor's friend when fairness demands it. For instance, he would not have the actor blamed for the fault of the poet; and he asks for the actor a strict impartiality as well as severity of criticism, because the poet's work abides our question; while the art of the actor passes and is lost almost as soon as expressed. In this context, too, he reminds us of what should never be forgotten in all criticism of the theatre, that the mood of the spectator is often as answerable for the effect of acting, as the efforts of the actor himself.

As a result of his experience Lessing contributes some practical hints for the guidance of the actor in his art. His general belief is that Shakespeare's advice to the players in "Hamlet" cannot be improved upon, but he goes into greater detail on one or two points. He has, for example, a special theory on the proper way of delivering the moral maxims that occur in a play. Of course they must not appear a troublesome unburdening of the memory, but spontaneous promptings of the actual conscience. A moral sentence or maxim is really a digression, arising from the peculiar circumstances of the action. It must accordingly be made to stand out and appear for what it is. If the course of the dialogue is passionate, the moral maxim must be delivered with an appearance of greater calm, of recovery, as though reason were again asserting itself. If, on the other hand, the dialogue itself is placid, the maxim must be given with an added warmth, as though the speaker had taken fresh fire and energy from the thought. In either case there must be contrast. The embroidery must contrast with its ground: to embroider gold on gold is wretched taste. Another practical hint is suggested by the common abuse of farewell-speeches. Lessing saw and condemned a common vice of actors, unfortunately not confined to his own

day, that vice of "playing up to" their exits, of seeking to gain at any cost of propriety a round of applause on leaving the stage. "The most sleepy actor," he says, "will rouse himself towards the end of the scene, when he is to make his exit, raise his voice and overload the action, without reflecting whether the sense of his speech requires this extra exertion. Not seldom it even contradicts the mood in which he should depart; but what matters that to him? Enough that he has thus reminded the *parterre* to look at him, and, if it will be so good, to applaud him." "It ought rather to hiss him," is Lessing's stern, but just sentence.

On the subject of stage-music Lessing has two papers. He opens with the ingenious comment that the orchestra in our dramas in a measure fills the place of the ancient choruses; and from this he passes to the conclusion that the music played in the intervals of a piece should illustrate its contents. He then relates how a certain Herr Scheibe had been the first among musicians to perceive a wholly new field for art in this matter; how he had comprehended that, if the emotions of the spectators are not to be weakened or broken in an unpleasant manner, every drama requires its own musical accompaniment. Such a special accompaniment, composed for Voltaire's "Semiramis" is described by Lessing in a way that proves his intimate acquaintance with the theory and practice of music. But even on this neutral ground he cannot resist his gibe at the expense of Voltaire, and says that, in the matter of the ineffective ghost, the musician has made good what the poet omitted. The amateur of music will agree with the old German critic, that these special musical accompaniments would give an added charm to the theatre; but we are rather behindhand in these things. Our managements do not always take care that the music of the interval shall even accord with the piece, to say nothing of interpreting it. Yet in

1767, when accessories were not so much thought of as they are now, a critic could be found to say that every drama requires its own musical accompaniment.

Perhaps the scattered observations, the remarks by the way, the sparks struck off in the heat and dust of the Battle of the Rules, will most attract the modern reader of the "Dramatic Notes." The long discourses are in truth, as Lessing was the first to admit, marked by a ponderousness of manner to which the Teutonic genius is supposed to be specially liable. Yet in this field of solid learning some brilliant generalisation or striking epigram, like a poppy in wheat, is constantly attracting the eye. For example, who has ever described the Crusades more tersely than Lessing, when he speaks of "the unholy madness that depopulated orthodox Europe to lay waste heterodox Asia"? Or take his telling protest against labelling nations with a particular epithet: "I am convinced," he says, "that no people in the world have been specially endowed with any mental gift superior to that of any other people. It is true we say the meditative Englishman, the witty Frenchman, but who made the

distinction? Certainly not Nature who divided all things equally among all. There are as many witty Englishmen as Frenchmen, and as many meditative Frenchmen as Englishmen, while the bulk of the people is neither one nor the other!" In a more epigrammatic vein there are things like these, apparently obvious, but requiring to be crystallised into speech, which we are always in danger of forgetting: "Not every amateur is a connoisseur"; or, "Not every critic is a genius, but every genius is a born critic"; or that hard saying, "Mediocrity fares best with the actors." While for illustrations of literary insight we have things like this, "Woe to him who does not always read Voltaire's writings in the sceptical spirit in which he has written a portion of them"; and this, "I know but one tragedy at which love itself has laboured, and that is 'Romeo and Juliet' by Shakespeare." Lastly, what a pregnant truth is wrapped up in the simple words: "The theatre should give offence to no one, be he who he may, and I wish it could and would obviate all preconceived offence." What a text for all who are interested in the welfare of a native acted drama!

A MIXED UNIVERSITY.

THE University of Cambridge has, by the action of the Council of the Senate during last term, come to an important decision with regard to its attitude towards the female students who attend its courses and enter for its examinations. In the autumn of last year numerous signed petitions were presented, praying for the admission of such students to a perfect equality with the present members of the University, praying, that is, for privileges to women which are granted by no other English University. Oxford, while granting less than is already granted by Cambridge, has carefully guarded against further encroachment, while London, Victoria, and the Royal Irish Universities, whose example has been continually quoted, stand in an entirely different position; requiring no residence from their students, they are exempt from the difficulties that might be entailed thereby in the case of female undergraduates, while their charters debar women from admission to their governing bodies. The University of Cambridge has refused to grant the demands of their petitioners, but the meaning of that refusal is not always clearly understood.

It cannot be too often urged that the refusal to admit women to the degrees and other privileges of the University is not in any sense a refusal to recognize their success in the examinations to which they are admitted. It is continually argued, "Women submit to the same tests as men; why should they not obtain the same recognition at the end of their course?" To which it must be answered, "Because it is not what they want, it is not what they ask for, nor is it what would satisfy them." The mere power to write the letters B.A. after their names, or to assume some other title

which did not imply a first step to a further grade, would be refused by few. It would indeed be less valuable than the certificate which they obtain at present; but if they chose to throw away the substance for the shadow, to reject a diploma which certifies to a certain standard of proficiency for an empty title, which means nothing because it may mean anything, no one would hinder their choice. But unfortunately the degree of Bachelor cannot be detached from the subsequent higher degree conferring the freedom of the University, every Bachelor of three years' standing having the right to proceed to the degree of Master in due course without further examination; it is the first step, conferring certain privileges which are more fully accorded after the three years' noviciate; it is not in fact a recognition of success in the past (for this is secured by the publication of candidates' names in the class-lists and official "Reporter" of the University) but an earnest of the future. Accordingly the champions of the Female Graduate have been careful throughout to speak of degrees, not degree; they are not demanding the concession of a certificate of attainment, but the concession of four separate though not independent privileges, one harmless in itself, the other three wholly mischievous. These it will be well to consider in detail, but before so doing we may glance at the privileges already granted to women by the University and the successive steps by which they have been gained.

First came the establishment of what developed into Girton College at Hitchin, within easy reach, though not of course in any sense within the jurisdiction, of the University, and the informal assistance rendered by

members of the University to its students: next, the foundation of Girton and Newnham Colleges: then the permission granted, not by the University but by individual examiners, to women to take the papers set in the various Triposes, followed by an unofficial statement of the place they would have occupied in the class list had they been duly qualified candidates; and finally, in 1881, the University was brought into direct contact with the movement in consequence of three petitions circulated in 1880. Of these one from the outside received some eight thousand signatures; the second was issued by the Executive Council of Girton College; and the third by the Cambridge Association for the Higher Education of Women, embodying the desires of Newnham College. The first two of these prayed for formal admission to the examinations for University degrees and to the degrees themselves, the third only for "a more formal and stable footing." The arguments used were the successes attained by women in the examinations to which they had been informally admitted, while, in the words of the outside memorial, "the present informal admission of women to the various Tripos examinations of the University of Cambridge, depending, as it does, on the courtesy of individual examiners, is unsatisfactory as regards the University, and is liable to cause severe disappointment to candidates who may possibly find themselves refused admission to examinations for which they have been working for years. Your memorialists therefore pray that the Senate of the University of Cambridge will grant to properly qualified women the right of admission to the examinations for University degrees, and to the degrees conferred according to the results of such examinations." Here, waiving the fact that an examination of which the University took no cognizance could hardly be either satisfactory or unsatisfactory as regards the Univer-

sity, we may notice two points: first, that admission to the ordinary as well as the honour examinations of the University is implied though not distinctly stated; and secondly, that the partial privilege already accorded is made the basis of the request for further concessions, a process which did not terminate in 1881. The University granted eventually the point demanded by the Newnham petition, the formal admission of duly qualified female students to the Tripos examinations, but at the same time refused to entertain the request for admission to the pass examinations, and for the degree itself. This having been refused in 1881 after due deliberation, it would be satisfactory to know what has happened in the meanwhile to cause the University to go back upon its decision. It is true that women have been successful in the various honour examinations for which they have entered, and that no difficulties have arisen owing to their residence within the precincts of the University, but no case has been made out for the much larger rights the grant of which was implied in the petitions of 1880-1, and more fully stated in those of 1887-8. Indeed the newer demands would probably have been at least delayed but for an unprecedented success in the Classical Tripos of last June. It was felt apparently that the wave of enthusiasm caused thereby should be utilized, that an opportunity had presented itself of carrying with a rush what might otherwise have dragged on for years. And so no feeling of gratitude to the University for the benefits already conferred was allowed to stand in the way. I may perhaps here remark that the admission of women to the Tripos examinations is not a lightly conceded favour that costs nothing; to the examiners at least it is a very serious burden, however gladly borne. Any one who has examined in one of the larger Triposes (and I speak from experience) will know that the addition of ten or fifteen per cent. to his

labours is no light thing, when he is already working against time with the chance of a break-down growing every day more possible. But if the petition for further privileges seems ungracious towards the University in general so soon after it had granted so much, it is doubly so toward the more pronounced friends of the "Higher Education" of women within its ranks; for on the first rumour of a renewed agitation for further concessions a memorial was circulated, and largely signed by declared friends of that movement in general, pointing out that the times were not ripe for new concessions, and begging for at least a postponement of their claims. But the advice of their friends, to whom, or many of whom, they are indebted for their present advantages, was disregarded: memorials and petitions were circulated for signature and in due time presented, only to prove that the warning given them was well-advised, that the time has not yet come for a reconstitution of the University, and that for a while we are safe from further attack.

To proceed now from the history of the petitions to the things petitioned for. First matriculation and membership of the University. We may for the moment set aside the fact that this step would probably entail the necessity for at least an Act of Parliament, if not a new charter; for if it were expedient (expedient that is to the University and to the Petitioners) there would doubtless be no hesitation in seeking such new powers as would be necessary. It may be considered then on its own merits, and in the light of the difficulties which might arise from such increase in the numbers of resident students of the University as would probably occur if membership were extended to women. It may be urged that the University must be prepared to face a continuous growth of numbers, and this is no doubt true. But it is no less true that it is woefully unprepared in funds, notwithstanding the forced subsidies from the colleges,

to cope with its normal and legitimate growth. On every side we hear of necessary work postponed, necessary buildings left unbuilt or their plans contracted, of lectures and demonstrations repeated from want of proper accommodation, and of one department after another restricting its demands from the want of funds to meet them; and it is certain that a large influx of new students, especially of honour students, would cause the greatest difficulty and confusion in the more crowded subjects. This is no fanciful picture, for the difficulty has already occurred. Already one, and, for all I know, more than one woman has been excluded from the use of the Cavendish Laboratory from sheer want of space, the responsible authorities no doubt holding that if any student was excluded, it must be one who was not a member of the University. This was, I understand, considered somewhat of a grievance, and, in fact, the request for membership of the University draws some of its support from that or similar cases. "You cannot," the Petitioners urge, "or in the future you may not be able to grant us this favour as fully as we wish, therefore give it us as a right." The natural conclusion would seem to be that if already there is not room for all, it would be sheer folly unnecessarily to increase the number of claimants. Quite as important as the over-crowding of University buildings is the over-crowding of the University itself. It must be borne in mind that if we admit women as resident members, we shall be the only University in England which offers them that position; and that we cannot take their present numbers as any index of their future increase; we must allow for a Woman's University which will grow as ours has grown and is growing, and we shall have to reckon with an indefinite number in lieu of the two or three hundred who are at present our neighbours. Of course it will be urged that the University will retain the right of licensing or refusing

to license any building which women intend to occupy, and can so restrict their numbers. How long will the mixed senate of a mixed University exercise that right? No less dangerous is the possible over-crowding of examinations. I can speak only of my own Tripos, the Classical, but as far as that is concerned, I am confident that a large increase in the number of candidates would render it, if not impossible to work, at least something very different from what it is. By a multiplication of examiners the mere looking over of the papers might be got through, but it would be such piece-meal work, each examiner would see so little of the candidate's powers, that the test would be reduced to the mere brutality of marks. If it were necessary, if the University could not fill or more than fill its ranks from the sex from which it now draws its recruits, it might be worth while making a new departure, but why should it court difficulties which it need not face? Further, the matriculation of women is so confessedly merely a step towards membership of the governing body, that in addition to its own disadvantages it stands condemned by the dangers to which it would lead. For nothing is gained by matriculation except the right to use the University Library and other buildings, and to attend University lectures. Now as far as is practicable such advantages are at present granted as a favour, and if that favour ever has to be revoked, that is, as I have pointed out, sufficient proof of the impossibility of granting it as a right. On the other hand, the disadvantages of membership are the payment of fees and of the quarterly poll-tax, from which women are at present free, and the amenability to the discipline of the University; but of this latter I shall have more to say hereafter.

The second point, and the least objectionable, demanded in the petitions is the first or examination degree. "We feel," say some hundred and fifty former students of Girton and

Newnham Colleges in their petition, "we feel also the disadvantage to which women at Cambridge are subjected, as compared with the graduates of other Universities, in not receiving at the end of their course the usual academical recognition in the form of a degree." Now it would seem natural that, if one University grants degrees to women and another does not, those women who want degrees should go to the first, or, if they prefer the advantages of the second, should not make a grievance of not receiving what they were never led to expect. That our University grants them something more valuable, something that she has refused again and again to men, a written certificate of their attainments, does not satisfy them. It can hardly be seriously urged that the right to use a couple of letters, which imply that the person using them has lived three years and attained an intellectual standard which may be anything, from that of a fifth-form schoolboy to that of a future Newton, carries more weight with any one whose judgment is worth influencing, than a certificate proving exactly what the owner is good for. In fact the desire for the examination degree, in so far as it can be separated from that for the franchise degree (and in many cases it can, I believe, be so separated) seems to spring from the feeling that women do not receive identically the same recognition as men—whether more or less valuable makes but little difference. It is, in fact, one of those distinctions between the sexes, which it is the duty of this unlucky nineteenth century to obliterate. However, as the withholding of the degree is the only point in the present dispute which can by the most generous straining of language be twisted into a grievance, it would be well to propose some satisfactory solution. The granting of the degree of Bachelor, at any rate on the same terms as to men, is impossible, because it could not be final. Hence it has been suggested that a title, not necessarily B.A., but some similar form of letters, be con-

ferred by a body outside the University as the result of its examinations. If the scheme prove workable, it can hardly fail to be beneficial, for, if supported by women, it would prove the first point of severance from which women's education might develop on its own lines (they still using our examinations and other educational appliances as long as suited to their needs); while if rejected by the majority of them, it would at least prove to the outside world that the matter in dispute is something much more serious than the titular recognition of success in the schools.

The third claim urged is for permission to enter for the pass examinations for the ordinary degree. This point is specially mentioned in the circular sent out by the London Committee who directed the late agitation, but in the actual petitions sent for subscription it is, perhaps somewhat discreetly, slurred over. It does not in fact occur explicitly in any one of the eight appeals which have been presented, though it is implied in the requests for membership and admission to examinations on the same footing as men. Now in all that I have to say of the "Poll" men, I would have it distinctly understood that I realize as fully as any one that they differ among themselves as black from white. The best of them are undoubtedly the intellectual equal of the average honour man, though from lack of training or from want of any special stimulus to exertion, they have come up unprepared in any of the subjects of the honour examinations. But there are Poll men and Poll men, and it must be admitted that the presence of a certain number of men at the University whose aim in life is to do as little work as they can with credit to themselves is something of an anomaly. They are no doubt a survival from the time when the social aspects of University life were more highly valued in comparison with the intellectual than at present, when the University like the world in general

paid more homage to rank and wealth. Now it is one thing to accept such as a survival, a legacy from the late government, and another and quite a different thing to create by a stroke of the pen a similar body in the Woman's University of the future, if such it is to be. We have no experience of the female candidate for the ordinary degree; she might be a success or she might not, but it seems beneath the dignity of our University to be made the vile body on which to try the experiment. It is difficult too to see the exact reason for her existence. To the man the pass degree may prove an avenue to the Bar or the Church, or he may look upon it as a convenient excuse for a pleasant three years' residence. It can hardly be urged that the certificate of having reached the standard of the ordinary degree, or the degree itself, will be of much value to a woman who intends to take up teaching or such other of the professions as are open to her. And further, in the admission of such candidates for the pass degree in any numbers undoubtedly lies the main difficulty of the discipline question. The London Committee in alluding to this question write: "such disadvantages and risks as might have been feared from the introduction of this element (*i.e.* women students in general) into Cambridge life may be considered to have been already encountered, and so far with admitted success." No doubt; but it is impossible to argue from the presumably hard-working Tripos candidate to the possibly idle aspirant to the ordinary degree. And if the passing the special examination is held out as a laudable ambition to women, it will be impossible to exclude those who show sufficient abilities to attain it. Now among such, as among men, there will probably be some who can secure the result with the minimum of work, and what we have to consider is whether their presence in possibly considerable numbers will be advantageous to themselves or to the Uni-

versity. If not, why should we create a possibility, however remote, of difficulties? It may be worth mentioning while on the subject that the formerly successful tactics are being employed with regard to the pass examinations, the informal examination of pass-papers by courtesy of the Examiner having been already at least once conceded.

Fourthly and lastly the demand for the degrees of the University includes the demand for the most important, the degree of Master or some equivalent degree, which confers the right of sharing in the government of the University, directly by the vote in the Senate House, indirectly in the case of residents, by their election of members of the Council; it further makes the holder eligible to sit on the various Boards and Syndicates, which carry on, or at least formulate, most of the departmental work of the University. Now we have no evidence that women are fitted to assist in governing some three thousand men: they have not had any experience in the management of such number even of their own sex, and until they have made some such experiment it seems somewhat hazardous for them to attempt the more difficult task of dealing with a mixed body. It is no disparagement to the administrative ability of the other sex to urge this, as I think most of us would equally acknowledge our inability, or at any rate our unwillingness, to be responsible for the management of a like number of women. It is indeed one of the main objections to a mixed University that it involves the government of women by men and of men by women. Questions must continually arise which should be settled by men for men, where the presence of a number of the other sex could be nothing but a hindrance. Consider for instance the Proctorial system in our Universities; there is no doubt much to be said for and against it; its warmest supporters can hardly deny that the absolute power conferred by it is not a good thing in itself, while

they hold no doubt that the benefits secured outweigh its disadvantages. But this system of all others requires a most delicate handling, it requires that saneness and sobriety, which on the whole characterizes institutions worked by our less emotional sex; and the introduction of the other element would be fraught with the greatest danger. The presence of women on the Proctorial Syndicate—and of course with a mixed University they would soon be represented on all our Syndicates—is difficult to contemplate with equanimity. They would mean so well, they would see in the system such a mighty engine for the furtherance of an uncompromising morality, that it might break down beneath the strain, and the solid good, which a less ambitious view of the possibilities has secured, be lost. Of the capacity of women for University business in general we have had one sample, and, as far as it goes, a somewhat unsatisfactory one. It was proposed a year or two ago to found, in accordance with the terms of the Harkness Bequest, a scholarship for geology, which should be open not only to members of the Universities but to students of Newnham and Girton Colleges. Here was the first opportunity offered to women to compete on equal terms with men for a University prize, and it was expected that they would gladly welcome it. But they could not come to terms on the status of their candidates for the emolument; and the University was forced to divide the scholarship and restrict that part over which it retained control to the competition of men. It was no doubt a small matter in itself, but it does not look encouraging for the maintenance of that harmony and interchange of courtesies which has hitherto prevailed among the several colleges within the University.

To pass from the matter of the memorials to the memorials themselves and the memorialists, we may classify them as follows: first, one emanating from the general public;

secondly, four from various bodies of women who either as mistresses or former students are more closely identified with women's education; thirdly, one from the secretaries, both men and women, connected with the various local examinations and lectures in connection with the University; fourthly, one from resident and non-resident members of the Senate; and lastly, one from three hundred women dealing only with the special question of the classical subjects in the previous examination, which must therefore be considered separately. The first memorial embodies the views of some seven hundred persons of both sexes and every degree of eminence. They hold that it is desirable "on grounds of justice and expediency" for the University to grant rights which it did not think just or expedient to grant in 1881. This expression of opinion, coming from persons who cannot be supposed to be so intimately acquainted with the working of the University as its own members, is no doubt interesting; but it is nothing more. If it is to have any weight at all, the omissions are as important as the signatures. For example, some three dozen Members of Parliament have lent their names; what are we to suppose is the attitude of the other six hundred? Have they been asked to subscribe, and refused? In this case the value of the memorial is negative. Or have only certain specially selected persons been invited? In this case it would seem to have no value at all. This petition may therefore be dismissed as representing a mere fragment of outside public opinion, insignificant in the number of its signatories, however eminent many of them may be individually, with the reflection that the presence of some well-known Oxford names shows a chivalrous interest in the concerns of others as commendable as unlooked for. The petitions of the second and third classes again prove merely that a considerable number of women believe that their position would

be improved by a closer union with the University, and that in this opinion they are backed by certain men who have identified themselves with the movement; while a majority of the members of the University, at least of those who have expressed their opinion, hold, as they did in 1881, that any temporary advantage thus secured to those immediately concerned would be more than counterbalanced by the injury done either to women's education as a whole or to the interests of the University. There remains of the positive petitions the most important, that of the members of the Senate. "We," it runs, "the undersigned members of the Senate of this University, having been informed that a memorial to the Vice-Chancellor and Senate is in course of signature, praying that steps may be taken to provide for the admission of duly qualified women to the degrees of the University, desire to express our approval of the proposal." It will be observed that no mention is here made of matriculation or of admission to the ordinary degree; members of the Senate are simply asked to express their approval of a proposal of which they have been informed. As eight hundred and forty-two were found to sign this blank cheque, it would doubtless have been a useless labour to indicate more clearly what they were pledging themselves to. This is important to note in connection with a circular sent out by the London committee with reference to two possible difficulties. That body had reason to believe "that many members of the Senate who would gladly grant the B.A. degree to women consider it inexpedient to make any further change giving them the right to take part in the government of the University." They suggested therefore that "a measure may be framed containing some such restriction as would withhold the power of voting, and such a measure the committee would not refuse to support." The support thus vouchsafed to a measure framed by the University

could, by the way, be hardly other than moral. And further, with regard to the classical subjects in the previous examination, "the committee would be prepared to accept a measure offering to women an alternative examination. . . ." While noting that the London committee, which has, as a body, no connection with the University, could neither accept nor reject an alternative offered by that University to its own students, I must express the difficulty I feel in understanding the exact position of the signatories with regard to these two saving clauses. They had doubtless been "informed" of them, but in the memorial sent for their signatures no opportunity was given them of expressing an opinion on their merits. Did they, when they expressed their approval of certain proposals, make the mental reservation permitted them by the seven ladies and seven gentlemen forming the London committee? or did their expression of approval mean what it would seem to imply, their approval of the proposal and not of certain undefined parts of it? This uncertainty detracts to a certain extent from the value of the memorial, as there is no means of determining how many of its supporters hold themselves pledged to support the petition they have subscribed, that for degrees, the Master's degree being therein included, and how many would refuse to go beyond the much smaller concession of the Bachelor's degree. However, in whatever sense their pledge was given, so largely signed a memorial could not fail to carry great weight; the expressed desire of eight hundred and forty-two members of the Senate that women should be admitted to the Bachelor's degree, and of probably the majority of them to the Master's degree also, could scarcely have failed to obtain at least a hearing for the proposal, had it stood alone. But the Council of the Senate, before taking action, had the opportunity of estimating the opposition as well as the support offered to the movement. Two

counter-petitions had also been presented, one of which pointed out the inexpediency from the point of view of the interests of women themselves of permanently tying the higher education of women to the higher education of men, and suggested that "if degrees are granted to women in connection with the examinations of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, they should be conferred by some independent authority in a position to consider the various educational problems which would arise from the point of view of women's education especially." The subscribers to the other memorial, without stating their reasons, simply expressed a hope that no steps would be taken by the University towards admitting women to membership and degrees in the University, thereby no doubt implying, in contradistinction to the earlier memorial, that their chief objection was the danger to the University itself. The Council have at length, in a report dated March 5th, published their decision. "Having given careful consideration to the question, the Council have decided not to propose the appointment of a syndicate to consider a change in the constitution of the University, which the majority of the Council do not believe to be in itself desirable, and which must lead to much discussion and controversy, where there is so clear an indication of the balance of opinion among the memorialists who are members of the Senate."

The number of signatures of the remonstrants were to the first memorial one hundred and ninety-seven resident, nine hundred and fifty-eight non-resident members of the Senate; to the second, seventy-four and nine hundred and sixty-seven respectively, making a total of those who signed one or other memorial of one thousand three hundred and sixty non-residents, and about two hundred and twenty residents, as against eight hundred and forty-two (of whom only about thirty are resident) in favour of the innovation. It seems difficult to

see how the Council could have acted otherwise than they did, although their action appears to have caused some indignation. It was the women and the advocates of their cause who appealed to Cæsar, and they cannot complain if the appeal is rejected. The Senate, in as far as it has expressed its opinion (and the most strenuous exertions were taken to enable every member to record his view) has decided against the admission of women to membership and degrees; so that had a syndicate been appointed it must have either reported that no steps in that direction were desirable, or its suggestions would have been, as far as can be judged, foredoomed to rejection. The further fact that, while the general proportion of opponents to supporters of the proposed changes is as two to one, in the case of the residents it rises to seven to one, makes the position still stronger. Not only are they those who would be most affected by the change, but it must be remembered that the Council of the Senate being elected by them must have been intended by the framers of our statutes to be a special safeguard to their interests.

This action of the Council leaves the position of women in relation to the University what it was before, what it was in fact in 1881; it has not in any sense struck a blow at the higher education of women, but it has emphatically shown that the University cannot be responsible for the direction that education will take in the future. It is for women to decide for themselves what is the highest form of education for their sex; if they identify it with that of men, let them do so deliberately and not from a desire to prove equality of intellectual powers. They have met us on our own course and have at any rate given some reason for their belief that they can meet us on equal terms. They can therefore face the educational problems before them and, it may be, give an answer differing from ours without fear of

slighting comparisons. The higher education of men is becoming day by day more closely identified with excellence in some one branch of knowledge, the strife of competition is becoming so keen that the view of education as the drawing out of all man's faculties is being more and more thrust aside. This is no doubt a necessary evil; few men are in a position to consider the question on its own merits alone, for to most their education must be a means of livelihood. And so the schools and colleges react upon each other and the tendency to specialize grows more and more acute. Here women have the advantage of a freer start: they have not the traditions of centuries, the dead-weight of existing systems to press them down. It may be for them to realize a truly liberal education, one that calls into play all the higher faculties, or they may limit their culture to the treadmill of the examination. Whatever their decision be, it must react upon the earlier education of the schools and the training of the teacher. If the *Tripes* with the gradual elimination of even the slightest tests of general training, which seems to be the tendency of the day, is to be their ideal, they must be content more and more and earlier and earlier in life to discard all accomplishments, all branches of knowledge which will not help them in the final struggle. It is for them to decide if this is to be their highest education. "It is impertinent" it has been said "for men to decide in these matters what is best for women." If it be so, that is a valid argument against the admission of women to the University. In a mixed University men must direct the studies of women, and that not with a view to their special interests, but regarding them as members only of the united body. Where all would be competitors, any special legislation to meet the peculiar needs of women would be unjust if not impossible. As a special case in point may be noticed the attitude of the signatories of the eighth petition

to the Senate in the matter of the classical subjects in the previous examination of the University. These three hundred women engaged in female education express a hope that if women be admitted by the University to degrees, "it will at the same time adhere to the system adopted by it in opening the examinations for the Tripos of allowing them to take, as an alternative for the ordinary previous examination, a preliminary examination which does not necessarily involve a knowledge of Latin and Greek." The University could make this concession to women in the past just because they were not members of its body, not competing for its prizes and emoluments on terms of equality with men. It is true that a similar exception has been made in the case of some small bodies of men, such as Asiatic students, who have presumably to learn English as a foreign language, but it would be an unjust extension of this principle to free the whole of one sex from what proves a serious undertaking to many of their fellow students, and that in the interests of the school education of girls, to which the University can hardly be expected to assimilate itself. It is because these and kindred difficulties must arise in a mixed university of men and women that the

claims of the latter for membership have been rejected by many of the warmest supporters of the higher education of women in general. Our University has now granted to women the opportunity of trying an education on the same lines as men, but in refusing to admit them to membership, it has distinctly refused to pledge itself to an expression of opinion that such education is for them the highest. They are still free to use our system or such parts of it as they may approve; but we have a right to ask that women as a body, and not merely that section represented by the present agitation, shall decide without dictation from us, what shall be the lines of female culture; and as they have proved their equality on the narrower examination ground, that they shall show a like ability to direct the course of woman's education in the future with especial reference to her abilities and needs. If they are unequal to the task, it is too much to ask us to revolutionize our University at the bidding of the London Committee; a body which, however ably and pertinaciously it may advocate the claims of a party, has not yet proved its right to represent the whole sex of which it has constituted itself the champion.

H. R. TOTTENHAM.

CHRIS.

CHAPTER XIII.

It is always an undignified thing to run away ; but to run away unsuccessfully, to be caught by the ear and dragged back again, is enough to break the toughest heart. When Chris was deposited by her cousin on the threshold of that dismal little house in Balaclava Terrace which she had inwardly vowed never to cross again, she had no heart left in her, and could not at all respond to the tumultuous welcome of Martha, who said :

"The Lord be praised !" and added, "I ain't closed an eye since you left, miss. Says I to myself, 'You ungrateful creetur', I says, 'you bin and brought your pore old missus to death's door, and if any 'arm comes to Miss Christina, the blame,' I says, 'must be yours.' But you've come 'ome safe and sound, my dear, and I'm free to admit that 'tis better luck than I deserve."

"I suppose I must go and see Aunt Rebecca," said Chris wearily. "Is she still in bed ?"

"Bless your soul, yes !—and will be till she's carried out of it in her coffin, I shouldn't wonder. Now you won't speak 'ard to her, will you, my dear ? She's took on terrible about it all, and if she done wrong—well, 'tis no more than we all do most days of the week."

"Of course I shall not reproach her," answered Chris ; "it wouldn't have been worth while coming back if I had intended to do that."

And indeed when she saw Miss Ramsden her resentment died away. The poor old woman, who was lying in bed propped up by pillows, looked up at her niece in a frightened, deprecating way and then began to cry feebly.

"I didn't think that you would
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mind so much," she sobbed ; "I don't care for dogs as you do, and he really did bite me. But I know I'm bad-tempered and vindictive ; your poor mother always used to say so, and this isn't the first time I've had to acknowledge it."

There was no holding out against that. Chris said, "Don't trouble yourself any more about it, Aunt Rebecca ; we'll never mention the subject again." And then she made her own apology, which perhaps might have been worded in much the same way. She certainly had not thought that her aunt would mind losing her so much.

So there were tears and embracings and peace was re-established. Miss Ramsden, it is true, was more anxious to be forgiven than ready to forgive, and when once she had been assured that her offence was condoned, recurred with rather ungenerous frequency to that of her niece ; but it was evident that she was not altogether responsible for her utterances.

"How you could treat me so I can't think," she whimpered. "I'm sure I've always tried to make you happy, and given you every luxury. And then to leave me with that wretched woman Martha, who is only waiting till the breath is out of my body to steal everything in the house that she can lay hands on !"

Chris very soon perceived that the old woman was not herself, and managed to bear this complaint, which was repeated over and over again, with tolerable equanimity. What was more distressing, and apparently quite unconquerable, was the suspicious aversion which Miss Ramsden had conceived for her faithful servant.

"Don't speak to me about her !"

she would say when Chris tried to take Martha's part. "She has deceived me once, and she will deceive me again if she gets the chance. She told me you were in bed and asleep when she had just helped you to escape from my house—a woman who owes everything to me and will inherit money when I die, as she well knows! I only wonder that she hasn't poisoned me before this!"

The patience with which Martha endured these injurious accusations, which were brought against her quite as often in her presence as in her absence, made Chris feel additionally ashamed of her own share in the deception complained of. "Bless you! she don't mean the 'arf of what she says," Martha would declare. "And indeed it's true enough that I've deceived her times and again. There's people, my dear, as you couldn't live with without you was to deceive 'em, and Miss Rebecca she's allus bin one of that sort."

After a day or two it became clear that Miss Ramsden's life was in no immediate danger. The doctor however said that her mental condition was unlikely to improve, and she manifested no desire to leave her bed. There she lay, hour after hour and day after day, doing nothing, and possessed, as it seemed, by only two or three persistent ideas. One of these was that Martha was a dangerous traitress; another was that it was unsafe to allow her niece out of her sight; and there was yet another, with which Chris was made acquainted before long. For the time being, what she had to make up her mind to was to remain in the stifling atmosphere of a darkened bedroom from morning to night. In vain she pledged her word that she would not again attempt to escape from her aunt's house.

"Why do you say that?" Miss Ramsden would rejoin. "Nobody is accusing you of wanting to run away. Only I do think you might have a little more consideration for me. Some

day perhaps, when you are old and helpless, you will find out what it is to be left all by yourself for two or three hours at a time."

By way of set-off against the misery of this imprisonment, Chris was provided with a capital excuse for shortening her interviews with Val Richardson, who made his appearance in Balaclava Terrace a few days after her return thither, and whose visits were a great deal more frequent than she liked. In fear and trembling, and after a good deal of hesitation, she had made known her engagement to her aunt, and the apathy with which the announcement was received had surprised her not a little.

"I am not long for this world," Miss Ramsden said lugubriously. "When I am gone you will marry, and your husband will spend the little money that I shall be able to leave to you. That is a matter of course; it is what they always do." She did not seem to take the least interest in Mr. Richardson, and declined to see him. "They are all the same," she said.

Parsimony is probably like other passions which have degenerated into vices in being its own reward and destitute of ultimate object. Those who have allowed themselves to be conquered by it appear at times to deplore their slavery, just as a drunkard will deplore his, and to recognize that death will set them free. Miss Ramsden often mentioned that Chris would inherit what she had to bequeath, but never laid any restrictions upon her legatee, nor expressed a wish with regard to the disposition of the fortune which had been her fetish during so many years.

Val, on the other hand, was much interested in this subject, and was not so successful in disguising his interest as he may perhaps have imagined himself to be. That Miss Ramsden was rich and that she was dying he had discovered; but he had not been able to find out how rich she was, nor had Chris thought it necessary to acquaint him with the provisions of her aunt's

will. It was not so much because she believed him to be mercenary as because she feared to disappoint him that this discreet policy commended itself to her. He made no secret of the fact that he was hard pressed for money, and she thought it would be a pity to buoy him up with hopes which might at any moment be dispelled by the caprice of an old woman. Besides, she was very far from having determined to marry Val. Had she been sure that she would one day become his wife, she would perhaps have been less lenient with him and less sorry for him. Certain it is that the confessions which he made to her were not such as most girls would like to hear from the man to whom they proposed to intrust their persons and their property.

"I'll tell you what it is, Chris," he said to her dejectedly one day; "a little more of this and I shall be dead broke. Backed the wrong one again! I don't know how it is that I invariably back the wrong one. A forty to one chance too!"

"Well, but," observed Chris, to whom this confidence did not come as the first of its kind, "if forty to one is laid against a horse, doesn't that mean that he is very unlikely indeed to win his race?"

"Not necessarily. Certain horses, don't you see, are reserved for certain races, and nothing is known of their true form; and I had a really first-rate tip about this one. In point of fact, he actually did secure a place—for which I hadn't backed him. Well, bang goes five hundred pounds, that's all! And how I'm going to pay is more than I know."

Women are seldom hard upon men of so-called sporting proclivities. That betting has nothing in the world to do with sport is a proposition which most of them would probably be inclined to dispute, and although Chris thought Val foolish and scolded him for his folly, it never occurred to her to regard him as simply a dishonest gambler. Yet a man who

risks more than he can pay is undoubtedly as dishonest as the ragged ruffian who picks your pocket and who is very properly sent to prison for doing so. Moreover, she was glad to lecture him and offer him sound advice. It placed her upon a sort of sisterly footing with him and rendered any lapses into a loverlike demeanour on his part difficult, if not impossible. Sometimes she did not see him for four or five consecutive days. He attended all the race-meetings, and, by his own account, stayed with aristocratic friends; he did not always lose his money nor was he always despondent. But he was always very anxious to hear whether Miss Ramsden was better or worse.

Miss Ramsden was neither the one nor the other. She refused to get out of bed; but she had a pretty good appetite, and the doctor, to whose visits she objected strongly on the score of expense, went away for his autumn holiday, as he told Chris, "without any anxiety." So the uneventful days succeeded one another, and the last of the summer was swept away with south-westerly gales and rains, and Chris, who had nothing to look forward to, became after a fashion reconciled to the dreary present. Once Mr. Compton called and asked to see her. He wished to know whether she had heard anything from Lady Barnstaple, and, on being informed that she had not, said he was very glad of that.

"It looks," said he, "as if those two men whom you met in Paris had really kept their own counsel. Of course that isn't to say that they will continue to do so. I am not much in the way of hearing about people in that station of life; but about Mr. Richardson and his habits I have by chance heard a few particulars. It appears that he is the only son of a deceased Liverpool merchant, who left him a very fair patrimony—which he has dissipated. Just now he is, as I understand, a good deal mixed up with a set of fast young lordlings whose

extravagances his means do not enable him to imitate with any safety. In short, there is every reason to anticipate that he will either pass through the Bankruptcy Court or disappear very shortly."

Chris said she was sorry to hear it.

"Your sorrow, if sincere, is inexplicable to me, Christina. You certainly told me that you did not wish to marry this man, and if you do not wish to marry him you ought to be glad that there is a strong probability of his being removed from your path."

"He has always been very kind to me," said Chris; "I don't want him to be ruined."

Mr. Compton shook his head. "The young man is going to the dogs," he replied. "Of course, if you are determined to go there with him, it will eventually be in your power to do so. You will not however have such power until you attain your majority, and I may remind you that you will not attain your majority for nearly four years to come. In the meantime, I do trust that your common sense will deter you from giving Mr. Richardson any further hold over you than he already, most unfortunately, possesses."

The caution was less necessary than Mr. Compton supposed. Chris was fully alive to the fact that Val had a hold over her, and it had more than once occurred to her that if she could only stave off her marriage until she came of age, she might possibly purchase her freedom by a pecuniary sacrifice. That such an idea should have entered her mind was as strong a proof as any one could have desired that she was not and never would be in love with the man to whom she was engaged. But that did not prevent her from pitying and sympathising with him, and she was perhaps all the more disposed to condone the offence of prodigality because its opposite was so often and so disagreeably brought under her notice.

Miss Ramsden confided to her one day that there was a very large sum of

money in the house. "Small as my income is," the old woman said, "I have saved something out of it for many years past, and all my savings are contained in the strong-box which, as I dare say you may have noticed, stands under the sideboard in the dining-room. Has Martha said anything to you about it?"

"No," answered Chris; "I don't suppose she knows anything about it."

"She knows more than you think," returned Miss Ramsden, with a cunning side-glance; "she is a deceitful, dangerous woman, and I should not like her to find out what that strong-box is worth. Ah, dear me! when I think how easily this house might be broken into! Sometimes I lie awake trembling more than half the night through."

Chris had learnt by this time that it was useless to take up the cudgels on Martha's behalf. She only said, "Why don't you send your money to the bank, Aunt Rebecca?"

"What, and let those unscrupulous bankers gamble with it? No, indeed! Sometimes I have thought of the funds; but I read my newspaper carefully, and I know that any day a powerful coalition might be formed against England. And then where would consols be? No, no; my money is my own, and I'll keep it by me as long as I live. But that won't be long," she added, with a sigh. And then—"Chris, dear, when I am gone, and when all that I have saved becomes yours to do what you like with, you won't throw it away, will you? You'll remember your poor old aunt, and how she denied herself for your sake, and how she had no secrets from you, and how, even on her death-bed, when she was helpless, she wasn't afraid to tell you that she had ten thousand pounds in the house. At least, I won't say that it is quite as much as that; but it is more than five thousand pounds, at any rate. You'll remember how I trusted you, won't you, dear?" And Miss Ramsden shed a few tears of self-pity.

To appeals of this kind Chris made such reassuring replies as she could.

This old woman, who, with one foot in the grave, complained bitterly of the quantity of meat that was bought to provide her with beef-tea, was a sufficiently pitiable spectacle; but it was not easy to feel as much compassion for her as for a young man who was ruining himself upon the turf. Moreover, her constant terror of burglars and distrust of every one about her ended by irritating her niece's nerves a little. Of Martha Chris felt as sure as she did of herself; but there was no denying that the house might be broken into any night, and what could three defenceless women, of whom one was bedridden, do in such an event? After Chris had been told about the treasure in the strong-box, she, too, took to lying awake at night and starting at any sudden noise.

One afternoon she said to Val, "I often wonder what I should do if I were to hear robbers moving about down stairs after I had gone to bed. What would you do in my place?"

"Cover up my head and pray that they might take all they could get and go away without murdering me," he answered, laughing. "Not that they would be likely to secure a very handsome spoil on these premises. Has the old lady got any plate?"

"It is all electro-plate, I believe," answered Chris; but her eye wandered involuntarily towards the strong-box under the sideboard; for this interview, like the rest of her interviews with Val, took place in the dining room, the drawing-room having been closed during Miss Ramsden's illness in order to preserve the furniture from needless wear and tear.

Val followed the direction of her gaze, rose and lifted the box. "By Jove! it's heavy;" said he. "I wish it was full of sovereigns, and I wish I had half of them! I'll tell you what, Chris: I'll undertake to come here every night and protect your aunt's property with a revolver in my hand if she'll engage, on her side, to leave me the quarter of it in her will. I shouldn't be in the least surprised if

she had stored away a good deal of money in that box."

"Perhaps she has," answered Chris laughing; "but I'm afraid she wouldn't leave any of it to you even if you did take upon yourself to mount guard over it."

"Well, she can leave it to you if she likes; that would be much the same thing, wouldn't it? Will she bequeath her fortune to you, do you suppose?"

There was perhaps just a shade too much of eagerness in his tone. "Really I don't know," answered Chris rather coldly, "and really I don't care. Do you?"

"Why, of course I do," returned Val, who could not quite conceal the irritation which was naturally provoked by such a silly speech. "It would be ridiculous to pretend that I am absolutely indifferent to money. Nobody is; although some people may fancy that it sounds well to pretend they are."

"I assure you it is quite the same thing to me whether what I say sounds well to you or not," Chris declared. "I don't want Aunt Rebecca's money; and even if I get it, it won't follow as a matter of course that it will come into your possession. You seem to forget that."

"Am I engaged to you, Chris, or am I not? You will admit that I am at least entitled to know what my position is?"

"When you first asked me to marry you," answered Chris, "you said that the engagement was to be binding upon you but not upon me."

"I believe I did say something of the sort; but certain events have taken place since that time you know."

"Then," cried Chris, with flashing eyes, "my cousin James was right, and you are really base enough to threaten me! Well, I am glad that we understand one another. You may say exactly what you please, Mr. Richardson; you may tell everybody the truth about our meeting in Paris, or you may tell what is not the truth, but what most people, I dare say, will

believe. Only you won't be able to tell anybody that we are engaged to be married after this."

There was a long pause, followed, as was to be expected, by a surrender on Val's part. He said: "You are rather unkind and rather unjust, I think. I neither threatened you nor thought of threatening you; but I certainly understood your cousin to consent to an engagement between us which should be as binding upon both sides as engagements ever are. Of course you are at liberty to throw me over if you please, and whether you do so or not I shall hold my tongue. No one will ever hear from me of your having been in Paris. You know very well that I told you I loved you, and asked you to marry me before I had heard a word about your aunt and her money. I am not going to say that I care nothing for her money, because that would be both untrue and absurd."

Chris was appeased and a little ashamed. "I am sorry I spoke as I did, Val," said she with a sigh; "but I can't help wishing sometimes that we were not engaged. If only you were my brother or my cousin I shouldn't a bit mind your wanting me to be rich, and I should ask nothing better than to give you the half of my money when I get it; but as it is, I don't like to think of your counting upon me, because I don't feel as if I could ever marry you."

"I must take my chance," answered the young man. "If you decide against me when the time comes I shall not complain, you may be sure. Although I might perhaps think that if you intended to refuse me all along it would have been simpler and more considerate to do it at first."

Chris felt the full force of this appeal to her generosity. There would, no doubt, be something rather shabby about ultimately rejecting a man whom she had only accepted because a cautious lawyer had warned her that things might be made very uncomfortable for her if she didn't; and his promise to abstain from using the power which he

possessed was of course an additional claim upon her.

"I will if I can," she said at length; "but if I can't you must try to forgive me, Val. After all, you wouldn't wish to have a wife who didn't love you?"

It is probable that Mr. Richardson could have found it in his heart to put up with that disadvantage, provided that certain compensations were offered to him; but he only answered, "I don't want to worry you, Chris. As I say, I'll take my chance and bide my time. Always supposing, that is, that I don't have to bolt out of the country before the time comes. Unless the luck turns I shall pretty soon reach the end of my tether."

"Why do you go on betting, Val?" asked Chris sorrowfully.

"Because I can't help it, my dear. There are countries, as you may have heard, which have negotiated enormous loans, and which keep on starting others in order to pay the interest upon the earlier ones. It's easy enough to demonstrate that such a policy is suicidal; but the answer is that repudiation would be more suicidal still. Sooner or later I've got to settle like other people, and the only way in which I can find the money is to back winners. So I must go on trying to spot winners."

"I wish I could help you!" sighed Chris meditatively. "Do you want a great deal of money, Val?"

"It depends upon what you call a great deal. A couple of hundred would be useful; five hundred would be more useful still; a thousand would about set me on my legs."

Chris made a gesture of despair. "Ah! then it's no use thinking about it!" she exclaimed. "Haven't you tried to get any employment?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, I've made inquiries, but lucrative engagements are not to be had for the asking. I dare say I shall pull through; and if I don't pull through—well, it won't much matter to anybody except myself, will it?"

There was just enough of truth in this last observation to make Chris wish with all her heart that she could care for that handsome young reprobate a little more than she did.

CHAPTER XIV.

To sit and weep over the grave of a dog may be a very silly thing to do ; but perhaps it is not very much more silly than weeping over the grave of a human being. In the one case, as in the other, we know perfectly well that what we have loved has left this world absolutely and finally, and has no longer the remotest connection with the discarded chrysalis, which is slowly turning to dust beneath our feet ; yet few of us can divest ourselves of the impression that something of a dead man's personality clings about his tomb ; and this should be all the more so in the case of a dog, who, as we are confidently assured, has no personality at all, save such as ceases with his breath.

Naturally or unnaturally, Chris let fall a great many tears upon the mound which marked poor Peter's last resting-place. She had been accustomed to confide everything to him during his lifetime, and now that that silent, faithful, and sympathising confidant had been taken away from her, she sometimes took her troubles out into the grimy little back-garden where he lay, and thought over them there. Of these she had more than a sufficiency, the worst of them, perhaps, being those which she did not think about after any distinct fashion and scarcely even realised. She was sorry, to be sure, that Gerald Severne should have parted from her under such a complete misapprehension of the cause of her unlucky flight to Paris ; but when she found her mind dwelling upon Gerald, she instinctively turned to some other subject of reflection. For a good many days in succession she neither saw nor heard of Val, who, as she rightly conjectured, was at Newmarket, sedulously endeavouring

to recoup himself for past losses ; and this would have been a relief to her if she had not felt so desperately lonely.

"You are moping, Christina ; and why you should mope I really cannot tell. It is rather ungrateful of you, I think," Miss Ramsden would sometimes say to her, with a return of her old peevishness.

But as a general rule Miss Ramsden was too deeply engrossed with her own anxieties to pay much heed to her niece's dispirited mien. Her fear of being robbed seemed to be fast assuming the proportions of a monomania ; she was for ever alluding to the strong-box in the dining-room, which Chris in vain urged her to have removed to some place of safety, and these allusions were as often as not made while Martha was in the room.

"Since you distrust poor old Martha so much," Chris could not help observing one day, "I wonder that you are not more careful of what you say before her."

"My dear," returned Miss Ramsden, "if that woman intends letting thieves into the house, it is better that she should know where my valuables are than that she should bring her confederates into our bedrooms to cut our throats. Even as it is, I can't rest for thinking of what may happen, though she surely must be aware that there is nothing worth stealing in this room. Yesterday afternoon, when you had left me all alone, I thought I would try to read the newspaper, and the first thing I saw was a dreadful leading article about the 'burglary season' being at hand."

Chris also had read the leading article in question, and it had made her a little uncomfortable. It referred principally to the unpleasant habit adopted by the modern burglar of arming himself with a revolver, and the conclusion arrived at by the writer was that modern householders could not do better than follow his example. Chris had no revolver ; but she took to sleeping with her Spanish knife

under her pillow, and she likewise took to waking up with a start three or four times in the course of the night. Her aunt had so harped upon the probability of the house being broken into that she felt as if the occurrence of that catastrophe was a mere question of time.

As for Martha, she frankly confessed that she double-locked her door when she retired for the night. "And I wouldn't stir if I 'eard any one movin' about below, my dear—no, not for anythink you could offer me. Let 'em take all they can get; it won't be much, you may depend. Don't you believe a word about Miss Rebecca's box as she says is full of money. She's a deal too cunning to run such risks as that."

Cunning is not incompatible with folly, and poor old Miss Ramsden was in such a feeble condition of mind and body that there was nothing very surprising in her having divulged what she apparently desired to keep secret to the very person of whom she professed to be most afraid. It was by no means certain that she had not divulged it also to others; for when the tradespeople sent round for orders, she had a way of summoning the men up to her bedroom, protesting against their excessive charges and explaining to them garrulously how poverty-stricken she was.

One night Chris was awakened by a tremulous tapping against the wall which separated her bedroom from that in which her aunt slept. She jumped up at once, slipped on her dressing-gown, and presently found Miss Ramsden sitting up in bed, pale and trembling.

"It has come at last," the old woman whispered; "I knew it would! There's a man in the dining-room."

"Are you sure?" asked Chris.

"Perfectly certain. I distinctly heard a window opened, and then a footstep in the hall."

Chris stood for a moment listening intently. "I can't hear a sound," she said.

"Of course you can't; and that is what shows that he must be in the dining-room. We should hear him if he were in the drawing-room, which is just underneath this. But no doubt he has been told where to go."

"Well," said Chris quietly, "if there really is anybody there, we mustn't let him get off." And she moved towards the door.

"Stop, stop!" exclaimed Miss Ramsden, in an agitated whisper. "What are you thinking of, child! Do you suppose that you can do anything against a great strong burglar?"

"I can identify him, at all events," answered Chris; and despite her aunt's tears and remonstrances, she left the room and stole softly down stairs, her knife ready in her hand.

She had been nervous enough before the danger presented itself; but now that it had come, she had no notion of showing the white feather. On her way towards the dining-room she remembered certain scraps of information which had been imparted to her by her friend José touching the use of the knife. According to that authority, if you want to kill a man, by far your best plan is to face him and strike for his heart; but when your desire is merely to pay him out for some not unpardonable offence, to give him a fright and leave him with a salutary impression that you are not the sort of person whom it is safe to offend, you should approach him stealthily from behind, and stab him close to the shoulder. By this means—provided that the blow be delivered with sufficient force—you make him believe for a moment that he is a dead man, you probably draw a good deal of blood, and you do him no harm at all, unless perchance he should be a sickly or intemperate creature; in which case you are, of course, not responsible for any unpleasant consequences that may ensue.

Bearing these instructions in mind, Chris approached the dining-room door on tiptoe, and, pausing for an instant, with her ear close to the key-hole, was

made aware that she had been aroused by no false alarm. Somebody was undoubtedly in the room, and was moreover making use of a file with very little apparent regard to the noise produced by his operations. For one moment Chris hesitated. She had heard that burglars seldom go to work single-handed; and it was evident that if there were two men there, she would not only be overmatched, but would have no opportunity given her of using her weapon. However, she determined to chance that. She turned the handle noiselessly, and pushed against the door, which did not yield. It was locked on the inside. This check, which might have been anticipated, did not discourage her for any longer time than it took her to reflect that there was no possible way of escape through the dining-room window, which overlooked a broad and deep area, protected by spiked railings, and that the robber must needs effect his exit, as he had made his entrance, through the hall-window, which, as she could see, was wide open. She returned to the door, knelt down beside it, and listened.

She could tell as well as if she had been in the room what the thief was about. He was trying to force open the strong-box, and he had found himself obliged to file through the heavy iron clamps which secured it. It was a long business, and he did not seem to be making satisfactory progress with it; for Chris could distinctly hear him muttering and cursing under his breath. What reassured her was that no responsive murmurs were audible, so that it might safely be concluded that he had undertaken the job without help. That being so, she did not feel much afraid of him. She was prepared to spring upon him the moment that he came out, and as he would be taken by surprise, there was a very fair chance that he might be forced to relinquish his booty.

At the expiration of a quarter of an hour, during which time not a sound was heard in any other part of the

house, he appeared to make up his mind that he could not force the box open and must carry it away with him. It was plain, from his scuffling movements and laboured breath, that he was lifting some heavy weight; then his footsteps slowly drew near the door; then the lock was turned; and then he emerged—a tall, slight man, stooping under the load which he bore upon his shoulder.

Chris, who had retired a few paces, had him practically at her mercy, and if she failed to take as complete advantage of her opportunity as she might have done, that was perhaps because, when it comes to stabbing anybody—even a thief—in the back, hereditary instinct is apt to enter a protest. Be that as it may, the wound which she inflicted upon him was a mere scratch. Her knife just glanced over his right shoulder, ripping up his coat and scarcely more than grazing his skin; but the effect of the onslaught was all that could have been wished. He uttered a sharp cry, dropped the box, which fell to the ground with a resounding crash, and made a dash for the window.

But Chris was too quick for him. "You won't get off so easily as that," she cried, as she sprang in front of the fugitive, her long knife gleaming in the light of the moon, which was then nearly at the full, and which, streaming through the unshuttered window, had enabled her to follow every movement of the enemy, as well as to satisfy herself that he was unarmed. It enabled her now for the first time to distinguish his features.

"You!" she ejaculated in horror. "Oh, Val, how *could* you do such a thing?"

The young man stood silently before her, his arms hanging by his sides and his head slightly bent. He looked extremely like a whipped hound, and it is not improbable that that is what he felt like. However, he recovered himself to some extent after a second or two and said admiringly and with a touch of bravado, "By Jove! You

have pluck! Fancy your coming down all alone to tackle the midnight malefactor with a knife!"

Chris was neither flattered by his compliment nor angered by his impudence. She too had had time to recover herself, and she only said coldly, "Had you not better go away? I suppose policemen do sometimes pass this house, and if one of them were to notice the open window and were to find you here, with a file and a chisel in your hand, it would be rather uncomfortable for us all."

Val shrugged his shoulders. "It would be uncomfortable for you perhaps; I don't know that it would be particularly so for me. I doubt whether anything could add very much to the discomfort of my present situation. Still, if you are inclined to let me go, I shall not refuse to do so."

"You may go," said Chris, drawing a little aside as if to let him pass. "Of course you understand that you can never come back here again."

"That, as you say, is a matter of course. I would thank you for your forbearance if I could flatter myself that it was due to any personal regard for me; but you would probably assure me that you are consulting your own convenience rather than mine by allowing me to escape."

He waited for a moment, and then, as she made no reply, placed his knee upon the window-sill, with the apparent intention of scrambling out. But although he was quite conscious that the facts spoke for themselves and that nothing more could be said to any purpose, he found himself unable to make so taciturn and cynical an exit.

"Chris," said he, "you asked me just now how I could do such a thing as this. Well, I don't believe anybody knows what he is capable of in the way of felony until he sees ruin staring him in the face. I discovered yesterday that nothing short of paying up between three and four thousand pounds to-morrow morning

could save me from being branded as a defaulter—which spells ruin in pretty plain characters. Since I couldn't pay and couldn't borrow, my one and only chance was to steal; and as soon as I realised that, I couldn't help thinking of your aunt's safe. You see, if I had succeeded, you certainly wouldn't have dreamt of suspecting me of being the thief, and the odds were all in favour of my succeeding. It was such a simple affair to cut out a pane of glass, push back the bolt of the window and walk in! I confess that I reckoned without you and your knife; but——"

"Have I hurt you much?" interrupted Chris quickly.

"Physically, do you mean? No; I don't think you have hurt me at all, and it wouldn't have mattered if you had. Before many hours are over I shall be out of the reach of physical harm."

Chris caught her breath. "Why do you say that?" she asked.

Perhaps he had enough of manhood left in him to be ashamed of what he had said. At any rate, he laughed it off. "Oh," he returned, "I'm not the sort of person who commits suicide; I'm the sort of person who talks about it and doesn't do it. What will become of me I can't imagine; but it is probable that I shall continue to encumber the earth, though I shall cease to be an encumbrance to you. Good-bye, Chris; I won't ask you to forgive me, and of course I can't ask you to excuse me. I dare say you'll forget me easily enough. Don't marry the red-bearded man, that's all."

Chris was beginning hesitatingly, "If you will wait one moment, Val—I have a little money of my own up stairs, and I don't want you to starve——" But before she could end her sentence he uttered an exclamation, vaulted through the window and vanished into the night. She turned and saw the pale and amazed visage of Martha close to her shoulder.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear!" moaned Martha, wringing her hands, "what a

bad job! I 'eard a crash and I come to the top of the stairs—not as I meant to interfere with any burglars, not me!—but, thinks I, 'twill do no 'arm if I was just to ketch a glimpse of his face, so as I might know him again. And then I reckonises your voice, my dear, and I steals down a bit farther, and—oh, Lord! Well, thank 'Evins, he's gone!"

"Martha," said Chris quietly, "you may have recognised my voice; but you didn't recognise anything or anybody else. If you thought you did, your senses must have deceived you. I am sure you must understand that I am not strong enough to capture a burglar. Aunt Rebecca will probably be satisfied when she hears that I have had to let him go free, but that her box is safe. And I think we had better go up and tell her so."

Martha compressed her lips and nodded her head emphatically several times. "There's on'y one thing as I should wish to know, miss," said she. "That there—burglar; he won't come back no more, will he?"

"Certainly not," answered Chris. "And now let us set Aunt Rebecca's mind at rest."

That proved to be a task of some difficulty. The old woman had made up her mind that her niece had been murdered and had worked herself up into a state of terror and agitation which gradually gave place to wrath when she was persuaded by ocular evidence that Chris was quite unhurt.

"You cruel child!" she whimpered. "You might have thought of me, lying here helpless; but you chose to stay a whole hour—it can't be less than an hour since you left me—chattering to Martha, who seems to have taken good care not to go down stairs until the coast was clear. Martha, you can go back to bed. Stop! before you go, bring the box up here; you and Chris can carry it between you, and I daren't have it left in the hall."

The box was no light weight, and it

was all that two not very strong women could do to get it up into Miss Ramsden's bedroom; but at length they accomplished their task, and as soon as they had done so Martha was unceremoniously dismissed. Then the old lady put the key in the lock, turned it, and, with a cunning glance—"Perhaps you would like to see the treasure, my dear?" said she.

"I don't care to see it," answered Chris; but as her aunt insisted, she lifted up some sheets of brown paper and disclosed a goodly collection of rusty old bolts and bricks and stones.

"He-he!" chuckled Miss Ramsden; "Martha's friend wouldn't have gained much for his pains even if you hadn't interrupted him, would he? Now, Christina, you see what confidence I have in you. I have let you into my secret and you know where my money is not. As for where it is—well, my dear, I don't think I'll tell you that to-night. You shall relate your adventure with the housebreaker to me instead. Perhaps it will send me to sleep."

CHAPTER XV.

CHRIS had no difficulty in giving such an account of her adventure as would satisfy Miss Ramsden without making compromising revelations. She related how she had heard the burglar in the dining-room, how she had waited for him outside—which accounted for her prolonged absence—how she had sprung upon him when he had at length emerged, and how he had been only too glad to drop his spoil and run away. The unfortunate thing was that her story did not tend to exculpate poor Martha.

"Very well, my dear," Miss Ramsden said, after Chris had vainly assured her of that faithful creature's innocence, "keep your opinion and I'll keep mine. You won't persuade me that a man who knew nothing about the house would have made straight for the dining-room and spent an hour

there, trying to force open a box which might have contained specimens of minerals and was very unlikely to contain coin of the realm. I shall not dismiss Martha, because she is a useful servant and I might go farther and fare worse. But if she thinks she can deceive me she is very much mistaken."

Chris felt guilty and ashamed; yet she could not bring herself to denounce Val, and it was some comfort to find in the sequel that Martha, to whom these unworthy suspicions were no secret, was very little distressed by them.

"'Twas allus Miss Rebecca's way," she remarked philosophically. "Come to a question of money and she's bound to suspect somebody. If it hadn't bin me 'twould have bin you, my dear, which might have bin a more ork'ard thing. 'Tis best as it is, you may depend. Let alone that she's in that state as she didn't ought to be 'eld accountable for her words."

For this charitable view of Miss Ramsden's case there was certainly some justification. Delighted as the old woman appeared to be by the success of her stratagem, her nerves had had a severe shake, and for some days after the attempted burglary she was in a pitiable condition, alternating between feverish excitement and abject terror. It was impossible to leave her alone, and as she slept very little, her niece did not get much sleep either. That she really had a considerable sum secreted somewhere about the premises seemed probable, since she was never weary of protesting to Chris that such was not the case.

"I am obliged to mislead that prying Martha," she would say; "but I won't attempt to mislead you, my dear. I haven't a penny more in the house than is wanted to pay the weekly bills—and very little elsewhere. How could I, with my miserable income, and with all the extra expense that I have been put to since you came to live with me?"

At other times however she would

tell a different tale and lament that she had pinched herself throughout her long life to no purpose. "What has been the use of it?" she would moan. "I'm a rich woman; but I'm bedridden and dying, and I suppose you'll be glad when I'm gone and you can spend my savings."

Chris was not able to feel any great compassion for the old woman, who, to be sure, did not deserve very much. At any rate, that hint as to the ultimate destination of Miss Ramsden's savings did not propitiate her, as it may have been intended to do. She was patient with her aunt and unwearied in her attendance upon her; but she had not forgotten the assassination of Peter, nor could any inheritance, large or small, atone in her eyes for that cruel wrong. Besides, she had other things to think about. She was very uneasy about Val and could hardly even rejoice at being released from her engagement to him, seeing in what way that release had been obtained. The very enormity of his offence showed to what dire straits he must have been reduced before he could have thought of committing it. She was afraid that he must be absolutely destitute, and still more afraid that he might have done what he had declared, with a sneer, that he had not the courage to do and put an end to himself. Every day she scrutinised the newspapers apprehensively, but found no mention of him therein, either in the character of a suicide or in that of a defaulter.

At length, however, she received a letter from him which put an end to her anxiety. It was dated "Cadiz," and in his opening sentence the writer softened her heart by saying that he would not have ventured to address her again, had he not thought that she might be pitying him more than he deserved. Then he explained that he had a well-to-do relative, a Liverpool wine-merchant, to whom he had applied in his extremity, and who had very unexpectedly offered him a place in his house of business at Cadiz,

shipping him off to his destination forthwith.

"I suppose," Val wrote, "he thought that was upon the whole the cheapest way of getting quit of me; and it's certain that I can't show my face in England again, with all my bills unpaid, not to speak of what I owe to the bookmakers."

The letter was not an altogether satisfactory one to Chris, except in so far as it proved her correspondent to be no longer in want or despair. He said he was in despair when he reflected upon the sin and folly of which he had been guilty; but long before she had read as far as his signature Chris perceived that he did not quite despair of being forgiven. "Of course," he wrote, "I don't expect any answer to this, and of course, if by any extraordinary chance we should ever meet again, your cutting me dead wouldn't at all surprise me. Still, however insane one may have been, one isn't an absolute monster. One has one's feelings—some of them feelings which nothing except death can change—and that is why I can't truthfully subscribe myself in any other way than as

"Ever your loving
"VAL RICHARDSON."

Chris would have preferred his subscribing himself in any other way, even at a slight sacrifice of truth, and it was with sincere relief that she read of his inability to show his face in his native land.

Miss Ramsden, fortunately, made no inquiries about him. Miss Ramsden had ceased to make inquiries about anybody or anything, except when, from time to time, a sudden panic seized her and she took it into her head that Martha was planning some fresh *coup de main*. Slowly but surely she was sinking into her grave; every day she grew a little weaker; and although the change was scarcely perceptible to those about her, the doctor, on his return from his holiday, pursed up his lips and shook his head.

He prescribed a nourishing diet, which was unlucky, because that entailed a slight increase of expenditure which his patient was most unwilling to sanction. Only after prolonged argument and persuasion could she be got to sign cheques for small amounts. "You buy more fresh eggs in a week than I used to buy in a year," she would complain fretfully; "and why do you make my beef-tea so strong? We might all live for three or four days upon the meat that you put into it."

"Well, *you* can't live for a day without it now," Martha would rejoin bluntly, "so it's got to be made whether you like it or whether you don't, Miss Rebecca."

"I know I am going to die soon; I have told you so from the first. And if I am going to die, what is the good of wasting so much money?" the invalid would plead with an earnestness which was almost pathetic.

But the toughest struggle of all took place when the weather grew so cold that it was necessary to have a fire in Miss Ramsden's bedroom. Nothing, she declared, should induce her to consent to such an innovation. She could not afford it; she had never been accustomed to it; she was sure that it would make her ill. Added to which the chimney had not been swept for years, and the chances were that they would set fire to it and burn the house down. When Martha, disregarding these objections, left the room and presently returned bearing a coal-scuttle and a bundle of sticks, the old woman became agitated to the verge of hysterics.

"Not you, then!" she shrieked. "I won't have it done by you, Martha! If I am to have a fire against my will—and of course I am helpless—Christina, and nobody else, shall light it. Put down your sticks and go away, Martha; we don't want you any more."

That this was no mere caprice was proved after Martha, to humour her mistress, had deposited her burden and retired; for then Miss Ramsden

beckoned Chris mysteriously to the bedside and whispered, "Put your hand as far up the chimney as you can reach, my dear, until you feel a ledge on the left-hand side. You will find something there that I want you to bring me."

Chris did as she was told, making herself very sooty in the process, and presently withdrew from the spot indicated a small oblong box of no great weight.

"Papers—only papers," Miss Ramsden explained hastily. "Not valuable in themselves; but I do not wish them to be destroyed. Give me the box quick, before that woman comes back!"

"Hadn't I better wipe it first, Aunt Rebecca?" said Chris. "It looks as if it had been up the chimney for a century."

"Wipe it with paper, then; don't waste a clean towel upon it. What signifies a little soot? There, that will do. Give it me—give it me at once!" And, having clutched her property, Miss Ramsden thrust it down beneath the bed-clothes. "I don't think it would have struck anybody to search in *that* place," she muttered with a feeble chuckle. "Now you can light the fire if you choose; it is cold for the time of year."

Not for many days longer was Miss Ramsden vexed by the sight of blazing coals or the taste of unnecessarily potent beef-tea. As her strength ebbed her mind began to wander, and it was only at intervals that she spoke intelligibly or took any notice of what was going on around her. One afternoon the doctor announced that she had scarcely any pulse and that the end was near.

"There isn't much to be done," he said to Chris. "Stimulant, of course, if you can get her to swallow it—"

The dying woman suddenly opened her eyes and interrupted him. "Gin," she said, "will do. It's the cheapest."

Those were her last words. Before

morning she was dead, and the wealth which she had spent her life in painfully amassing was hers no more.

Man, according to the Psalmist, heapeth up riches and cannot tell who shall gather them; but the law of the land, as Mr. Compton, who hastened to Balaclava Terrace as soon as he heard of the melancholy event, remarked, is kind enough (in consideration of the payment of certain duties) to allow him some voice in the matter; and what Mr. Compton was very anxious to find out was whether Miss Ramsden had availed herself of that privilege. The deceased lady having had neither kith nor kin, with the exception of her niece, it seemed to devolve as much upon him as upon anybody else to make the requisite search; and he was rewarded by the discovery of a will of quite recent date, and singularly few provisions. In this instrument he found himself nominated as co-executor with the late Miss Ramsden's banker; and it was his pleasing duty to announce to his cousin that she was the sole inheritor of her aunt's estate, subject only to the deduction of an annuity of fifty pounds, payable to "my old servant, Martha Stubbs."

On the day of the funeral Chris was made acquainted with the fact that she was a considerable heiress; but it was not until some weeks later that anything like a correct estimate of the value of her possessions could be arrived at. The late Miss Ramsden's bankers held her securities; but the amount of specie which she had kept in her own hands was only ascertained after every nook and cranny in her house had been thoroughly overhauled. The box which Chris had withdrawn from its place of concealment up the chimney was stuffed full of bank-notes; more of these were discovered in cupboards of which the keys were not at first forthcoming; the hearthstone of an unfurnished bedroom, which showed signs of having been disturbed, was lifted,

and disclosed a heap of between three and four hundred sovereigns. By the time that every possible investigation had been made Mr. Compton estimated that the entire estate, invested and uninvested, reached the respectable figure of ninety thousand pounds.

"And am I to have the spending of all that?" Chris inquired, when she was told what the probable income arising out of this sum would be.

"Well, yes," answered her guardian; "the annual income will be payable to you until you come of age, when the capital, together with what you have inherited from your father, will be at your absolute disposition. It is perhaps rather a pity; but so it is."

"I shall never be able to spend it," said Chris.

"Possibly not; but others will no doubt be willing to spend it for you. Now, as to Mr. Richardson—"

"All is over between him and me," interrupted Chris quickly. "I have broken off the engagement, and he has left England. It is quite agreed that we are to be strangers henceforth."

Mr. Compton said he was very glad indeed to hear that, but seemed a trifle incredulous. "It is not improbable," he remarked, "that when Mr. Richardson hears how greatly your means have been increased, you may be put to some further inconvenience by his—er—importunities. In such an event your best plan would be to refer him to me. His power to injure you is less, distinctly less, now than it was a month or two ago."

"I don't think he wants to injure me at all," said Chris; "and even if he did, I don't see how he could."

"Oh, he *could*—after a fashion. I pointed that out to you in Paris, as you may recollect. Still his power is not so great as it was; for his conduct since that time has been such as to warrant our breaking off the engagement. Of course you do not forget

that there are two other men who are in possession of your secret."

"There need be no secret about the matter," Chris returned; "I don't think I should care very much if all the world knew that I had run away from Aunt Rebecca. It may have been a foolish thing to do; but I can't see that it was disgraceful."

"Surely you can see, Christina, that that is not the point. The point is that both these men believe that you ran away to meet Mr. Richardson; and if you were to deny that until you were black in the face, it is in the last degree improbable that they would be so simple as to accept your denial."

Chris looked distressed and remained silent for a few moments. "I should not like Mr. Severne to think so badly of me," she said at last. "Why should he not accept my word? He is a gentleman. As far as that goes, Mr. Ellacombe is a gentleman too—by birth."

The lawyer made a grimace. "My dear Christina," said he, "the fact that a man is a gentleman does not compel him to give credence to absurdities. These two gentlemen saw you in Paris in the company of a—well, let us say an individual, to whom you appear to have told them that you were engaged, adding, very gratuitously, that you had run away from England. If you now inform them that your engagement is at an end, that you only met Mr. Richardson by chance, and that you fled from your aunt's house because she had poisoned your dog, they may, out of politeness, pretend to believe your story; but of course they won't really believe it. Were I in their place I certainly should not."

"Well," said Chris in despair, "it can't be helped. Very likely I shall never meet either of them again. I want, if I may, to go as soon as possible to the Lavergnes. They have written to me since Aunt Rebecca died, begging me to pay them a visit,

and they know all about my having run away. Would there be any objection to my spending the winter at Cannes?"

The lawyer stroked his chin and said, No; he did not think that there would be any objection. The question of what was to be done with this young heiress had been rather a puzzle to him. His wife had been anxious that she should take up her abode under their roof, paying a reasonable sum in acknowledgment of the shelter afforded to her; but he had sense enough to see that that arrangement would never work. Mrs. Compton was a lady of peremptory habits and uncertain temper; Chris was, to say the least of it, fond of her own way and inclined to take it. Besides, the girl was really too rich to be kept under proper control. Provisionally, at all events, it would be as well to let her do as she wished. Possibly she might find a husband before long and so relieve him of future responsibility.

It was, perhaps, this latter reflection which prompted him to remark wistfully, "I wish you would marry that young Severne, Christina. He is, as you say, a gentleman, and considering what your present circumstances are, his family would hardly oppose the match, I should think. In that way, too, you would at least secure his silence about your ill-advised freak."

"I have quite made up my mind not to marry anybody," replied Chris composedly. "Of course it would be

a high honour for me to be accepted by Mr. Severne; but I don't think I should care to buy the consent of his family. I want to get away to my dear old Laverghnes and forget England and how miserable I have been here."

"Well, well!" answered Mr. Compton; "so be it. For the coming winter there will be no harm in your being out of England; but you cannot very well expatriate yourself permanently, and I am sorry that you should wish to do so. I can conscientiously say that we have done what was in our power to reconcile you to your own country."

"Yes, I believe you have," Chris acknowledged, half laughing. "You did what you could, and so did Lady Barnstaple, and Martha, and perhaps even poor old Aunt Rebecca; but somehow you haven't succeeded, any of you. I can't feel grateful to Aunt Rebecca for leaving me all this money; I can't feel that anybody here really cares a bit about me. The Laverghnes do care for me; it is all the same to them whether I am rich or poor; they haven't so much as thought of asking whether I had inherited anything from my aunt or not."

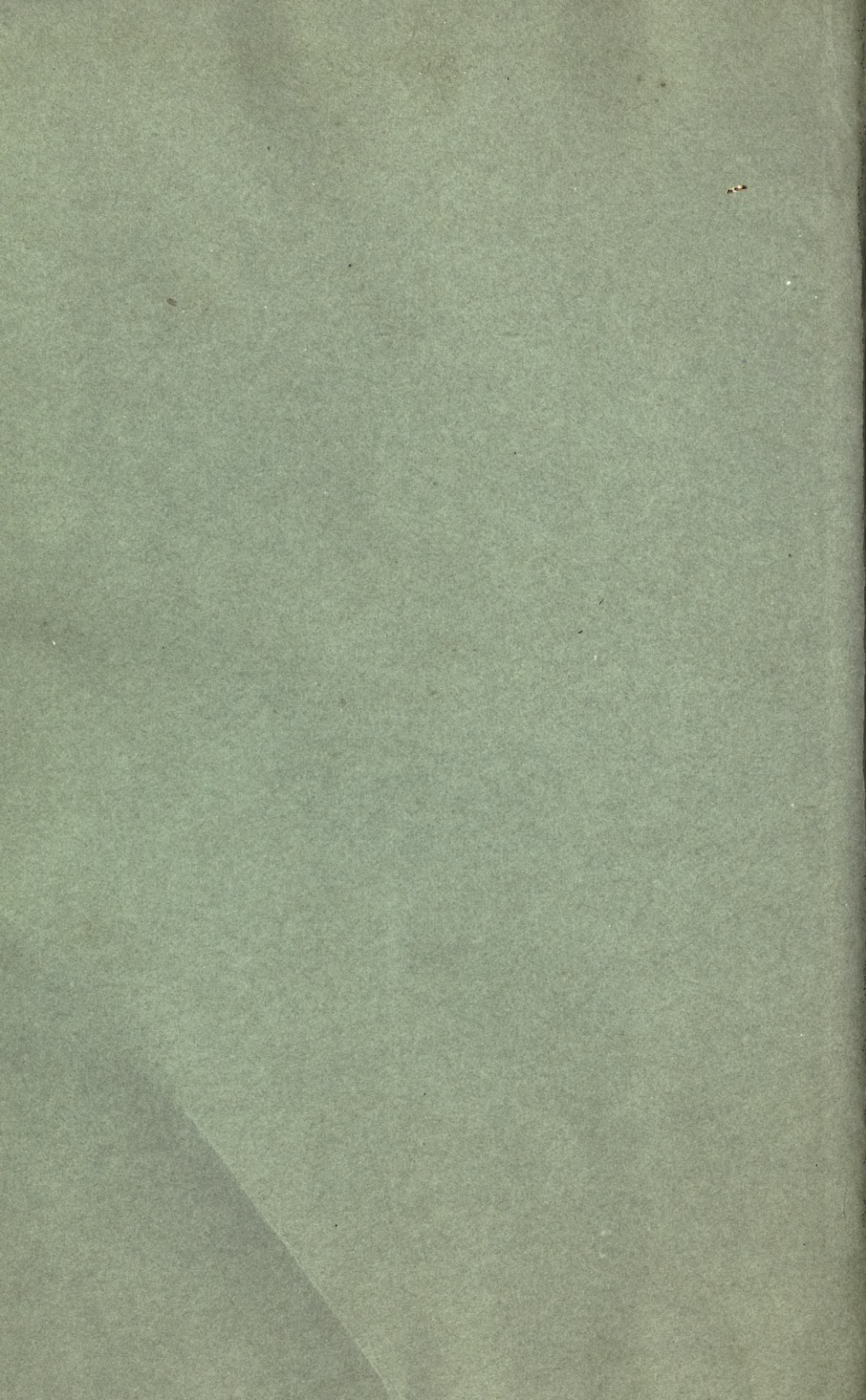
So it was agreed that Chris should accept the invitation of these disinterested friends, and within a week of the day on which the above colloquy took place she started on her southward journey, followed by the benedictions of Martha, to whom she had presented a substantial token of her regard.

(To be continued.)

END OF VOL. LVII.







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